April 29, 1961

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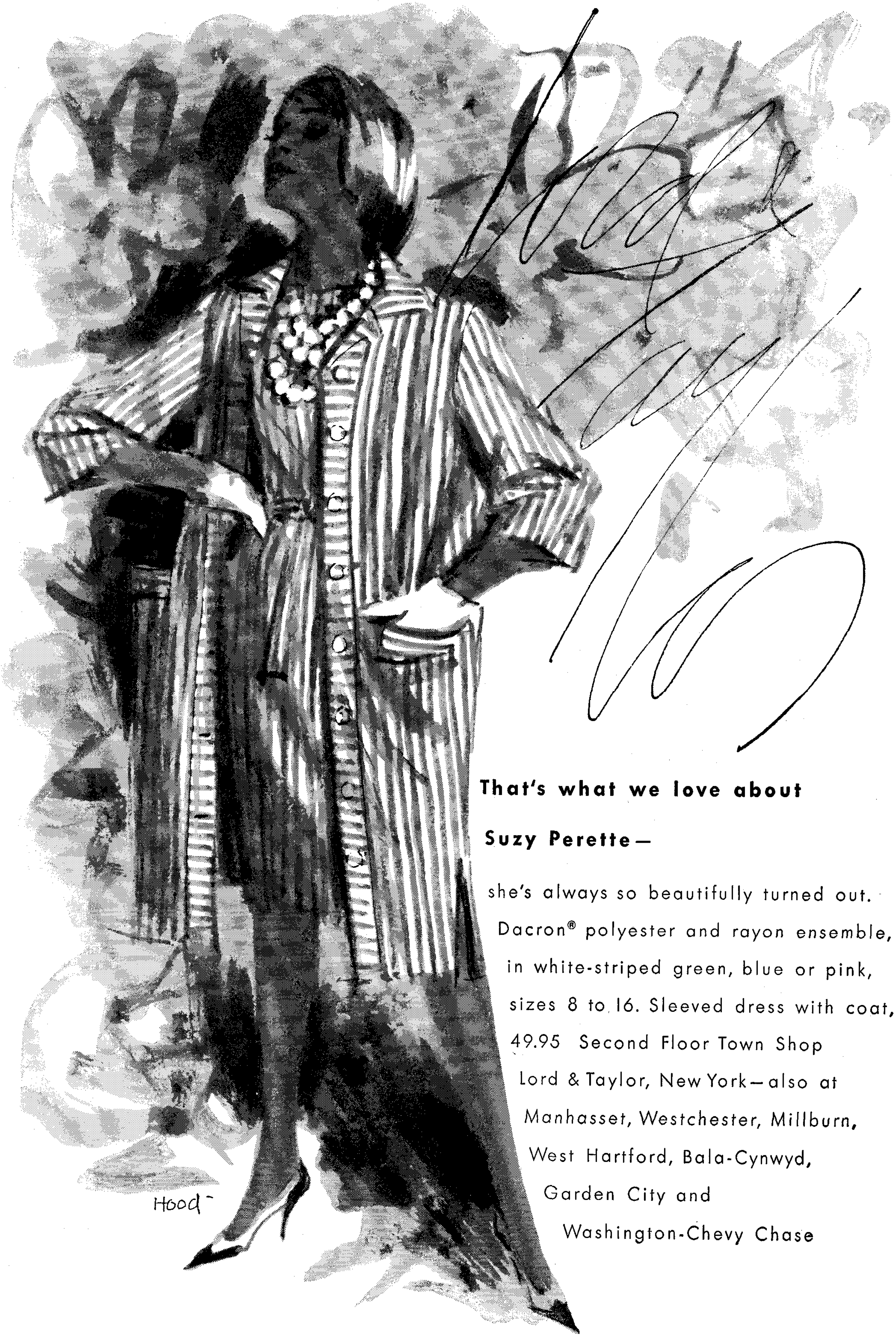

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4	5	6

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Advise and Consent—Loring Mandel's melodrama, an adaptation of the Allen Drury novel, deals with political shenanigans in Washington when a group of conservative senators tries to prevent a professor who has shown some Leftist leanings in the past from becoming Secretary of State. None of the characters—and there are more than thirty of them—has much substance, and the playwright's ideas of governmental procedure are highly implausible. However, Ed Begley, Richard Kiley, Chester Morris, Henry Jones, and Kevin McCarthy make an exciting group of Senatorial battlers. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

All the Way Home—Tad Mosel's tender and touching adaptation of James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family." Colleen Dewhurst, Arthur Hill, Aline MacMahon, Lillian Gish, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley are notably effective in the drama. Winner of the Drama Critics Circle award for the best American play of the year. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

Big Fish, Little Fish—A comedy by Hugh Wheeler in which a number of seedy types who have cut off their lives at the roots swarm around a flaccid textbook editor who is a patsy for failures. The dialogue is primitive and aimless, but the performers—Jason Robards, Jr., Hume Cronyn, George Grizzard, Martin Gabel, Ruth White, Elizabeth Wilson, and George Voskovec (who will be replaced on Monday, May 1, by Sandor Szabo)—know their business, and the direction, by Sir John Gielgud, is professional and astute. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Come Blow Your Horn—Neil Simon's comedy about the gay doings of a pair of youths in revolt against their father, who wants them to forget about girls and get busy in the artificial-fruit business. The drollery is very limited, and Hal March, Warren Berlinger, and Lou Jacobi, playing the sons and father, respectively, are only sporadically amusing. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Critic's Choice—A laggardly item in which Henry Fonda functions as a newspaper drama reviewer driven to distraction because his wife has written a play that he considers abominable but that he thinks he should review. Mr. Fonda and such fellow-performers as Mildred Natwick, Virginia Gilmore, and Murray Hamilton try hard. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Devil's Advocate—A confused and labored attempt by Dore Schary to make a religio-mystery drama out of a novel by Morris L. West. It has to do with the adventures of a dying priest who has been sent by the Vatican to a small town in southern Italy to investigate the career of a late resident whom the natives consider worthy of sainthood. Leo Genn and Sam Levene head the cast. The play was directed by Mr. Schary. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May—A felicitous and funny divertissement in which two highly original comics spoof everything from modern drama to the P.-T.A. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

A Far Country—Freud doing his first work as an analyst. Since it is quite evident from the outset that he is going to solve the psychosomatic situation of a young lady who can't walk—or can barely walk—because of a traumatic experience, the piece has no suspense, but the actors, particularly Kim Stanley, Steven Hill, and Sam Wanamaker, are interesting to watch. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mary, Mary—Plenty of good jokes are sprinkled through this comedy by Jean Kerr, and the acting—by Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Michael Rennie, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell—is top-drawer. The plot, though, which concerns the vicissitudes of an estranged couple making their way back to the old nest, isn't long on originality. Joseph Anthony's direction is brisk, and Oliver Smith's set is pleasing. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rhinoceros—All kinds of droll and perceptive observations about the human race by Eugene Ionesco, who doesn't approve of conformity of any kind and establishes his case with enormous ingenuity. Zero Mostel and Eli Wallach stand out in a remarkable cast, and Joseph Anthony, who directed the show, and Derek Prouse, who translated it from the French, are also to be highly commended. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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A Taste of Honey—There are some strange characters on view in this drama, but Shelagh Delaney, the North Country English girl who wrote it a couple of years ago, when she was nineteen, has certainly infused them with life and has put them into a convincing setting. The cast contains only five performers—Hermione Baddeley, as a prostitute getting long in the tooth; Nigel Davenport, as her protector; Joan Plowright, as her daughter; Billy Dee Williams, as the daughter's colored seducer; and Frederick Combs, as the girl's sympathetic homosexual pal. Miss Plowright is especially noteworthy in a very taxing role. Voted the best foreign play of the year by the Drama Critics Circle. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**THE BEST MAN:** A *drame à clef* by Gore Vidal, which deals with the backstage maneuverings at an unidentified Presidential convention. With Frank Lovejoy and Lee Tracy. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE MIRACLE WORKER:** Some seventy years ago, an Irish girl called Annie Sullivan taught a blind deaf-mute named Helen Keller how to communicate with the world. William Gibson wrote the script, and his leading players are Suzanne Pleshette and Patty Duke. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE TENTH MAN:** A nihilistic young lawyer is restored to life and love by an exorcism ceremony performed on a Jewish girl who is thought to be possessed by a dybbuk. With Alan Manson, Jacob Ben-Ami, and Martin Wolfson. Words by Paddy Chayefsky. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

Camelot—If it's scenic beauty you're after, you'll find plenty of it in this account of King Arthur and his court, but the play itself is rather slow-moving. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet head the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Carnival!—This show, selected as the best musical by the Drama Critics Circle, has Anna Maria Alberghetti in the role of a young orphan girl who falls in love with a group of puppets she encounters while wandering in southern Europe. Miss Alberghetti and her associates—James Mitchell, Pierre Olaf, Jerry Orbach, and Kaye Ballard—are first-rate, and the whole thing has all the innocent charm of the tent shows you saw in your youth. The music and lyrics are by Bob Merrill, the book is by Michael Stewart, and the light-footed direction is by Gower Champion. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Do Re Mi—Jukebox entrepreneurs at work and at play. Not very stimulating, despite the best efforts of Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker. The book was written by Garson Kanin, the music by Jule Styne, and the lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 30.)

The Happiest Girl in the World—Pay no particular attention to the central theme, which

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

is a variation on "Lysistrata," but if you keep your eye on Cyril Ritchard, Janice Rule, Dran Seitz, and Bruce Yarnell, you may have a fairly good time at this comedy, which has a book by Fred Saidy and Henry Myers, lyrics by E. Y. Harburg, and music by Jacques Offenbach. Mr. Ritchard directed the play with quite a bit of bounce. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

IRMA LA DOUCE—Using leers as substitutes for laughs, this importation—from France via England—describes the capers of a Parisian tart and her innumerable clients. Elizabeth Seal, an agile type, is the girl about whom the males in the cast keep buzzing. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN—A jolly account of the ups and downs of a backwoods Colorado girl who strikes it rich by marrying a man with a silver thumb, goes on to crash Denver and French society with a hell of a bang, and eventually survives the sinking of the Titanic. As played by Tammy Grimes, the lady is a delight, and so, on the whole, is the show. It has agreeable tunes by Meredith Willson, colorful sets by Oliver Smith, and ingenious choreography by Peter Gennaro, and has been lovingly directed by Dore Schary. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WILDCAT—A saga of the petroleum belt that is short on melody and wit but introduces some spectacular stage effects. Lucille Ball appears as a ruffian young woman preoccupied with making a fortune in oil, and Keith Andes, Don Tomkins, Howard Fischer, and Clifford David also participate. The music was provided by Cy Coleman, the lyrics by Carolyn Leigh, and the book by N. Richard Nash; Michael Kidd is responsible for the direction and choreography. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—**BYE BYE BIRDIE:** Gretchen Wyler and Gene Rayburn in a musical having to do with some people in the orbit of rock 'n' roll. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIORELLO!:** A period show about Manhattan politics, based on the events leading up to the election of LaGuardia. Howard Da Silva and Tom Bosley keep the Little Flower blooming. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." Michael Allinson now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Margot Moser that of Eliza Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Rodgers and Hammerstein tell us about the Trapp family, who fled Austria in 1938 to evade the Nazis and became well known as singers in the United States. With Mary Martin and Theodore Bikel. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

NEW YORK CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY—"South Pacific," with Allyn Ann McLerie, is the second in a series of four shows by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 14.)

THE AMERICAN DREAM and **THE DEATH OF BESSIE SMITH**—The first of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is a masterly horror-comedy about a typical well-to-do American middle-aged couple (Mommy and Daddy), a grandma, and a couple of mysterious visitors, all of whom say exactly what comes into their heads, printable or not. The second play, however, is an out-of-whack contest between some Southern racists and the celebrated blues singer, who is never seen—and never felt, either. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Monday, May 1, at midnight.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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30	1	2	3	4	5	6

AMERICAN SAVOYARDS—The opening performances of a seven-week season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday through Sunday, April 27-30: "The Yeoman of the Guard." . . . ¶ Thursday through Sunday, May 4-7: "The Mikado." (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Thursdays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4 and 8:40.)

THE BALCONY—Life in a gaudy bordello as seen through the sensitive eyes of perverts. The play was written by Jean Genêt and directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:40.)

CALL ME BY MY RIGHTFUL NAME—A civil-rights play, inhabited by symbols, about a couple of college students (one white, one Negro) and a comely, deerlike girl, who is played by Joan Hackett. The author, Michael Shurtleff, likes such West Coast phrases as "walk proud through the land." (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

THE CONNECTION—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursday and Friday, April 27-28, and Wednesdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

THE DECAMERON—A musical based on Boccaccio's tales, with a book and lyrics by Yvonne Tarr and music by Edward Earle. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. LE 5-5557. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

L'ECOLE DES FEMMES—Molière's play, performed in French and in modern dress by the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier, of Paris. The cast, directed by Robert Marcy, is headed by Bernard Lajarrige. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-7000. Thursday, April 27, at 8; Friday and Saturday, April 28-29, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 30, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

THE FANTASTICKS—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

GALLOWS HUMOR—Two inseparable one-act plays, by Jack Richardson, about two kinds of conformist—a lawyer who doesn't know he wants to get away from it all and a prison executioner who only thinks he does. Although the plays are set in a death cell and the hangman's kitchen, Richardson approaches his materials as if they were bedroom farces, which tends to give his message an inconsequential what-the-hell air. The cast of three—Vincent Gardenia, Julie Bovasso, and Gerald Hiken—works its way through this club sandwich without faltering. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-9630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

HAMLET—A practically uncut version that diddles and blurts along for more than three hours, and is notable only for the rare moments when twenty-seven-year-old Donald Madden, as Hamlet, discards his dewiness and gives as good as he takes. The direction, by Stuart Vaughan, puts one in mind of a track meet. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:25. Closes Sunday, May 14.)

HAPPY AS LARRY—The Irish Players' revival of Donagh MacDonagh's comedy. Helena Carroll and Dermot McNamara head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

HEDDA GABLER—Anne Meacham, as Hedda, expresses pure bitchery by looking beautiful and snakelike, and by moving as if her part were the prey and she the huntress. Frederick Rolf and Mark Lenard are invaluable, too. David Ross, who loves the days when plays were plays, produced and directed. A superior evening. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

IN THE JUNGLE OF CITIES—A 1922 Bertolt Brecht dealing with the largely inscrutable relationship between an Oriental businessman and a lad from the prairies. The production matches and often surpasses its materials, which are usually purposefully obtuse. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Saturday, April 29, at 7, and Sundays and Thursday and Friday, May 4-5, at 8:30.)

KING OF THE DARK CHAMBER—An excellent, if occasionally flawed, production of Rabindranath Tagore's 1910 fusion of classic and folk Indian drama, in which we are told, through stylized speech, dance, chanting, and pantomime, how a symbolic king and queen eventually achieve oneness. The cast is both Indian and American, and has been directed by Krishna Shah. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

KRAPP'S LAST TAPE and **THE ZOO STORY**—Two very good sketches, the first by Samuel Beckett and the second by Edward Albee. The members of the cast are Herbert Berghof, Jordan Charney, and William Daniels. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

LEAVE IT TO JANE—A musical period piece, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, which first appeared in 1917 and to which the years have been more than kind. The setting is Atwater College, and among the artists in residence are Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at

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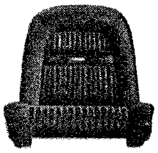

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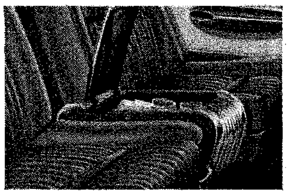

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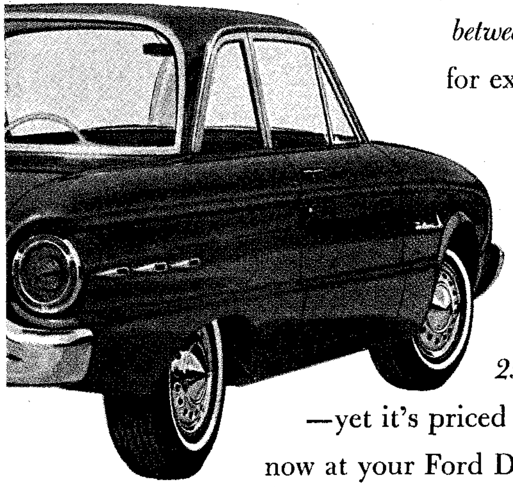

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Many Loves—Three prose playlets within a verse play, all by William Carlos Williams. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays at 2:40 and Saturday, May 6, at 7.)

Philoktetes and **The Women at the Tomb**—The first play is by George Maxim Ross; the latter, a curtain-raiser, is by Michel de Ghelderode. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Mondays at 8:40, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 11.)

Roots—Not a slice of life but life as it is lived among the poor in Norfolk, England, where the dialect approaches the consistency of butter and the interim silences are even denser. Arnold Wesker, who is just twenty-eight, is the author, and while he has tape-recorder ears, he forgets that bucolic banality needs some sort of revving up if it is not to be just that. The cast is intrepid and full of vowels. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, May 6.)

The Seven at Dawn—An interminable two-hour drone about how five Russian revolutionaries, who are not even two-dimensional, prepare to meet their Maker, after an attempted assassination has misfired. The work of Louis A. Lippa, the play is based on a story by Leonid Andreyev. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Smiling, the Boy Fell Dead—The Horatio Alger story, done without wit, grace, or point as a musical comedy. The book is by Ira Wallach, the lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, and the music by David Baker. Harnick alone reveals inspiration. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Threepenny Opera—Ancient of days. In the cast are Charles Rydell and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Under Milk Wood—A strenuous and only partially successful attempt to supply Thomas's celebrated radio play with faces and forms, which, as before, merely get in the way of the poetry. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays at 7. Matinées Thursdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

A Worm in Horseradish—Eli Mintz, small, futile, and funny, plays the papa of a poor Jewish family located on the lower East Side in this comedy, which was stuffed in her own kitchen by Esther Kaufman. The time, naturally, is 1906. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Note—A revue without music (partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting) is being presented at the Premise, 154 Bleecker St., a coffeehouse whose method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. (LF 3-5020.) The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

American Ballet Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday evening, April 27: "Les Sylphides," "Lady from the Sea," "The Black Swan Pas de Deux," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 28: "Glazunov Grand Pas," "Giselle," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 29 (primarily for children): "Les Sylphides," "Peter and the Wolf," "The Nutcracker Pas de Deux," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 29: "Swan Lake," "Miss Julie," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Points on Jazz." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 30 (primarily for children): "Swan Lake," "Billy the Kid," "The Nutcracker Pas de Deux," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 30: "Theme and Variations," "Lady from the Sea," "The Black Swan Pas de Deux," and "Points on Jazz." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 2: "Swan Lake," "Caprichos," "Glazunov Grand Pas," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 3: "Les Sylphides," "The Combat," "The Black Swan Pas de Deux," and "Billy the Kid." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 4: "Theme and Variations," "Lady from the Sea," "Glazunov Grand Pas," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 5: "Les Sylphides," "Points on Jazz," "Caprichos," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 6 (primarily for children): "Giselle" and "Bluebeard." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 6: "Glazunov Grand Pas," "Miss Julie," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Bluebeard." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sunday at 3.)

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Martha Graham and Her Dance Company—*Final performances of the engagement*—Thursday evening, April 27: "Clytemnestra." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 28: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Embattled Garden," and "Night Journey." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 29: "One More Gaudy Night," "Diversion of Angels," and "Visionary Recital." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 29: "Clytemnestra." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 30: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Embattled Garden," and "Alcestis." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 30: "Visionary Recital," "One More Gaudy Night," and "Acrobats of God." (54th Street Theatre, 152 W. 54th St. JU 6-3787. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

Moiseyev Dance Company—A hundred dancers and a symphony orchestra from Moscow. Presented by S. Hurok for a three-week engagement. (Metropolitan Opera House. OX 5-6157. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30. Through Saturday, May 6.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Everything but the canvas top. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées daily at 2. Through Sunday, May 14. . . . ¶ The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, *except as indicated.*)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The Old Order changes, but only into its dinner jacket. Incidental music to talk or dance to by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—"Anything Goes," Cole Porter's diary of his travels, first-class, aboard an earlier ship of state, is being revived in the Cotillion Room at dinnertime every evening, and additionally at supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Wilbur Evans and Jimmy Carroll lead its troupe of singers into action. Plenty of dance music is tossed off, too, during the night. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's polite followers are the dance musicians in the upper-bracket Café Pierre from cocktails through supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The rage to live (and high on the hog, at that) still dominates many of the songs whipped out by Eartha Kitt, but there are ventures, too, with equal success, into folk music and sheer wistfulness. This pleasurable event takes place at the dinner and supper hours in the Persian Room, where Ted Straeter's euphoric orchestra and Mark Monte's pack of decisive minstrels issue invitations to the dance that cannot be refused. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays in the Palm Court for the gin-and-bitters hour (four to seven) and in the Edwardian Room for the *bifteck* hour. No dancing in either abode. . . . ¶ The stilly night in the Rendez-Vous, a good-looking rest home, is mildly punctured now and then by the dance orchestras run by Irving Conn and Nicholas D'Amico. They start at eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill, which is built around a dance floor large enough for ice hockey, is gazing with unabashed surprise at a certain native New York band—i.e., a No. 1 varsity captained by Lester Lanin himself. But not for long, since on Monday, May 1, Jimmy Palmer's more mundane orchestra will take over. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The pastimes of the remarkably unidle rich, North River sector and Seine sector, are the drift of the arias that Patachou delivers at the fashionably late mealtimes in the baronial Maisonette. Her leave-taking comes up on Thursday, April 27; next evening, Dorothy Shay will resume, in words and music, her countdown on Uncle Fud and all those other mythical rail splitters. Milt Shaw's band and Walter Kay's trio fill the rest of the evening with cut-glass dance music. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns, an urban-redevelopment scheme that allows all dwellers plenty of living room, is oriented in such a way that Roman moonlight bathes it night after night. Dinner music begins at seven-thirty and dance music an hour later. Gunnar Hansen's little orchestra does the 3/4 and 4/4 honors, and Marco Rizo's threesome translates direct from the Latin. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ There's more room for the improvement of one's peace of mind in the equally spacious Savoy Room, where Ray Hartley addresses a piano from cocktails through suppertime every night but Sunday.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Town-house life of an earlier era prevails belowstairs in the Embassy Club and the Knight Box. The Club serves strutters' music by Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band from eight-thirty or nine until one-thirty or two; the Box serves sitters' music by Jani Sarkozi's violin from eight or so. Both caravansaries are closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Gordon and Sheila MacRae, whom

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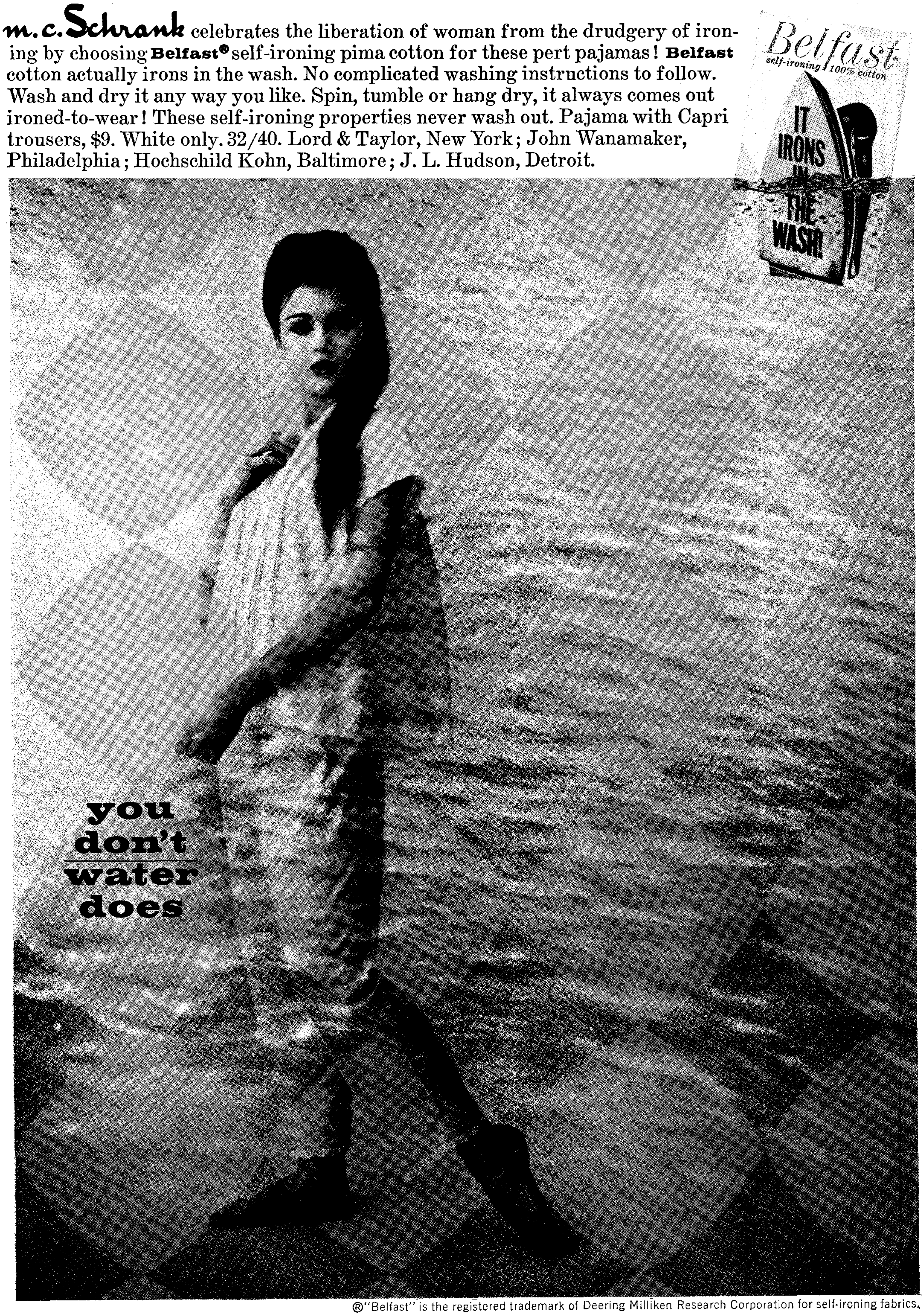
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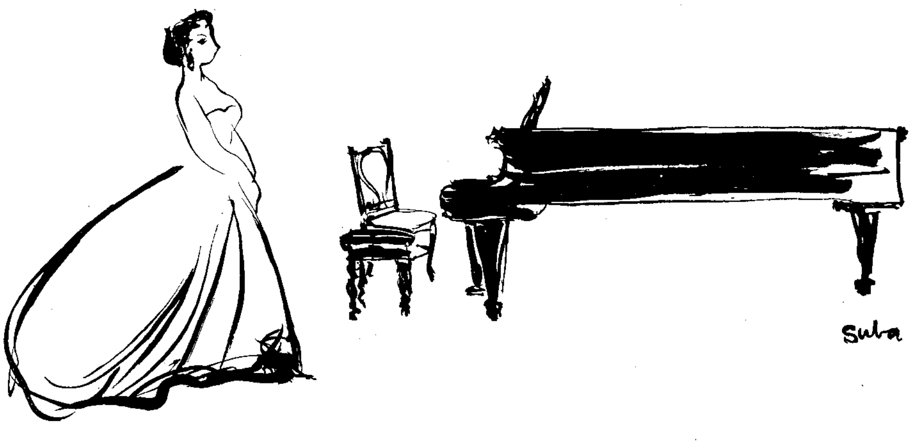
the State Department might as well send on tour as the typical handsome and good-natured American younger marrieds, are fooling around with words, music, and play-acting in the Empire Room, to no particular purpose except seeing that a good time is had by all. They depart on Thursday, May 4; next evening, Tony Martin blows in from Las Vegas, the Athens of the West, to start crooning. The sonorous orchestra of Emil Coleman and Theo Fanidi's band will keep on doing dance music hour after hour. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, decorated to suggest an Elysian field, a small orchestra turns out music that is sedentary from seven-thirty to eight-fifteen, and dance-tune after that, except on Sundays, when the music is all dance-tune, from eight to one.

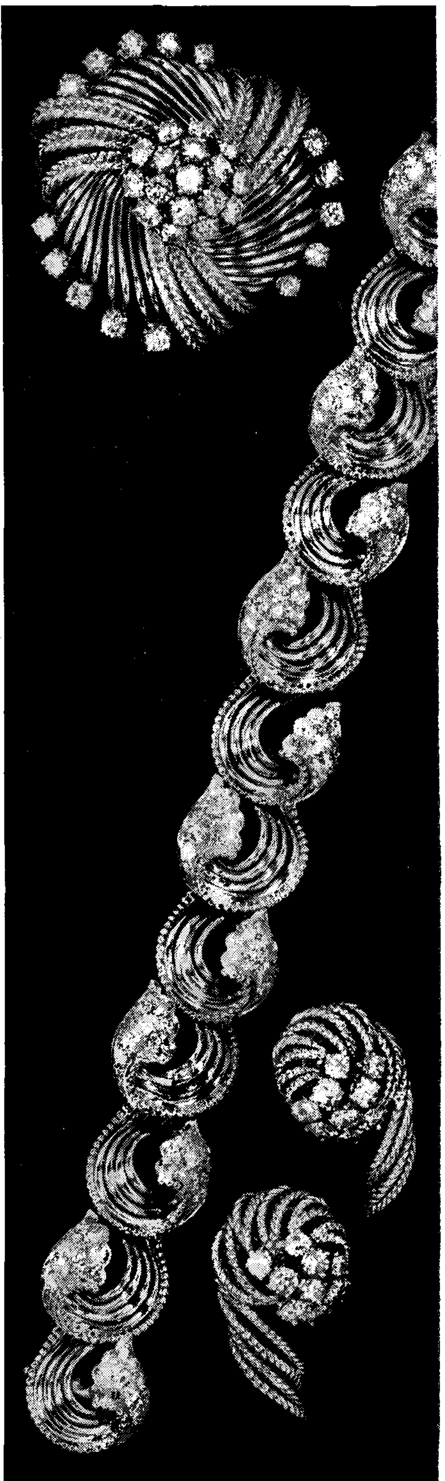
NOTE—From a windowside seat in the Rainbow Room, at the top of the 30 Rockefeller Plaza ski tow, one can descry the natives of the city beating their painful way through the endless rain forests. There's intermittent non-dance music by Michael Forman's trio during cocktails and dinner. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): "*J'y suis, j'y reste*" is the motto, possibly expressed not quite so succinctly, of the inmates of this distinctly Manhattan inglenook. After ten-thirty, Murray Grand's cheerful East Fifties piano (which begins at eight) moves in and out of the Plush Room, a tiny and happy spa in which Jane Harvey, all of whose songs are hand-tailored, gives every lyric its just deserts. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A country store and bar-and-grill for children of all ages except the Age of Anxiety. The play hour begins at five-thirty, when Bob Printz starts a sentimental journey on his piano; at eight, he's replaced by Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders, who alternate on the keyboard until after the theatre, when they burst into a two-man cannonade that turns midnight into midday. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter, lord of the manor and of the Steinway, presides on a slight eminence at the west end of as fine a sweep of greenery as the town affords. He's there from cocktails until one in the morning. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday administrator. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Roman holiday that has been going on, daily except Sundays, for years. No one is more expert at threading the mass of celebrants than Herman Honigsberg's élite corps of ambulatory violinists, who are on the move until all hours. Whenever they cool out, a pair of ambulatory guitarists fills the breach. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): An amiable Florentine pension in which practically everyone wants to go on the stage. The head of the household is Aldo Bruschi, operator of piano, oboe, concertina, and basso profundo. Every week, from Tuesday through Saturday, he stages, in miniature, the full-blown murder mysteries for which the likes of Leoncavallo used to write the scores. Additionally, from Thursday through Sunday, he runs a dance group and accompanies the succession of singers who wander in and out of the spotlight. I.e., never a dull moment. Closed Mondays, and small wonder. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): King Henri, the original occupant of the premises, was obviously a merry old soul, to judge by the toy drawbridge, moat, and armor he left behind. The only one of his fiddlers three still extant is Norbert Faconi, whose tableside manner is par excellence. No music Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): El Grupo Gitanos, which has just moved in, is bewailing, in flamenco terms, the uneven course of love. Guests have dance (but not singing) privileges, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The style to which we'd all like to become accustomed. The piano in the bar is run by Jules Kuti, who is on from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The House of Lords in a sociable mood. Parlor piano by George Feyer is distributed from eight-thirty through suppertime. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): An old-established pump room, rebuilt into a Moorish town house, and a rather handsome one. The bar and kitchen remain American, though, and so does the leisurely music, which is the piano of Conrad Monjoy. This goes on from six to midnight, and a trifle later on Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bouncing Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **LUAU 400**, 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): The mood is South Seas shopping center, and it's off and running every night of the week. A trio clad in Polynesian resort clothes and music twangs in the refectory; George Taylor, who's definitely from the mainland, plays piano in the bar every night but Sunday. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The art work on the walls is in general quite up-to-date, but the piano and songs of Cal Bostic, who bobs up again and again after ten, are just good old-fashioned whoop-de-do. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Trattoria* of style, without being obtrusive about it. The music, which is wandering minstrelsy, is provided by the instruments of casual hillbillies from (where else?) the seven hills of Rome. Their work night is six to two. At eleven-thirty, a pair of lovebird voices—Angelo Cristalli and Claudia Villa—from the same hills join in. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): A slice of life after dark in Madrid. The illusion is assisted no end by the guitar and piano that lurk within. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): First, second, and third Hungarian rhapsodies, sometimes simultaneously. The ceaseless ebb and flow of music is most successfully surmounted by the Old World tenor of Tibor Rakossy. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): From nine-thirty to one, the guitar of Renato Rossini, heady and languorous in equal proportions, converts this opulent little bar, a Joan Miró daydream, into a true conservatory of music. No sound on Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, who keeps making the grand tour from Caracas to Europe and





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

back, is at the piano of the Casino-on-the-Park from six to nine-thirty and from ten-thirty to one. Sunday is his day of rest. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): *Kaffeeklatsch* time on the East Side, augmented by musicians who never lay down their weapons and singers who never stop vocalizing. Vicky Autier, the best of the crop, leaves off on Sunday, April 30; Monica Boyár moves in on Tuesday, May 2. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A big, wide, wonderful world replete with seven-foot seraphs who do their vigorous setting-up exercises as unassumingly garbed as Susanna on her way to meet the Elders. As always, they're augmented by a couple of real good variety turns; they're also augmented by Dennis, Phillip, and Lindsay Crosby, contributors of songs, dances, and funny stories. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Johnny Mathis, a brilliant technician in the music-for-the-millions sector, sings persuasively enough to qualify as a latter-day cupid. There is also a command performance by eight lovely wards in chancery whose guardian must have told them that ballet is all play and no work. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

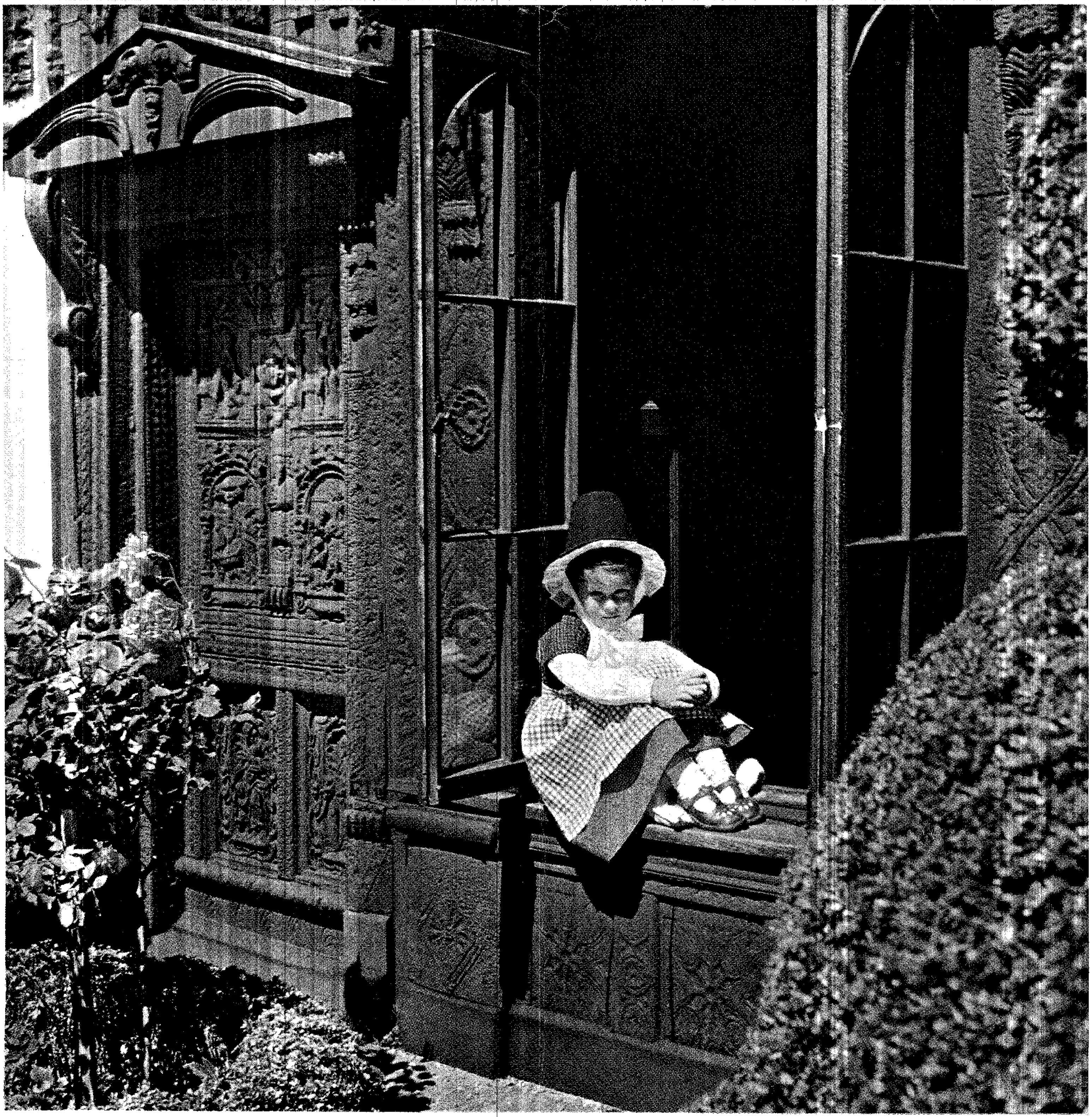
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Thrust and parry by Dick Gregory, a social conscience who discourses so casually that it takes time to realize that the foil he uses has no button; arias both Latin and local by Maysa Matarazzo, a purring Brazilian who wears a heart on every sleeve; words by Adam Keefe, a collector of unusual chips off old mental blocks. The background is the volatile Jimmy Lyons trio (Beverly Peer and Joe Puma are his aides) and the garrulous piano of Otis Clements. . . . ¶ In the lounge (except Saturdays), Alex Fogarty's piano recites easygoing tone poems from six to eight, and there are sometimes milkman's matinées of piano and/or trio. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): *Brisk, brusque, and brash* is the prevailing color scheme of "Dressed to the Nines," this season's Julius Monk revue. The nimble *farceurs* who take part are Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, and Gerry Matthews (Monk veterans all), as well as Bill Hinnant, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl. To the rear, William Roy and Carl Norman make their two pianos sound like an orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): A novitiate group, the Three Young Men, is a club that's glee in every sense of the word; the worldliness is supplied in exactly the proper measure by Sylvia Copeland, who, in West Indian Spanish, French, and English, sings her praises of the sportive life. Their merriment is bolstered by the keyboard work of Paul Trueblood and Robert Colston, whose variations on themes by Gershwin, Kern, et al. are *seventeen-jewel. The pianos begin* at nine, the merriment at ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Sylvia Syms, the local *dea ex machina*, carries a flaming torch through some of her ballads, a well-honed spear through the others. The tried-and-true old family retainers—Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, musicians to whom every night is Halloween, and Jimmie Daniels, *padrone* and tenor—are still on hand. There is also Phil Foster, a humorist who can't let well enough alone. Peter Daniels and Loumel Morgan administer the interlude piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHOWPLACE**, 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): "Stewed Prunes," the second-story occupant of this Village playpen, is a tongue-in-cheek study (after all, it's mostly pantomime) of many forms of American frustration, executed by a set of three inventive young people. *Seminars at nine and twelve; Tuesday* is their night off. . . . **CAMELOT**, 158 E. 49th St. (EL 5-4135): Bobby Short, our leading Edwardian pied piper, is dedicating his upswept voice, piano, and trio to the cause of making the nights briefer than ever. His richly inlaid surroundings, though, date not from Edward but from the Great Experiment. Ten is the zero hour. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Trini Reyes, who dances the first half of the charade in the back room, is still a fiery little Andalusian Ariel; the second half is not to be believed, or even listened to. Sundays, the sole event is a tea trot, three-thirty to eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Around ten, next door to the bar, the eerie flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the fevered flamenco songs of Domingo Alvarado often persuade the customers in this tiny alcove to join in. . . . **KING ARTHUR ROOM**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Mabel Mercer, a Bureau of Standards for all girls who aspire to sing in public, goes about her recital with the calm that comes with a few decades of experience. Her dignified mountain fastness, high above the torrential freshet called the Roundtable, is *also* occupied by Sam Hamilton, her permanent equerry, who is capable of putting any piano into a state of beatitude. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Max Kaminsky, the trumpeter from Bunker Hill, is having a most happy reunion with Mr. Condon, the banjoist from Indiana. The subject: Chicago jazz with the bark left on. *Benny Morton and Bob Wilber* are among Mr. K.'s aides, Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Jack Teagarden, a great and good man, is at long last raising not only his instrument but his gnarled tenor to his lips, in praise of the stars that fell on Alabama and the aura that surrounded New Orleans. His band and Junior Mance's hot-peppers trio take turns. The shop is open every night but Monday, and for early risers there is a Sunday matinée at four-thirty. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Ella Fitzgerald plays snap-the-whip with a seemingly permanent supply of flexible voice when she isn't lost in the arms of a ballad, which she does to perfection, too; Bill Dana, known to shut-ins as television's José Jiménez, is sometimes wildly funny as night life's Bill Dana, sometimes *just in* low gear. They wind up on Saturday, April 29; the troupe due on Monday, May 1, will be led by Sarah Vaughan, another jazz sound to be reckoned with, and seconded by the New Orleans band of Al Hirt, who may have read one too many primers on showmanship, and by Larry Storch, an orator with a peculiar set of taste buds. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Flip and hip is the piano of Billy Taylor, who runs one of the most persuasive of the new-era trios. He takes his post inside the oval bar around ten. No sounds on Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Music to watch Grandma Moses to. The exhibit of primitives opens up at three in the afternoon, and even at one-thirty on Saturdays and Sundays. The trios owned by Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman handle the day trick; the night job is handled by Cozy Cole's quintet (off duty Tuesdays) and the Salt City Six (off duty Mondays), with a Monday, Tuesday, and Friday assist by Sol Yaged's fivesome. Saturdays, Gene Krupa's boys and the Yageds open up the hayloft upstairs. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): There's a little bit of everything (except swing) and everybody in the whopping but docile band of Quincy Jones, in which such as Clark Terry and Melba Liston are vacationing. The fivesome of Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis spells this group onstage. On Thursday, May 4, a whole new cast, topped by Gerry Mulligan's vast symphony orchestra, which knows and exults in its own strength. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regular chaps are out of action. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A family affair (Toshiko Akiyoshi and Charlie Mariano) that, with assists from a pair of sidemen, amounts to a cheerful survey of progress in the new music. Come as you are is O.K. with the owners. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The *Nachtmusik* of this bustling chophouse is now the task of Eddie Heywood and his steady-going,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

middle-of-the-road threesome, plus the quartet owned by Erskine Hawkins. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Some real veterans—Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Russell Procope, and Wilber Kirk—are thumping away, perhaps a bit wearily, in tribute to yesteryear. Don Frye is the interlude pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye to form a Loyal Opposition. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Cookouts every night but Monday by the Bourbon Street Six, which believes that the past is dear but never dead. Sundays, there are five-o'clock matinées as well as soirées. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY**, 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): Kenny Dorham's quintet has now ascended the throne. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): A part of the Village where the iceman cometh, and every night, too. Gigi Gryce's sextet, whose pet instrument seems to be the candy cane, ends its long run on Monday, May 1; on Wednesday, May 3, Yusef Lateef's quintet sets to on its Asia Minor chords. Jam sessions Tuesdays when the regular group is off. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Herbie Mann's splendidly rhythmic flute-and-percussion group, which is full of West Indian and African ideas, and the trio of the airs-and-graces Nina Simone, who might have been Cleopatra if Cleopatra had only sung and played piano, have the place to themselves at the moment, but the Simones will be departing on Sunday, April 30. On Tuesday, May 2, Miriam Makeba, eyes glowing like coals (and not the Newcastle kind, either), will open her exposition of such native African crafts as songs of the soil, songs of the soul. Closed Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Old wine in an old bottle. The tastings are held only over the weekends. On Friday and Saturday, April 28-29, all stops and all corks will be pulled out by Sonny Greer, the Conrad Janis Tailgate Jazz Band, Tony Parenti, Dick Wellstood, Johnny Letman, Gene Sedric, and Panama Francis.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

ARNOLD BLANCH—Semi-abstract landscapes and seascapes; through Saturday, May 6. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

NORMAN BLUHM AND ELAINE DE KOONING—A mural by Mr. Bluhm and four painted columns by Mrs. de Kooning, all abstract works suitable for architectural use; through Saturday, April 29. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

DORIS CAESAR—Bronzes, mostly nudes, in her gaunt, attenuated manner; through Saturday, April 29. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

CÉSAR—Metal sculptures (1953-61) and drawings by a contemporary Paris artist; through Saturday, May 6. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRED CONWAY—Abstracted nature scenes, primarily in oil, by an artist known for his murals; through Saturday, May 6. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

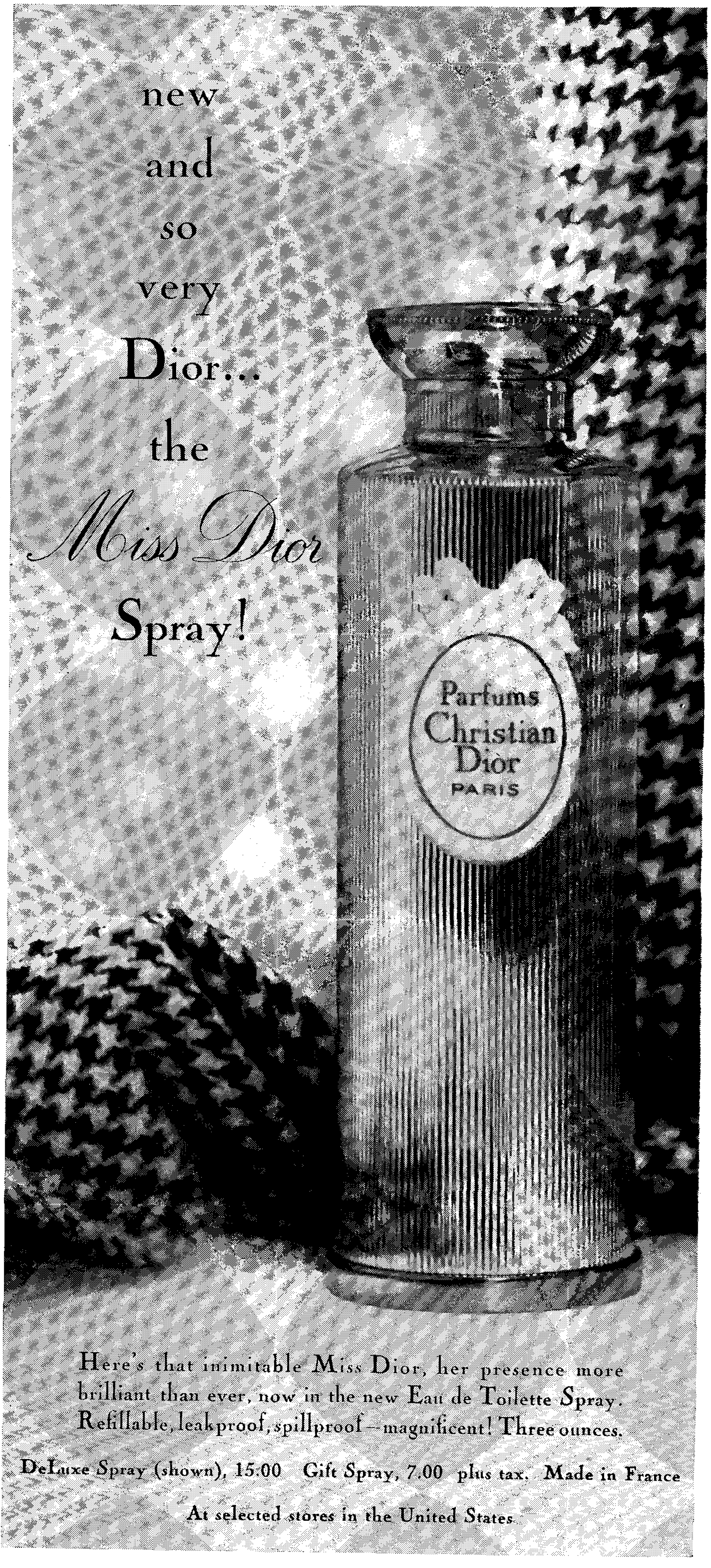
HARRY CROWLEY—Abstract Impressionist landscapes and collages; through Saturday, April 29. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

JOSÉ DE CREEFT—Figurative sculptures, most of them in marble; through Saturday, May 6. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

STANLEY FEIN—Expressionistic figure paintings, drawings, and washes; through May 11. (Phoenix, 40 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

MAURICE GOLUBOV—Paintings, in his first showing in five years; through Saturday, April 29. (Mayer, 762 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Thursday evenings until 9:30.)

STEPHEN GREENE—Blue abstract paintings;



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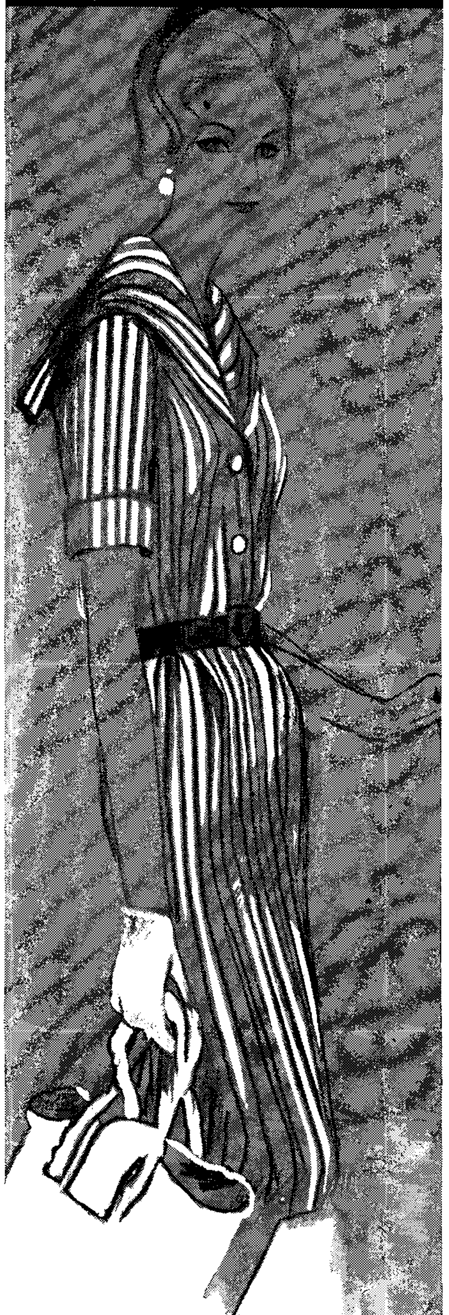

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through May 13. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

George O. (Pop) Hart—Drawings, 1905-30; through Saturday, May 6. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

Marsden Hartley—Drawings and pastels of landscapes and figures (1908-42); through Saturday, May 6. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ingres in American Collections—A loan exhibition of paintings and drawings gathered from private and public collections. For the benefit of the Lighthouse, the New York Association for the Blind. Through Saturday, May 6. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

David Jacobs—Welded-metal sculptures; through Saturday, May 6. (Barone, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Buffie Johnson—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, May 6. (Thibaut, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Leon Kelly—Figure paintings leaning toward the fantastic in style; through Saturday, April 29. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

Dong Kingman—A series of water colors of Hong Kong by the Chinese-American artist; through May 13. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

John Koch—Still-lifes and interiors with figures; through May 13. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Oskar Kokoschka—A previously unexhibited series of twenty-six drawings of a woman friend; through May 20. (Bayer, 51 E. 80th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Robert La Hotan—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through May 11. (James, 70 E. 12th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Alfred Landesman—Surrealist paintings; through Saturday, April 29. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

Richard Lytle—Paintings; through Saturday May 6. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Loren MacIver—Paintings and collages; through Saturday, April 29. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Nicholas Marsicano—Figure paintings; through Saturday, April 29. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Edward Millman—Abstract oils; through Saturday, April 29. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Luciano Minguzzi—Semi-abstract bronze sculptures by a contemporary Italian; through Saturday, May 6. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joan Mitchell—Abstractions; through May 13. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

Robert Motherwell—Abstract Expressionist oils and collages; through Saturday, May 6. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Lee Mullican—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, April 29. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

Louise Nevelson—Abstract sculptures of gold-painted wood; through May 20. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ben Nicholson—His first showing of pictures here in five years; through May 13. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Georgia O'Keeffe—Recent paintings and drawings; through Saturday, May 6. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Richard Pousette-Dart—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, April 29. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Leo Rabkin—Non-objective paintings and collages, plus a group of fluently colorful water colors; through Saturday, April 29. (Latow, 13 E. 63rd St.)

Anton Refregier—Figure paintings; through Saturday, April 29. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Milton Resnick—Large abstract paintings; through Saturday, April 29. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Gordon Russell—Landscapes, still-lifes, and flowers; through May 20. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Kurt Seligmann—A retrospective of paintings, sculptures, graphics, and collages, dating from his early Surrealist period; through May 13. (D'Arcy, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

Jannis Spyropoulos—Abstract paintings by a contemporary Greek artist, winner of one of the 1960 Venice Biennale prizes; through Saturday, April 29. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Reuben Tam—Landscape paintings of the Maine coast and of his native Hawaii; through Saturday, May 6. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Allen Tucker (1866-1939)—Paintings by an officer and exhibitor in the 1913 Armory show; through Saturday, April 29. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

Masterpieces—A loan exhibition of paintings and drawings by Mantegna, Rembrandt, Gainsborough, Renoir, Toulouse-Lautrec, and others. For the benefit of the Citizens' Committee for Children of New York. Through Saturday, May 6. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the ARTZT, 142 W. 57th St.: Paintings by the gallery artists—Erik Hoberg, Murray Finkelman, Peter M. Gish, and others; through Thursday, May 4. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 4.)... CASTELLANE, 19 E. 76th St.: Herman Maril, Minna Harkavy, and Maynard Sandol are three of the participants in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Saturday, May 6. (Closed Mondays.)... CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.: The April exhibition consists of paintings chosen by Byron Browne, Chen Chi, and Isabel Bishop; through Friday, April 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)... MIDTOWN, 17 E. 57th St.: Water colors by William Thon, Edward Betts, Jason Schoener, Robert Vickrey, and Fred Nagler; through May 13.... PERIDOT, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Lithographs by New York artists, including Robert Goodnough, Costantino Nivola, and Bernard Pfriem; through May 13.... SMALL, 8 E. 75th St.: Drawings, past and present, by Josef Albers, Julian Levi, Milton Avery, and other contemporaries; through May 13. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the DEITSCH, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Original prints, from Goya through the German Expressionists; through May 13.... PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Pascin, Braque, Calder, and other modern masters; through June 16. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the HAHN, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by such French artists as Bonnard, Braque, and Picasso; through May 13.... HUTTON, 41 E. 57th St.: "La Scène Française," an exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by, among others, Vlaminck, Renoir, and Buffet; through May 27.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Splendid Century," an exhibition of French seventeenth-century paintings, sculptures, drawings, and tapestries (by Poussin, La Tour, Puget, and others) lent by museums and churches throughout France; through Sunday, April 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings, sculptures, collages, and other works by the School of Paris artist Max Ernst; through May 8.... ¶ A retrospective of about three hundred photographs by Edward Steichen. Dating from 1895 to the present, they include cityscapes, landscapes, nature studies, nudes, abstractions, and portraits. Through May 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Twenty-first International Watercolor Biennial, made up of more than two hundred paintings from Germany, Great Britain, and the United States; through May 28.... ¶ Paintings and drawings of birds, acrobats, people playing games, and so on, by Manfred Schwartz; through May 14. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibition of paintings and sculptures (Rousseau's "The Foot-ball Players," Cézanne's "The Clockmaker," and Brancusi's "White Seal," to mention a few) acquired during the past eight years; through May 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Modern Mosaics of Ravenna," an exhibit including designs by Afro, Chagall, Campigli, and other European painters; through May 14. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"The Theatre Collects American Art," an exhibition presented by the Friends of the Whitney Museum and consisting of paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by such artists as Lyonel Feininger, Hans Hofmann, and Alexander Calder) owned by Lillian Hellman, Henry Fonda, Richard Rodgers, and other people connected with the theatre, motion pictures, radio, and television; through May 16. . . . ¶ A single room-filling sculpture by Herbert Ferber, designed to be walked into; through Sunday, April 30. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Hunter College Opera Association—The first New York performances of Jan Meyerowitz's "Esther," with a libretto by Langston Hughes. Staged by Rose Landver and conducted by William Tarrasch. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday and Friday, April 27-28, at 8:15. For tickets, call BU 8-7211, from 11 to 4.)

Xavier Symphony Society—Vincent La Selva directing the first four in a series of six performances of Menotti's "The Saint of Bleecker Street." (Xavier Theatre, 40 W. 16th St. Saturday and Sunday, April 29-30, and Saturday and Sunday, May 6-7, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Contemporary Baroque Ensemble—Daniel Antoun conducting, with Johana Harris, piano. The final concert of the season. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, April 28, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 2831.)

Composers' Showcase—Robert Craft conducting an orchestra in a program of works by Edgard Varèse, with Donna Precht, soprano. (Town Hall. Monday, May 1, at 8:30.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor, with Louise Natale, soprano; Eunice Alberts, contralto; Mallory Walker, tenor; Ara Berberian, bass; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, April 30, at 4. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Dessoff Choirs—Paul Boepple directing, with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Blake Stern, tenor; Robert Trehy, bass; and a symphony orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 3, at 8:30. For tickets, call PL 7-9025.)

University of Pennsylvania Glee Club—Bruce Montgomery directing. (Town Hall. Thursday, May 4, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

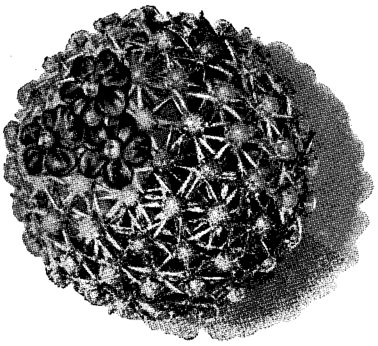
Carlos Montoya—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 27, at 8:30.)

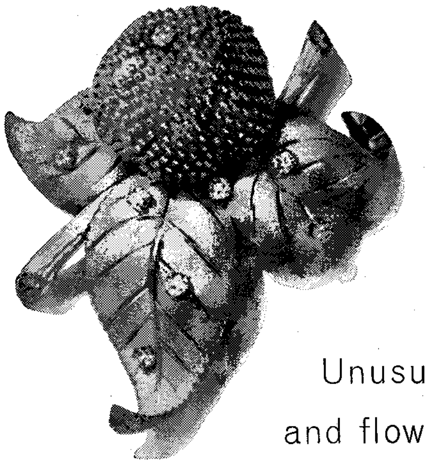
Mary Judd—Soprano. (Town Hall. Friday, April 28, at 5:45.)

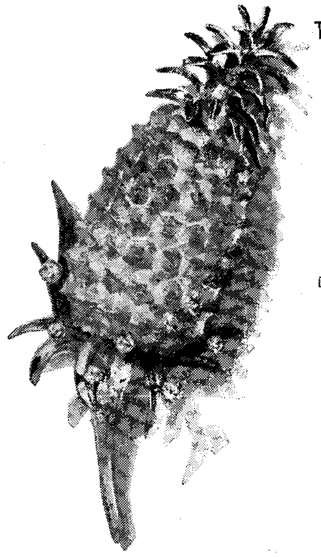
Folk-Song Concert—Martha Schlamme, Geoffrey Holder, Cynthia Gooding, and others. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, April 29, at 8:30. For tickets, call MO 2-3067.)

Andres Segovia—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 29, at 8:40.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-61—The last in a series of concerts, each followed by a discussion period, generally with several composers present. This one will involve, among others, Max Pollikoff, violin; Yehudi Wyner, piano; and composers Henry Brant, Billy Jim Layton, Otto Luening, and Henry Weinberg. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lex-







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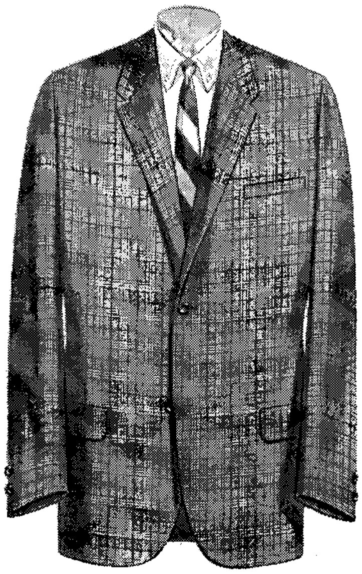

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, April 30, at 8.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Piano. A benefit for the Polish Mutual Assistance, Inc. (Town Hall. Tuesday, May 2, at 8:30.)

The Weavers—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 6, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

Baseball—Yankees vs. Cleveland. (Yankee Stadium. Thursday, April 27, at 2; Friday, April 28, at 8; and Saturday, April 29, at 2.)

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 29.)...¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. Saturday, May 6.)

Golf—Long Island Golf Association Richardson Memorial Tournament. (Seawane Harbor Club, Hewlett, L.I. Friday through Monday, May 5-7.)

Horse Shows—Boulder Brook Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, April 29-30.)...¶ Sugartown Horse Show. (Newtown Square, Pa. Saturday, May 6.)

Hunt Racing—Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 29.)... ¶ Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, May 6.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Wednesday, May 31. The Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, April 29; the Bed o' Roses Handicap, Wednesday, May 3; and the Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 6.... GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2:30, from Saturday, April 29, through Tuesday, May 30. (A train will leave Penn Station at 11 and connect with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)... LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Wednesday, May 3.... CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 6.

Track—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 28-29.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:25; through Saturday, May 20.

FOR CHILDREN

Ballet—The American Ballet Theatre presenting three programs primarily for children. Saturday, April 29, at 2:30: "Les Sylphides," "Peter and the Wolf," "The Nutcracker Pas de Deux," and "Rodeo."...¶ Sunday, April 30, at 3: "Swan Lake," "Billy the Kid," "The Nutcracker Pas de Deux," and "Graduation Ball."...¶ Saturday, May 6, at 2:30: "Giselle" and "Bluebeard." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992.)

Stage Shows—By the PEGGY BRIDGE MARIONETTES: "Little Brave Sambo," plus Leroy the Magician. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 3. For tickets, call AC 2-3831.) ... CAVKAP PRODUCTIONS: "The Frog Prince." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... LITTLE GOLDEN THEATRE: "Young Abe Lincoln." (Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. CI 6-8870. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 4:30; Thursdays and Fridays at 4:30 and 7; and Saturdays and Sundays at noon, 2, and 4.)... MERRIMIMES: "The Littlest Tailor." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.)... MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "The Willie Tree." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1.)... PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS: "Peterkin Papers." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, May 6, at 3.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Our World and the Moon." Starting Tues-

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CABIN CRAFTS

day, May 2, there will be a new show, "On the Shoulders of Giants," which concerns great astronomers of the past. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

United States World Trade Fair—Textiles from Nigeria, chocolate from Switzerland, caviar from Iran, and automobiles from Italy are among the wares some sixty nations are displaying at this fifth annual show. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesday, May 3, through Saturday, May 13. Wednesdays and Thursdays, 6 to 10; Fridays and Sundays, 1 to 7; and Saturdays, 11 to 10.)

Amateur Needlework of Today—Among the items on view are handbags, tapestries, rugs, pictures, chair covers, screens, and religious vestments, in petitpoint, gros point, and crewelwork. For the benefit of the Friendship Fund of the Lighthouse, the New York Association for the Blind. Through Saturday, May 6. (The Lighthouse, 111 E. 59th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Gardens—Some of the city's private gardens and penthouse terraces will be opened to the public on Tuesday, May 2, and Tuesday, May 9, from 2:30 to 6, in a benefit exhibition arranged by the City Gardens Club. Those on display on May 2 belong to Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Oechler, 58 E. 91st St.; Mr. and Mrs. Theodore R. Jarvis, 174 E. 75th St.; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Kelly, 165 E. 74th St.; Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Larson, 819 Madison Ave.; Mrs. Edwin S. Webster, 159 E. 65th St.; and Mr. G. Maillard Kesslère, 131 E. 62nd St. (For information about tickets, call TR 9-0173 Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 1 and 2 to 4.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, April 29, at 1:45: English and American furniture, South American and other silver, paintings, decorative objects, and Oriental rugs; the property of C. de Freitas-Valle and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 4, at 1:45: Chinese jade, Indian and Siamese sculptures, Chinese early dynastic bronzes, pottery and porcelain, Japanese screens, and Chinese and Japanese paintings; from the collections of Captain Emerson C. Morris and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 29.

Daylight Saving Time—Starts Sunday, April 30, at 2 A.M. Clocks should be turned ahead an hour.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through April 29: "Great Actresses of the Past," a program made up of excerpts from various movies, including "La Dame aux Camélias" (1912), with Sarah Bernhardt, and "Vanity Fair" (1915), with Minnie Maddern Fiske. . . . ¶ April 30-May 3: The first program in a series of films called "The Robert Flaherty Award, 1940-60"—"The Quiet One" (1949), a documentary film; and "Guernica" (1950). (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.) . . . **Note:** On Thursday, April 27, at 8:30, there will be a showing of "Two Eyes, Twelve Hands" (1958), an Indian film. Tickets may be obtained at the Museum.

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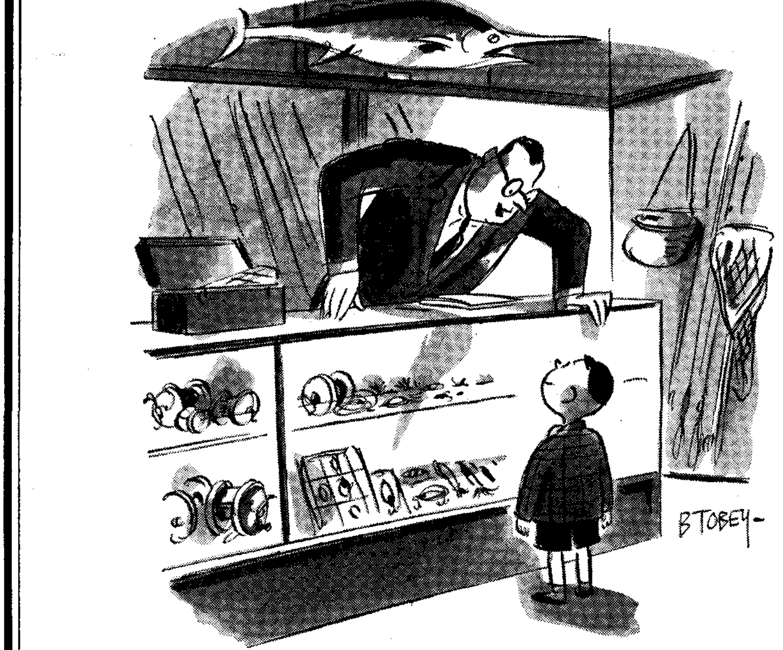

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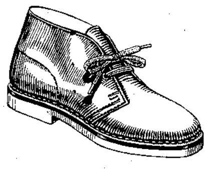

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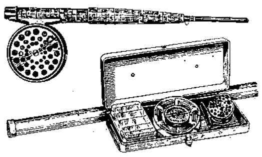

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The Absent-Minded Professor—A celebration in slapstick of a magic substance called Flubber, which enables those who use it to break the law of gravity. Fred MacMurray is amusing as the man who concocts the stuff, and he is ably supported by Keenan Wynn and Nancy Olson. Robert Stevenson is the director. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600; *through May 3.*)

L'Avventura—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. Their search is unsuccessful, and so is the movie. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Ballad of a Soldier—The camera is the star of this almost plotless Soviet account of a young soldier's short leave from the front, but what a venturesome, memorable star it is in the hands of director Grigori Chukhrai! The principal actors, Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko, are so young and so appealing that one willingly forgives the excessive simplicity of their brief love story. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Breathless—A New Wave import from France that deserves all its superlatives. The story, about an attractive, dangerous young car thief and his American paramour, is less important than the manner of the film, which makes all its telling points by implication and sheer style. Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg are sad and winning as the lovers, and Jean-Luc Godard's script and direction are masterly. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Days of Thrills and Laughter—The apotheosis of the custard pie and the runaway train in a series of excerpts from early silent films. Banana peels do pretty well, too. The stars include Charlie Chaplin, Charlie Chase, Douglas Fairbanks, Pearl White, and Harry Houdini. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through April 30.)

La Dolce Vita—Modern Rome is the lively, if somewhat jaded, heroine of this beautiful picture, and Federico Fellini, who wrote and directed it, doubles as her doting impresario and severest critic. Marcello Mastroianni, a wonderful young actor, heads a pretty wonderful cast that includes Annibale Ninchi, Alain Cuny, Anouk Aimée, and Yvonne Furneaux. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd, BR 9-3970. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Don Quixote—A chance to see a magnificent Russian actor, Nikolai Cherkasov, in a consistently subtle and affecting performance as Cervantes' mad, sad knight. Director Grigory Kozintsev is equally impressive for his color photography, which is just as well, since the story itself never builds up much dramatic steam. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

Exodus—Perhaps the only way to face this interminable account of the founding of modern Israel is to take along a light lunch; goodness knows there's little enough in the plot to feed on. Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb head a large and luckless cast. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

General della Rovere—The brilliant director Roberto Rossellini here makes his so-called "comeback" with a picture noble in intent and noble in execution. A melodrama laid in Italy during the war, it depicts the transformation of a cowardly bootlicker into a true hero. Vittorio De Sica is superb in the starring role, and Hannes Messemer plays to perfection an honorable, pitiless Nazi superman. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting May 3.)

One Eyed Jacks—Marlon Brando, of all people, in a Western complete with outlaw, sheriff, deputy, girl, and the other familiar appurtenances. Since Mr. Brando also directed the picture, we can expect the unexpected, and that is what we get. Karl Malden, Katy Jurado, and Pina Pellicer are in the supporting cast, and everyone concerned is very good indeed. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

A Raisin in the Sun—Lorraine Hansberry's story about a Negro family in Chicago is somewhat broader, physically and dramatically, on the screen than it was on the stage, but it has its compensations all the same. Among them are Claudia McNeil, Sidney Poitier, and, especially, Ruby Dee. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Trans-Lux 52nd St. Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning—In his first leading role, Albert Finney is very promising as a rambunctious young Englishman who is determined not to let his job in a factory or his dreary surroundings outside of it get him down. The cast includes, among other good actors, Norman Rossington, Rachel Roberts, and Hylda Baker. Mr. Sillitoe has adapted his own lively novel for the screen. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Shadows—The players have had to supply their own words and business in this fascinating movie, which is set all over town. John Cassavetes is the director, and Hugh Hurd, Ben Carruthers, Rupert Cross, Lelia Goldoni, and Anthony Ray are the principal improvisers. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

Tunes of Glory—A splashy, old-fashioned, uneven film about a peacetime Scottish regiment in the throes of a power struggle between two colonels. What puts it on everybody's "must-see" list is the astonishing bravura performance of Sir Alec Guinness as a complex, sentimental bully who pulls his world down about his head. John Mills is remarkable, too, and Dennis Price, Kay Walsh, and Gordon Jackson assist in the skirmishings. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Two-Way Stretch—A profoundly unserious study of British penology and the wicked ways of unrepentant jewel thieves, conducted by the eminent sociologist Mr. Peter Sellers. Wilfrid Hyde White, David Lodge, and Bernard Cribbins assist in the farcical seminar, and the resultant laughter is weightless and almost non-stop. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; April 27.)

REVIVALS

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 28-May 1.)

Gigi (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 30-May 2.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

I'm All Right, Jack (1960)—An English film in which the dizzy operations of a missile plant, mismanaged by capitalists and slowed down by workers, are described. With Peter Sellers, Margaret Rutherford, and Ian Carmichael. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through May 2.)

The Magician (1959)—Ingmar Bergman's study of the effect that a troupe of magicians has on the household of a Swedish merchant. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Ten Days That Shook the World (1928)—About the October Revolution (Russian). Eisenstein (also Russian) directed it. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210; April 27.)

The Walls of Malapaga (1950)—An aging fugitive, Jean Gabin, having a final romantic fling in Genoa. A French-Italian film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 28-May 1.)

Wild Strawberries (1959)—Victor Sjöström plays an eminent physician in this Swedish film directed by Ingmar Bergman. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—See listing under "Other Events," page 19.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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30	1	2	3			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through May 2: "The Hoodlum Priest," Don Murray.
From May 3: "The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
ONE EYED JACKS.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey, Shirley Jones.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
A RAISIN IN THE SUN.

Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd. (BR 9-3970)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through May 3: **THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.**

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Follow a Star," Norman Wisdom.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"The Great Impostor," Tony Curtis, Edmond O'Brien.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"All Hands on Deck," Pat Boone, Barbara Eden.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Mein Kampf," a Swedish documentary on the rise and fall of Hitler's Reich, with an English narration.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through May 2: "All in a Night's Work," Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine.
From May 3: "The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
WILD STRAWBERRIES and **THE MAGICIAN,** revivals. (A double bill, shown in Swedish on April 27 and 29 and May 1 and 3, and in English on April 28 and 30 and May 2.)

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through May 2: "Sanctuary," Lee Remick, Yves Montand; and "Ferry to Hong Kong," Curt Jurgens.
From May 3: "Operation Eichmann," Werner Klemperer, Ruta Lee; and "Crime in the Streets," revival, Sal Mineo, John Cassavetes.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 2 (tentative): "The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr.
From May 3 (tentative): "Circle of Deception," Bradford Dillman, Suzy Parker; and "The Millionairess," Sophia Loren, Peter Sellers.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
BALLAD OF A SOLDIER (in Russian).

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
A RAISIN IN THE SUN.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The League of Gentlemen," Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through April 29: "Sanctuary," Lee Remick, Yves Montand; and "Ferry to Hong Kong," Curt Jurgens.
April 30-May 2: "Cry for Happy," Glenn Ford, Donald O'Connor; and "Terror of the Tongs," Geoffrey Toone.
From May 3: "The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball; and "The Police Dog Story," James Brown, Merry Anders.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
BREATHLESS (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
L'AVVENTURA (in Italian).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through April 30: **DAYS OF THRILLS AND LAUGHTER.**
From May 1: "The Bridge" (in German).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 2 (tentative): "Can-Can," revival, Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine.
From May 3 (tentative): "The Wackiest Ship in the Army," Jack Lemmon, Ricky Nelson.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Great Impostor," Tony Curtis, Edmond O'Brien.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through May 2: "Sanctuary," Lee Remick, Yves Montand; and "Ferry to Hong Kong," Curt Jurgens.
From May 3: "Operation Eichmann," Werner Klemperer, Ruta Lee; and "Al Capone," revival, Rod Steiger, Fay Spain.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through May 2: "Cry for Happy," Glenn Ford, Donald O'Connor; and "Terror of the Tongs," Geoffrey Toone.
From May 3: "The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball; and "The Police Dog Story," James Brown, Merry Anders.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
April 27: **TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD** (silent), a Russian film.
From April 28: "Nosferatu" (in German), revival; and "Drôle de Drame" (in French; also known as "Bizarre, Bizarre"), revival, Louis Jouvet, Françoise Rosay.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through April 29: "The Millionairess," Sophia Loren, Peter Sellers; and "Circle of Deception," Bradford Dillman, Suzy Parker.
April 30-May 2: **GIGI,** revival; and "Les Girls," revival, Gene Kelly, Mitzi Gaynor.
From May 3: "Make Mine Mink," Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler; and "Village of the Damned," George Sanders, Barbara Shelley.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
SHADOWS.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through May 3 (tentative): "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through May 2: "Cry for Happy," Glenn Ford, Donald O'Connor; and "Terror of the Tongs," Geoffrey Toone.
From May 3: "The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball; and "The Police Dog Story," James Brown, Merry Anders.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through May 2: "The World of Apu" (in Bengali); and "Eugene Onegin" (in Russian), revival.
From May 3: **GENERAL DELLA ROVERE** (in Italian); and "Dreaming Lips" (in German), revival, Maria Schell.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
April 27: **TWO-WAY STRETCH.**
From April 28: "Please Turn Over," Ted Ray, Jean Kent.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
DON QUIXOTE.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through May 3: "All in a Night's Work," Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
TUNES OF GLORY.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Love and the Frenchwoman" (in French), Martine Carol, Dany Robin.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through May 2: "Cry for Happy," Glenn Ford, Donald O'Connor; and "Terror of the Tongs," Geoffrey Toone.
From May 3: "The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball; and "The Police Dog Story," James Brown, Merry Anders.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 3: "The World of Apu" (in Bengali); and "Flowers of St. Francis" (in Italian), Aldo Fabrizi. (On Monday, May 1, the last showing will begin at 2:35. At 7 and 9:45, there will be showings of "The Body Snatchers," revival, with Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi; and "Curse of the Cat People," revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"They Were Ten" (in Hebrew), Oded Teomi.

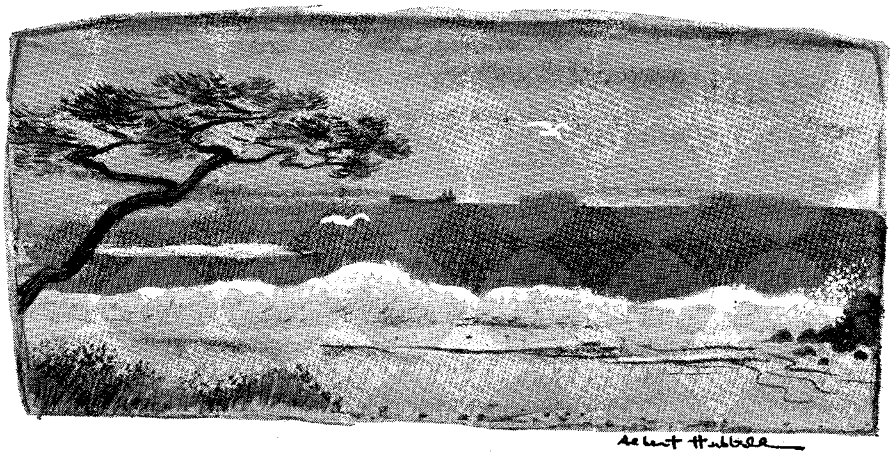
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 27: "The Third Sex" (in German), revival, Paula Wessely, Paul Dahlke; and "The Eighth Day of the Week" (in German), Sonja Ziemann.
April 28-May 1: **THE WALLS OF MALAPAGA** (in French and Italian), revival; and **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** (in French), revival.
From May 2: "The Cat" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul; and "Sinners of Paris" (in French), revival, Bela Darvi, Charles Vanel.

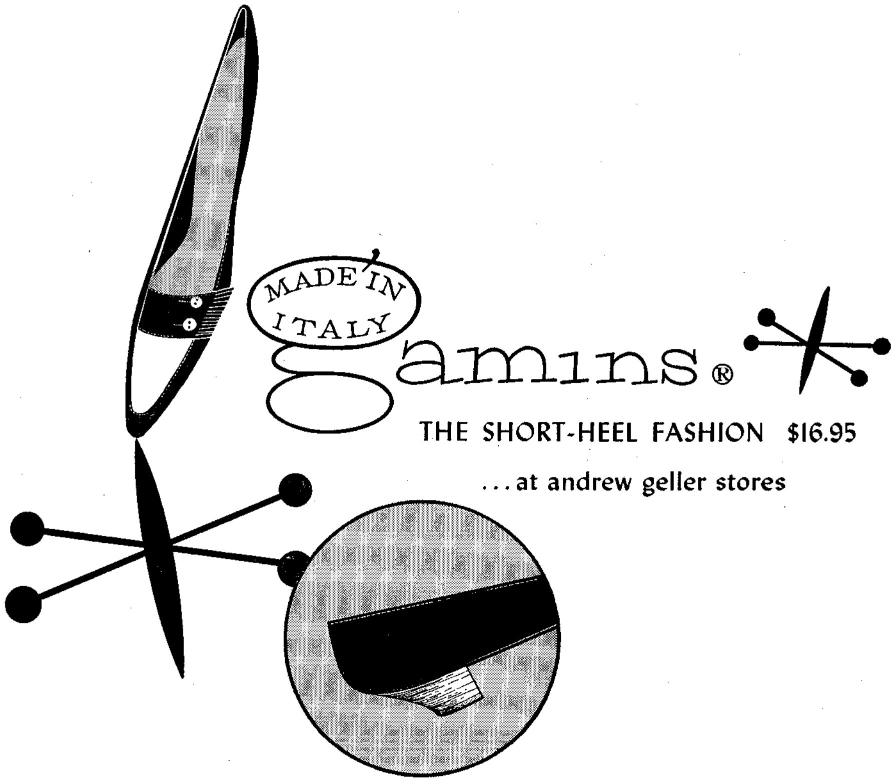
Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through May 3: "Sanctuary," Lee Remick, Yves Montand; and "Ferry to Hong Kong," Curt Jurgens.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through May 2: **I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK,** revival; and "The Mouse That Roared," revival, Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg.
From May 3: **GENERAL DELLA ROVERE** (in Italian).

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through May 2: "Cry for Happy," Glenn Ford, Donald O'Connor; and "Terror of the Tongs," Geoffrey Toone.
From May 3: "The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball; and "The Police Dog Story," James Brown, Merry Anders.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through May 2: "Sanctuary," Lee Remick, Yves Montand; and "Ferry to Hong Kong," Curt Jurgens.
From May 3: "Operation Eichmann," Werner Klemperer, Ruta Lee; and "Al Capone," revival, Rod Steiger, Fay Spain.





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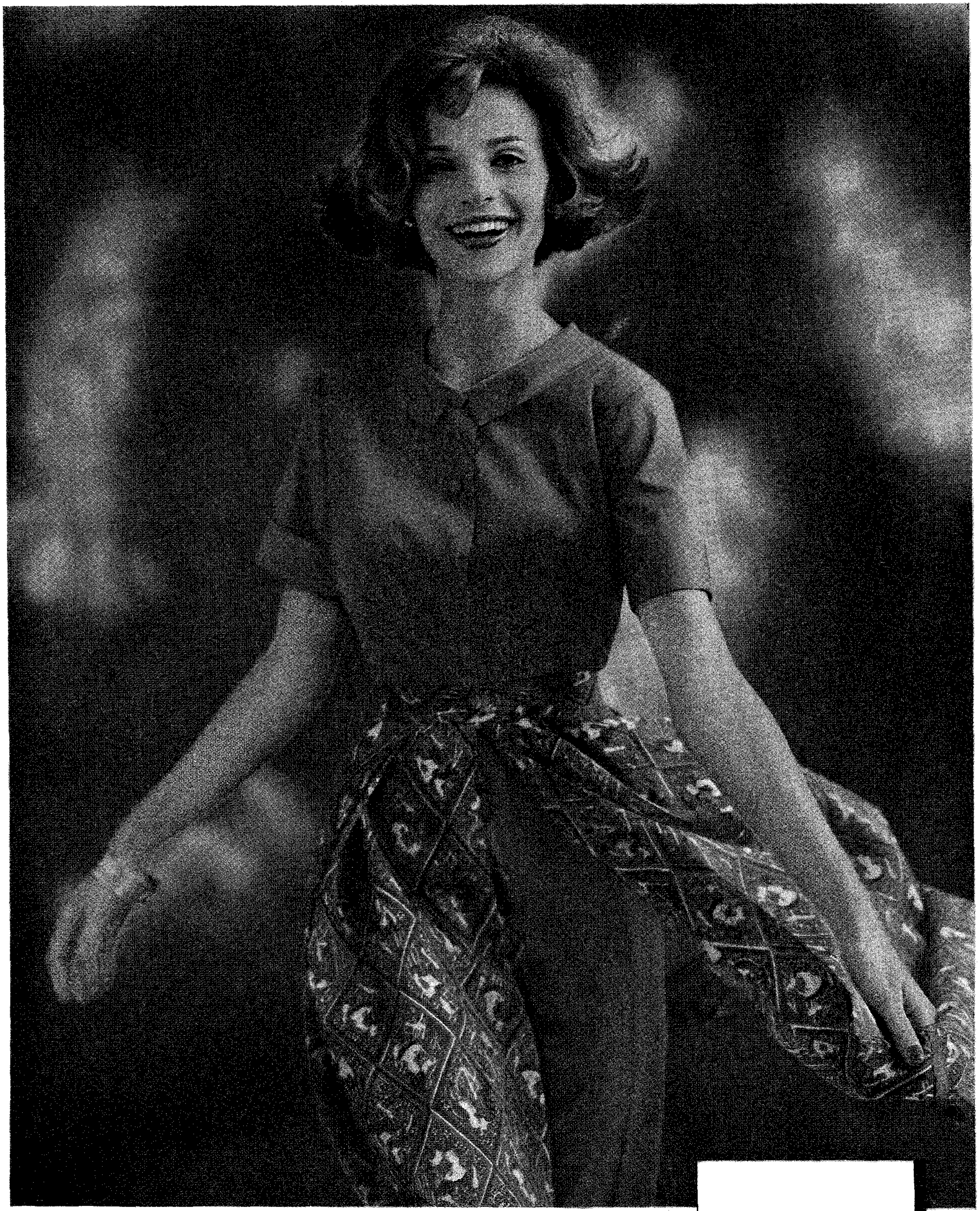

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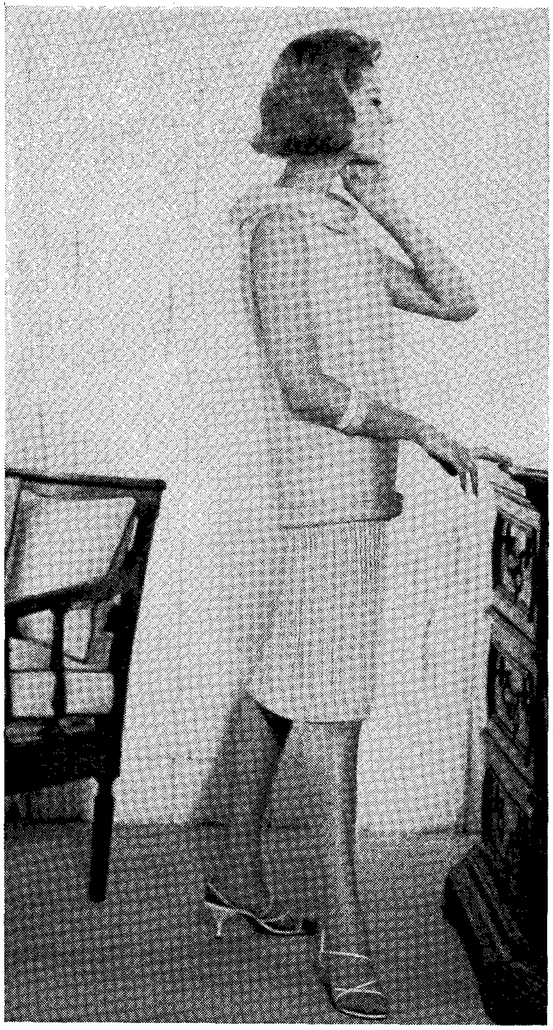

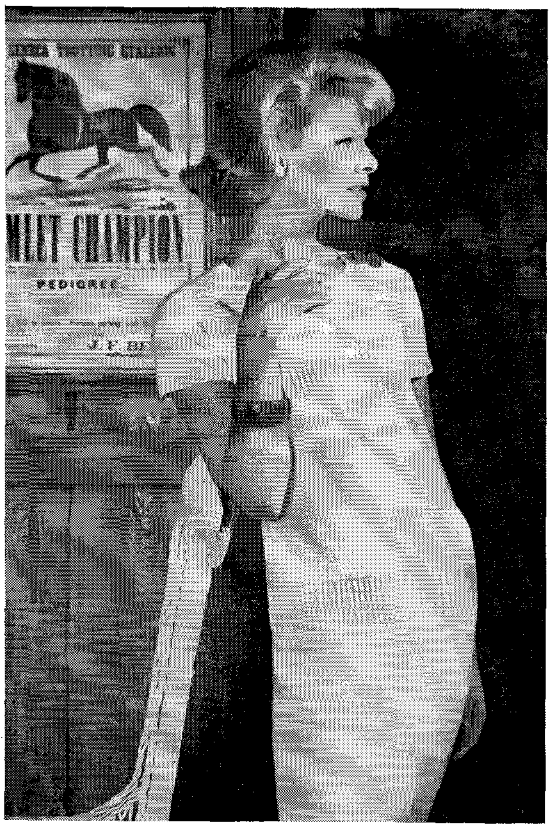

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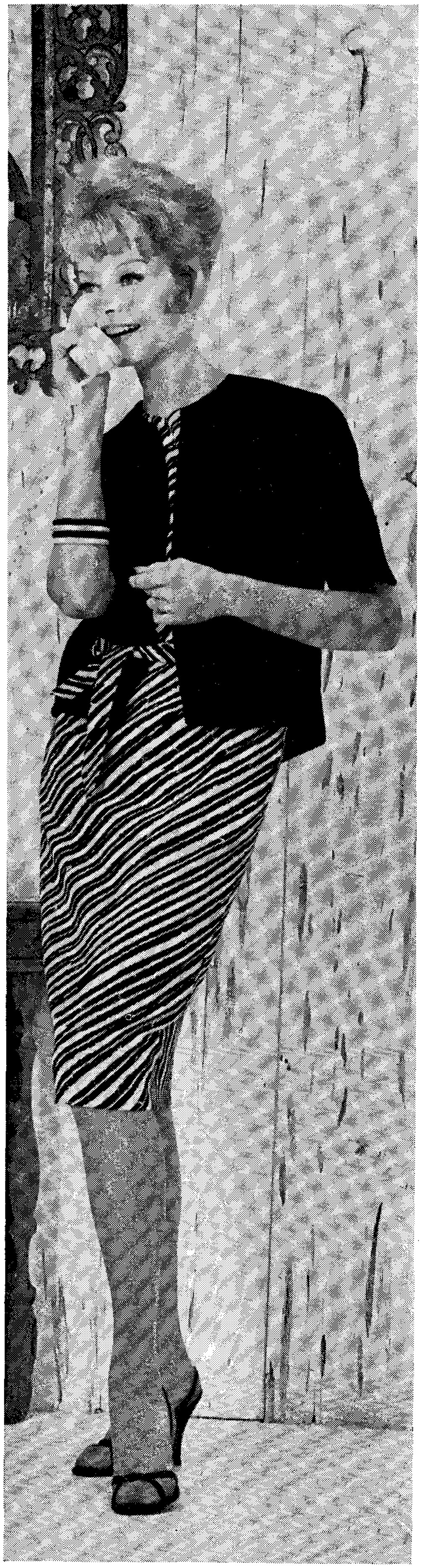

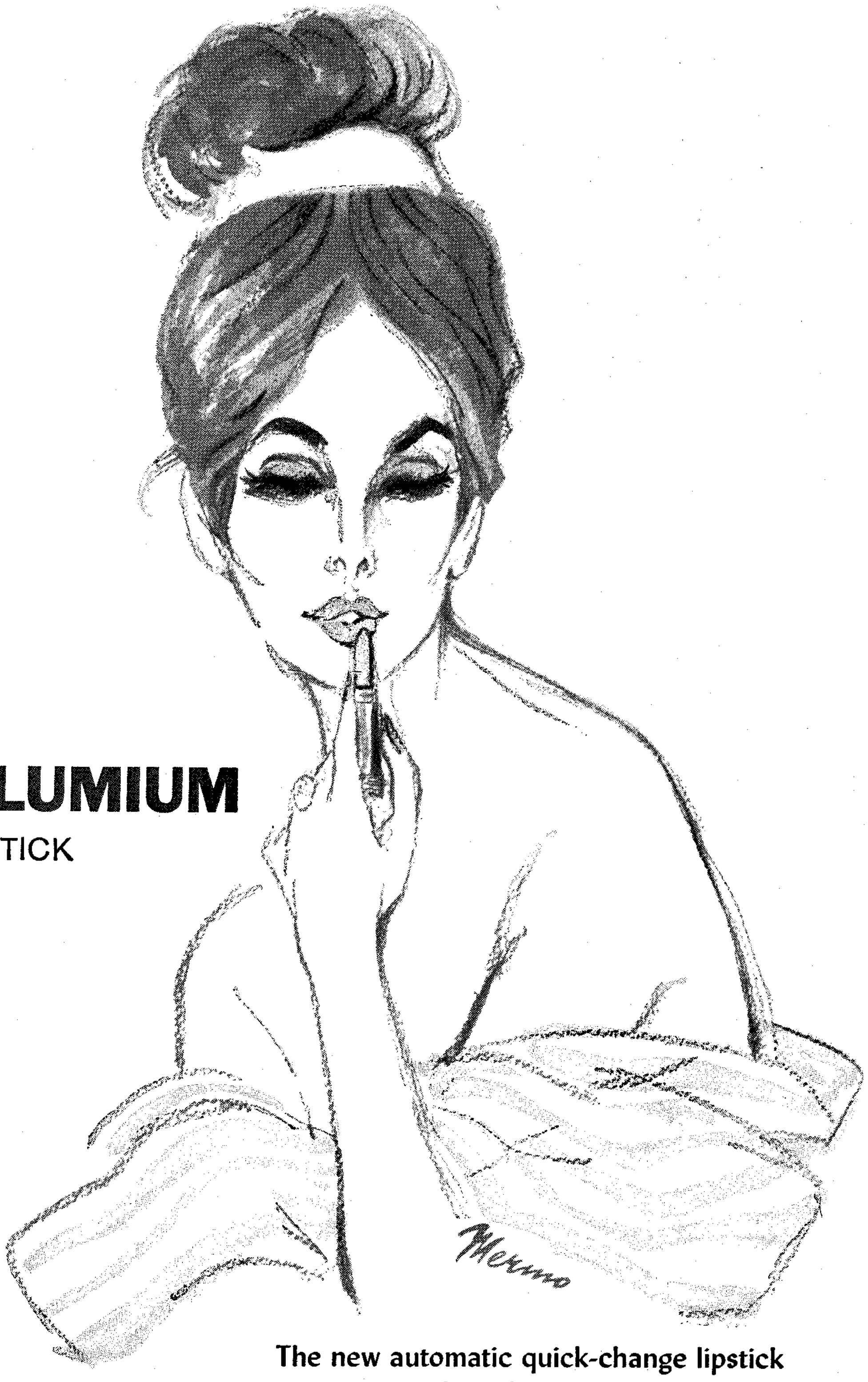

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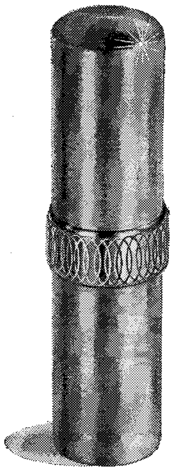

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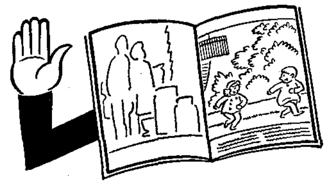
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LAST week, as we sat numbly watching the television parade of announcers and winners of the Motion Picture Academy awards, it seemed to us that at last, and suddenly, Hollywood was experiencing a kind of collectively intense emotion—a real, no-kidding feeling of old-fashioned guilt. With a few exceptions, everybody who stepped onto that enormous, cold stage appeared to be acting guilty of something or other. But of what? Like anyone else, we're willing to make a guess, and our guess is that the crime these sad people were uneasy about was that their community had done its best to kill in infancy the great lively art brought into being such a short while ago. We had the spectacle the other night, repeated again and again by the scores of finely dressed people, with their tuxedos and lacquered hairdos, of Hollywood's trying to make it up to somebody, somehow. Tributes were paid, one after another, to worthy institutions and persons: to marriage (there were five married couples who announced awards by reciting alternate remarks, with one wife laughing at her husband's jokes before he made them); to the Bible ("First came the word . . ."); to childhood (Shirley Temple); to the ill; to the disabled; to the dead. As we've said, there were a few exceptions, and among them were Eddie Fisher, protective, solicitous, on the job, and Elizabeth Taylor, joyous and grateful for the gift of life, on which the industry had turned its back as soon as it had begun.

A FEW weeks ago, Pierre Salinger, the Presidential press secretary, called a meeting of news photographers and asked them, in the President's name, not to take any more photographs of Miss Caroline Kennedy at play in the grounds of the White House. Her father and mother were worried, he explained, not by the actual presence of the photographers, who took their pictures with long-focus lenses from outside the fence, but by the possible effect of publicity on their children. The response of the press was prompt and courteous. The *Herald Tribune* reported the White House request on its front page. And lest any reader should be in the dark as to exactly which Caroline Kennedy was meant, the *Tribune* accompanied the story with a picture of the President's daughter, achieved via long-focus lens, which showed her resting one hand, with easy grace, on the seat of a swing and engaging a playmate in lively conversation. "Kennedys Object to Photos Like This," the headline helpfully pointed out. *Life* was, if possible, even politer. Whereas the *Tribune* merely reported the Presidential request, and left the reader to guess at its own future policy, *Life* voluntarily took the pledge. Under a photograph, measuring approximately ten inches square, that displayed Miss Kennedy in zestful pursuit of a colleague over the White House lawn, the magazine solemnly affirmed that "*Life*, for one, is glad to honor what are now the White House wishes."



Faster

UP at the Coliseum last week was an exhibition of the latest in office equipment, which is to say the latest in office automation, which is to say the latest in no-hands, practically instantaneous communication. Faster and faster fly words and numbers from mind to paper, from voice to tape, and all for the purpose, as it became clear to us while we studied the various exhibits, not only of transacting one's ordinary business at speeds approaching that of light but, to quote one of the brochures we were given, "of freeing office workers for more important tasks." A fearful prospect! In the office of the immediate future, everybody is doomed to keep moving up and up, into jobs of greater and greater complexity and responsibility, until at last every man jack of us is hard at work at a point well beyond his capacity for taking in what he's doing. Or have we misunderstood what I.B.M., Remington Rand, Royal McBee, and the rest of the big boys seemed to be telling us in their throaty electronic fashion?

In any event, the exhibition proved one thing to us—that it's time to fit a new category into the space between Big Business and Small Business. We hereby propose that this category be called Pretty Big Business. A demonstrator we spoke to said that forty per cent of the current computer population consists of "small" systems, costing less than a hundred thousand dollars. Another demonstrator told us that his company was trying to interest "small" businesses in machines that open letters at the rate of sixty per minute. Any business that has to open that many letters a minute is, by our definition, Pretty Big. So is any business that requires a combination sealing-stacking-stamping-mailing machine, or a collating-stapling-stacking machine. The most impressive displays, though, were plainly for Big Business, and included Remington Rand's Univac 490 Real-Time System, a computer that provides instantaneous data communication between a central office and any number of connected sources; a check-processing machine, by Burroughs, that can handle up to three thousand checks an hour; and the Electrowriter, a product of the Comptometer people, which is so simple and marvellous that (and we quote) "Anyone who can use a pencil can use an Electrowriter! You write on paper with a ball-point pen in a normal manner. As you write, your message is instantaneously and faithfully reproduced by Electrowriter receivers, in the same building, across town, or across the country. When you have completed your message, both you and the recipients have an authentic and permanent record, in your own handwriting. Multiple copies of every message can be provided with manifold transmitter forms."

Though the ultimate goal of these machines is that they be operatorless, there were plenty of operators to be seen at the booths in the Coliseum, and we're glad to say that they were mostly pretty girls wearing orchids. It pleased us to perceive that wonderful as Voicewriter, Azofax, Time-Master, Dictatape, Telecord, Datafax, Transcopy, Masterfax, Copyflex, Contex, Selectronic, Scriptomatic, Spacetronic, Flexowriter, VISIrecord, and Kard-Veyer are, they still need to be baited with pretty, beflowered girls. The girls struck an agreeably old-time note and balanced, for us, the disagreeably new-time total absence of pencils and erasers. Take it from us, a civilization that can't erase is headed for trouble.

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SIGN observed in the Imperial Hotel, in Tokyo: "Pan American Flight No. 2, scheduled to depart today for Honolulu, has been postponed indefinitely. It will leave tomorrow."

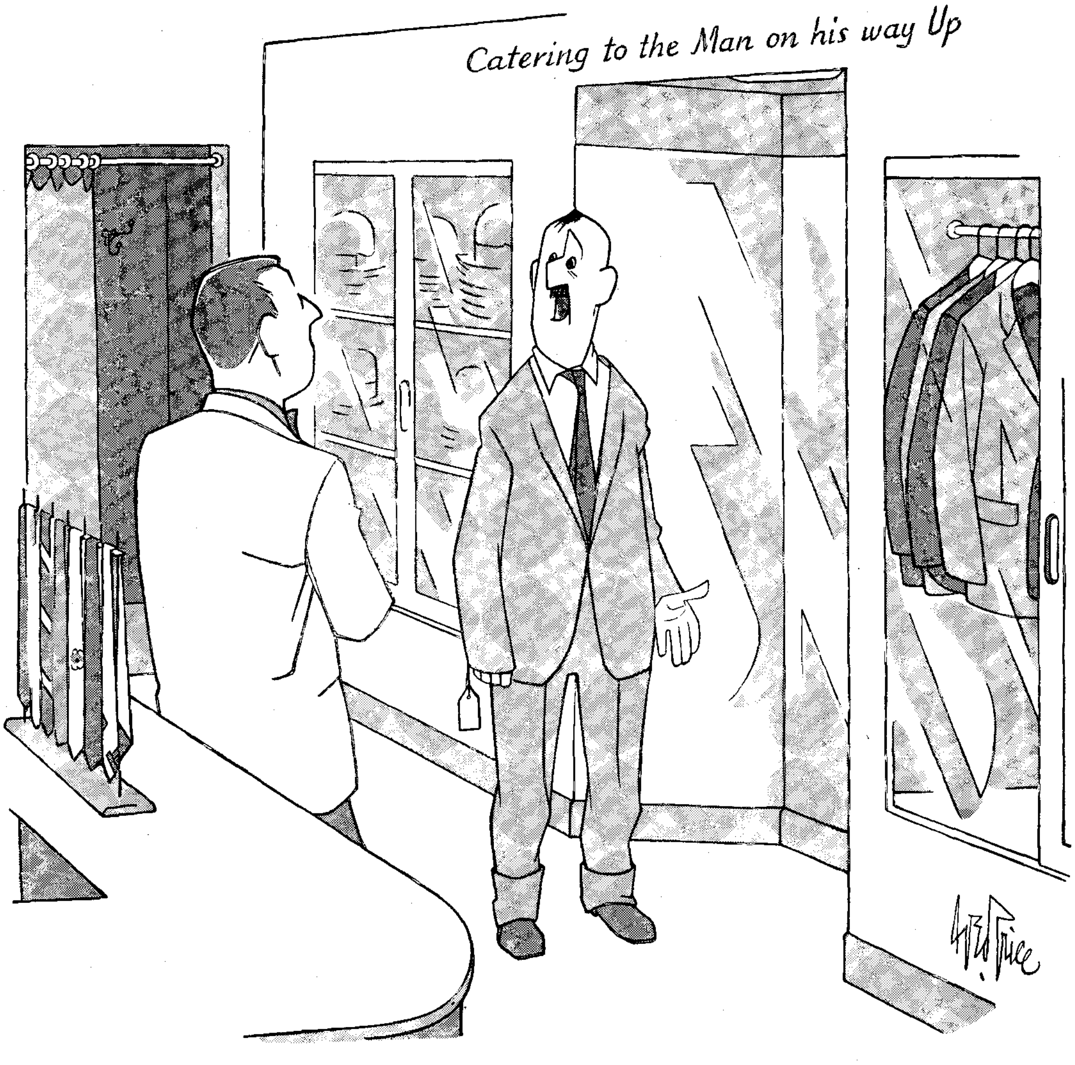
Klee Man

ALLOW us first to profess a lively interest in people who choose to accumulate a particular species of treasure to the exclusion of all other species, and then to introduce to you Mr. Frederick Schang, chairman of the board of Columbia Artists Management, who, after a freewheeling connoisseurship of many years' standing, one day decided to concentrate on Paul Klee, and whose collection of Klee's *œuvre* is now considered one of the finest in the world. Mr. Schang is a stocky man in his late sixties, with a ruddy face, merry blue eyes, and an ebullient manner. When we visited him at his apartment, on Sutton Place, he threw open the door, exclaimed "Welcome to Kleeland!," and drew us at once into the living room, which proved to be truly alive with Klees. "More than a hobby," said Mr. Schang, saluting Klees left, right, and center. "A religion—the profound enrichment of my life! Once upon a time, I had merely a miscellany of fine paintings. Now I have Klees."

The moment of truth for Mr. Schang came shortly after the Second World War, when he and his wife, who had been living in Connecticut, took an apartment on East Fifty-seventh Street. His office being on West Fifty-seventh, he used to rejoice his soul by walking to work every morning and dawdling in front of the innumerable art galleries that line the street. "One morning, I saw a drawing that absolutely bowled me over," he told us, and, leading us into the dining room, he pointed to a pen-and-ink study of a woman with hair astir, mouth askew, and eyes askance. "There's the one that did it—my first Klee," he said with pride. "It's called 'Long Hair and Soulful Look.' Have you ever seen such a dizzy dame? But the drawing portrays more than that; it portrays the *effect* a dizzy dame has on you. The epitome of madness! From the moment I saw this drawing, I realized that Klee was the artist for me. I threw everything I owned overboard."

What went overboard included a Braque, a Gris, a Kokoschka, a Feininger, and a Picasso. "I felt there wouldn't be room in my life for anyone else," Schang said. "Moreover, having fallen for Klee, I felt obliged to put together as great a collection of his work as I possibly could. I began to acquire not only his drawings and paintings but every book about him, every catalogue, every article of criticism. I think I must have the most complete Klee-ana in the country—two hundred titles, plus such things as photographs of the man and some of his correspondence. The Klee fanatic always has plenty to do, because Klee was tremendously prolific. His *œuvre* amounts to some nine thousand pieces, and is exceeded only by Picasso's."

Mr. Schang owns fifty-eight


Catering to the Man on his way Up

"Quite the opposite, I'm afraid. I am a man on his way down."

Klee paintings and drawings, but more than two hundred Klees have passed through his hands. "I'm forever buying and selling, lending and borrowing," he said. "For me, the fun of a collection is keeping it fluid. How else can I hope to learn all that Klee has to teach me? He was an artist who explored every facet of life. The works of other masters often reflect a uniformity of subject and style, but not Klee's; his have infinite variety. Of course, I've certain favorites that I wouldn't think of giving up." Back to the living room we went, and Schang indicated an oil above a sofa. "Klee called that one 'Woman's Mask,' but I call it 'The Red-Eyed Madonna,' " he said. "Isn't she lovely? I suppose she's worth something like fifty thousand dollars, which makes her the most valuable painting in my collection. I've had her out on loan to various exhibits, and I find she stands aloof and regal in any company."

According to Schang, the quality of a Klee is readily established by how it gets along with the works of other artists, but the greatest single test of a Klee is to place it among its fellows. "Nowadays, I never buy a Klee at first sight," Schang said. "I bring it home to meet the other Klees. You know, he rated his pictures in value, using a scale of one to ten, the 'one' apparently standing for a hundred Swiss francs. Pictures that he considered worth more than ten he marked 'S Cl' or 'S Kl,' which is short for '*Sondern Klasse*,' or, roughly, 'Separate Category.' " Schang pointed to a small, charming water color of a fig tree. "Klee rated that at two," he said, in an incredulous tone. "What a modest man he must have been!"

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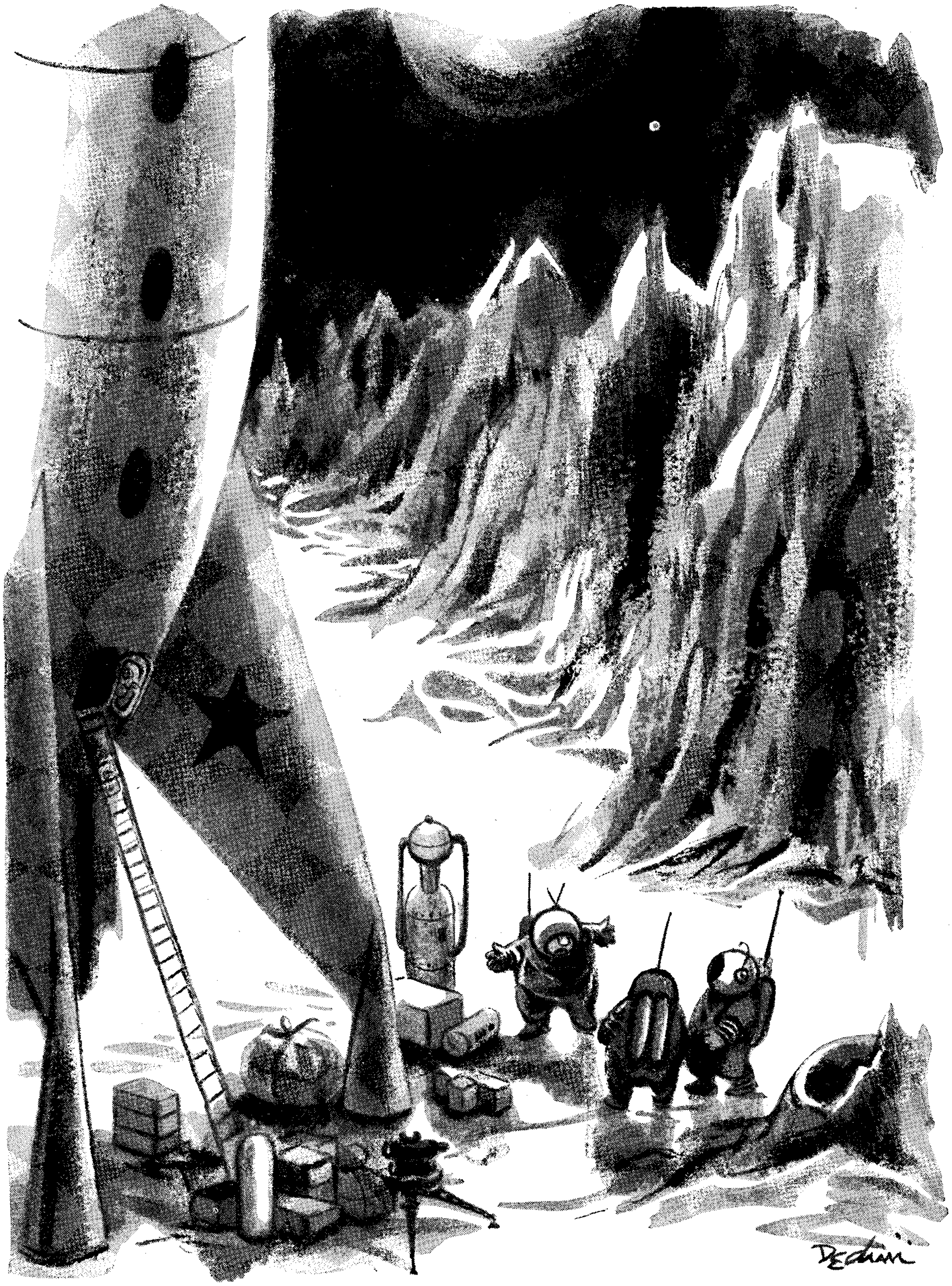
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Aetna Insurance Company, of Hartford, has this listing in the Manhattan Telephone Directory: "Rain & Hail Dept. 90 John."

A New Deck

WHEN Othmar Hermann Ammann, the bridgebuilder, designed the George Washington Bridge, some thirty years ago, he foresightedly planned for a second deck to be hung beneath the original roadbed. The second deck is now in place, and the other day we took a walk over it in the company of Henry A. Druding, the field engineer of the Port of New York Authority, which manages the bridge, and Louis Booth, the Authority's engineer of construction. The three of us met at Mr. Druding's headquarters, on the New Jersey side, a melancholy institutional pile that is due to be demolished at any moment, since it stands on a rock smack in the path of progress; the field engineer, a handsome product of Hackensack, New Jersey, who learned his engineering at the Drexel Institute, in Philadelphia, was quick to advise us that Mr. Ammann, who is now in his eighties, had made the construction of the second deck comparatively simple. "If this were just a matter of the bridge itself, we wouldn't have much to worry about," he said. "The costs and headaches occur when we try to figure out approaches. To create this second deck, we put a series of two-hundred-and-twenty-ton pieces of steel in place, which added twenty thousand dead-weight tons to the suspended mass. We estimate that the weight of the traffic passing over the deck will be about one-sixth or one-seventh of this, so altogether there will be no particular strain on our cables, which can handle a much larger stress. As you may know, this is the second-largest suspension bridge in the world. Ammann also designed the largest—the Golden Gate Bridge. Mr. Ammann visited us when the last section of the lower deck was put in place, and I hesitated before asking him up to the tower on the New Jersey side to look over the work, since the elevator stops quite a distance from the top, but he was right up there and not breathing as heavily as I was. A grand man."

While Mr. Druding changed into field boots and donned a plastic helmet, Mr. Booth, a dapper, gray-haired gentleman, informed us that, with changes in the temperature, the cables of the George Washington pull the bridge up or let it down between seven and eleven feet, and that during the process of adding the second deck the towers bent inward a foot. "We used jacks to get the towers back into plumb," Mr. Druding interposed. "Suspension bridges, you know, might be compared to a washline supported by two clothes props. When you put out the wash—in this case, the second deck—the props will lean a little."

Mr. Druding and Mr. Booth led us down a precipitous stairway from headquarters into a tunnel that leads to the New Jersey cable anchorage, and presently we came upon the bitter end of two of the four mighty cables from which the bridge is suspended. "These are really powerful," said Mr. Dru-



"It's always something! We forgot the samovar!"

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ding. "They support forty-seven thousand pounds per foot of bridge, and also up to ninety-five thousand cars and trucks each weekday, and up to a hundred and forty thousand on holidays." We proceeded from the anchorage onto the second deck proper, and found that, except for putting a macadam topping on the new lanes—there are six of them—the lower level is practically ready to go. "With the problem of approaches, and so on, it will take us until mid-1962 to get this portion of the bridge open," said Mr. Druding. "One of the difficulties with an operation like this lies in the fact that we cannot interrupt traffic. It's got to keep flowing upstairs, no matter how much we'd like to shut it off so that we can speed things along down here."

It was a fair day when we visited the George Washington, and from the heights we could see all up and down the river. We could also see, nervously, some open spaces between the three-lane highways on either side of the deck. After we had walked to the middle of the new structure, we suggested to our hosts that we make our way back to headquarters.

"This bridge won't be as bouncy with the new weight added," Mr. Booth observed. "It's bound to be stiffer."

"I like a little shimmy," said Mr. Druding. "Keeps old George flexible."

Proxy Parent

IN a Greenwich Village kindergarten the other day, a lady we know listened in on some children who were playing house. The purported mother, a blonde of about six, was saying, "No, dear, you can't play with that. It's expensive and dangerous and nervous."

Yes Yes Yes Yes

GUESS who was in and out of town last week, and after a twenty-year absence, at that! Ida Cox, the legendary blues singer, who at the height of her fame, in the twenties, ranked with such other legendary blues singers as Ma Rainey and the unrelated Smith girls (Bessie, Mamie, Laura, Clara, and Trixie), and who since her retirement, in 1944, has been living in total obscurity in Knoxville, Tennessee. When we heard the stirring information that Miss Cox, who is about seventy, had been located after a long search, that she was still in excellent voice, and that she had been persuaded by Chris Albertson, of Riverside Records, to come to New York and make her first recording in over twenty years, we phoned Albertson and arranged to have a talk with Miss Cox before the recording session and to drop in at the studio and witness the start of her second career. On the appointed day, we went over to the Paramount Hotel, on West Forty-sixth Street, where Riverside has its offices and where Miss Cox was staying, and were ushered up to Miss Cox's room by Albertson, who introduced us. Tallish, straight-backed, gray-haired, and handsomely proportioned, Miss Cox was wearing schoolmarm spectacles, a smart brown dress, and red bedroom slippers, and looked several decades younger than her age.

"Take that nice chair in the corner, honey," she told us firmly. "And put your feet up on the bed and be comfortable."

Comfortable, but with our feet timidly flat on the floor, we asked Miss Cox if she was uneasy about the recording.

"Lord, I haven't thought about it since I finally decided to do it," she replied. "At first, I felt I just couldn't. My health haven't been so good since I had a stroke in Buffalo in 1944. I walked out on a night-club floor there and it look like everything left me, everything went black. I haven't sung a note since, and I do thank God for sparing me this long. Of course, I'm here now, and I mean to do the best I can, but then I'm going back home—*whoom*, like that. I'll record some of my own blues—' 'Fore Day Creep,' 'Moanin' Groanin' Blues,' 'Cherry Pickin' Blues,' 'Graveyard Dream Blues.' I remember the words pretty well, even if most everything else—people and all what I've done in my life—it vanishes away."

Would Miss Cox tell us about her early, or first, career?

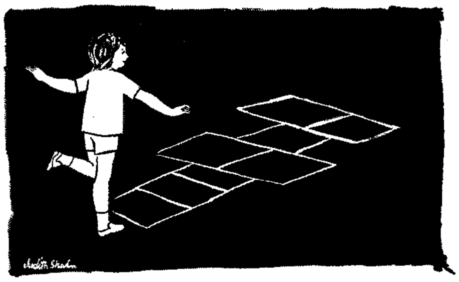
"I was born in Cedartown, Georgia," she said. "When I was fourteen, I ran away and joined a minstrel show, the Black and Tan. I sang blues and ragtime songs, like 'Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey' and an old, old one I learned from my brother, 'Hard, Oh Lord.' Oh, how does that go?" Miss Cox put her hand to her forehead, sat silent for several moments, and then sang, in a quiet, clear voice, "Hard, hard, ain't it hard, Oh Lord,/To love and can't be loved./Hard, hard, ain't it hard, Oh Lord,/ To love and can't be loved." She stopped and laughed. "Now, I mean that's been *years* ago. Then I went with the Rabbit Foot Minstrels and the Florida Blossom Minstrels and into vaudeville. Jelly Roll Morton—he was a good-lookin' light-skinned boy—played for me at the Eight One Theatre, on Decatur Street, in Atlanta, and one of his tunes, 'Jelly Roll Blues,' was my first big success. I worked at the Plantation, in Chicago, with King Oliver and Louis Armstrong. Oliver was fat and plain, and almost as homely as I am. After that, I sang in every state in the Union. I had one of the most lovely colored shows on the road—a beautiful chorus line. I got to know everybody, and worked with the biggest portion of them. Bessie Smith was an old, old friend and everybody loved her, which was why they was so shocked when she died in that accident. Of course, she *did* have enemies. Who don't? She was a very high-tempered person, and she didn't take anything from anybody. But she was a good girl, on the whole. Billie Holiday, she was a fine person, too. Always smiling. But her ways were her own. That's a girl's life, it seemed to me, was just snapped away from foolishness. She was a deserving person. Ethel Waters is another dear friend, and Duke Ellington. One time, I was playing Houston, and Ellington and his band was sitting around a table out front. I went out after I was done and kissed him—just fooling, you know. When I got home, I paid for it. My husband like to all but knock my block off. Some crazy little things happen in your life."

There was a rap on the door, and Albertson, who had returned to his office, came in and told Miss Cox it was time for rehearsals.

We thanked her and said we would see her at the recording studio.

"That would be nice, honey," she said. "You come, please."

The studio, on the eighth floor of Radio City Music Hall, turned out to be a spacious buff-colored room filled with microphones, timpani, bass drums, tomtoms, chimes, vibraphones, a small Wurlitzer organ, a grand piano, musicians, and interested observers. Miss Cox, a white sweater drawn around her shoulders, was seated near the piano, her hands folded placidly in her lap and a benign expression on her face, while a handful of photographers hovered about her like pilot fish. Albertson greeted us. "Coleman Hawkins overslept," he said. "We're waiting on him, and we've substituted Sammy Price on piano for Jesse Crump, who couldn't make it from the Coast." On the opposite side of the room, a loud argument was going on between Price and the rest of Miss Cox's accompanists—Roy Eldridge, Milt Hinton, and Jo Jones—about the whereabouts of a legendary trumpet player of the twenties named Jabbo Smith.



"I saw him two years ago in Newark," Eldridge said to Price. "And he was playing trombone, too!"

"Jabbo Smith?" Price exclaimed. "Why, he's dead, man! Here, I'll bet you a hundred dollars."

"Dead? He lives in Milwaukee," Jones said—correctly, we found out later. "I've got his address right in my book."

"Put up your money," Price said to Eldridge.

At this point, the studio door opened, and Hawkins, his eyes puffy with sleep, a black felt hat low on his head, walked quickly in. One of Miss Cox's blues, "Hard Times," was chosen for the first number, and after the arrangement had been sketched out, Miss Cox walked up to a microphone, tilted her head slightly back, bent her shoulders, and dropped her hands to her sides. Price played the introduction, and Miss Cox began to sing, in a round, serene, low voice, while Eldridge growled distantly in the background:

"I never seen such real hard times before.
No, I never seen such real hard times before.
The wolf keeps walkin' all around my door.

"They howl all night long, and they moan till the break of day.
They howl all night long, and they moan till the break of day.
They seem to know my good man gone away."

After two more choruses of singing, Hawkins soloed and Miss Cox exclaimed, in double time, "Yes yes yes yes yes, talk to me, talk to me," and then returned to the lyric: "I'm a big fat momma, got the meat shakin' on my bones . . ."

Before we left, three effortless tunes later, we told Miss Cox she sounded better than ever.

"Why, that's lovely, honey," she said, beaming. "And I thank you, I thank you *so* much."

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OVERHEARD in the luncheon queue at the Top of the Six's the other afternoon, one basic-black-dress-and-pearls to a ditto: "Oh, I know. But, of course, it's the kind of book you have to read to really appreciate."

NOBODY HERE 'CEP' US RIFFRAFF

Those interested in "making," or, at any rate, "digging" (two slightly different things), the American Literary Scene to-day would be well advised to cultivate the acquaintance of George A. Plimpton and Robert B. Silvers, the two young men who run a regular fortnightly literary salon in the offices of the *Paris Review*, which also happens to be the apartment of George A. (Robert B. having a smaller one in the same building)....

Who will you meet there? First of all, to stave off disappointment, I had better tell you right away who you won't meet. You won't meet Faulkner, Hemingway, or Salinger (sorry).... Another interesting omission at these particular soirées is literary ladies.... In my two years' attendance I have yet to come across Mary McCarthy, Eudora Welty, Carson McCullers, or Katherine Anne Porter in these rooms, not even the special darling of the intellectuals, Lillian Hellman.... —*Elaine Dundy in the London Observer.*

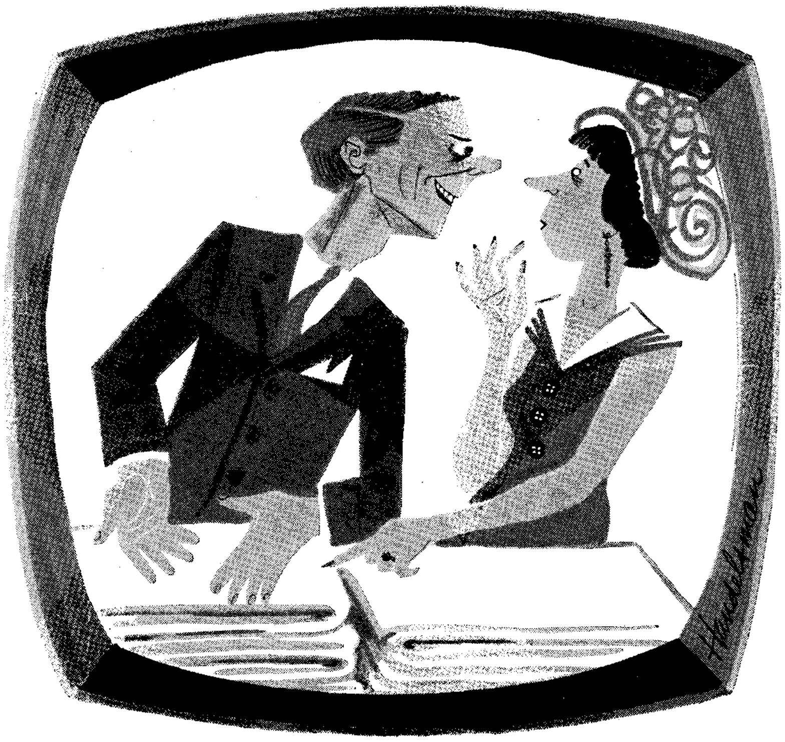
MARCH 16, 1961

LONDON! Dear, grimy, historic old London, with its fobs and its boggies— Oh dear, I'm so thrilled at just being here that my thoughts get all scrambly. I meant to say its fogs and its bobbies and its pageantry and—oh, everything I've longed for since I majored in Eng. Lit. at Wellesley three long years ago. Wouldn't Boots Hochstetter and Gloria Zenk and the rest of that Wordsworth seminar be consumed with envy if they could see me now, in my own bed-sitter at Filbert's, so thoroughly English and reeking of tradition? Mummy will have kittens, I imagine, when she hears I'm staying in a fall-down place instead of the Park Lane or the Connaught, but I happen to know this is Cyril Connolly's and Elizabeth Bowen's and John Wain's favorite hotel, though they almost never come here, and you're liable to meet anyone from Ian Fleming to Ionesco in the lobby. This morning, while I was having my elevenses in the lounge—I must be as British as possible if I'm to get into the swim here—the sweetest old gentleman sat himself down nearby. He had a steamer shawl over his shoulders and was carrying a green baize bag. I practically fainted; E. M. Forster, my second day in London! Well, I took my courage in both hands and told him that the central portion of "Howards End" was perhaps my most moving experience next to "Wozzeck," but he didn't seem to comprehend. It turned out he only resembled Mr. Forster; he was actually a poultryman from Leeds. Still, there was something charming and Old World about it, whereas had it taken place in America I would have felt like a goop. It's the difference between two cultures.

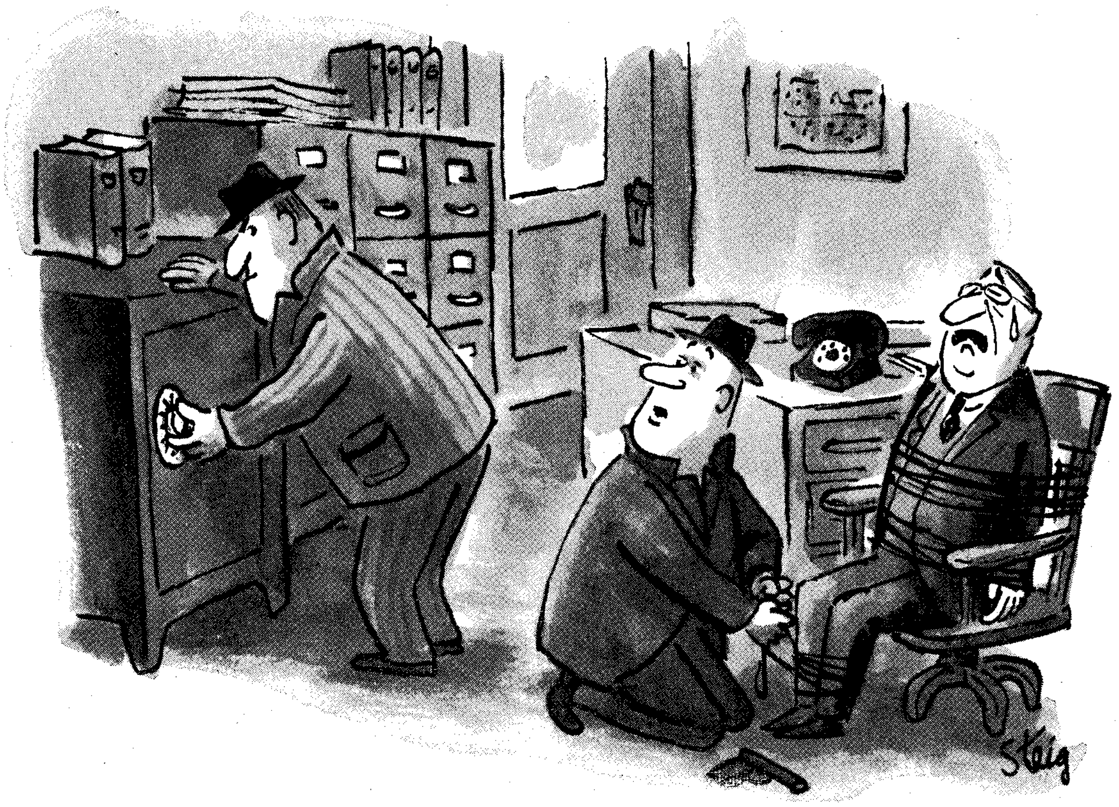
As soon as I get my bearings, I intend to find out where the real literary lights congregate. When I was working for *Seedbed: The Journal Vernal* last winter, Mr. Ramiswam Chowdberry Lal said that most of them clustered around Dame Edith Sitwell, if I could find her. However, she clusters around somebody else I can't remember, so it may not be easy. The difficulty is that I don't know anyone here, outside of Webster Fife, who is crass beyond belief. All he's interested in is my body and Time, Inc., and since I flatly refused to discuss either in New York, I can't very well enlist him. I suppose, basically, that association with a person of Ramiswam Chowdberry Lal's stature spoils you for mere journalists. I remember how wrought up, almost mesmerized, he used to become when he and I chose the poetry for our quarterly issues. His eyes blazed like live coals. "Dear lady, this is a sacrament laid on us to fill up the golden chalice!" he'd cry. "Else how improving the taste of the public?" And then he'd reel off some apt quotation from the Bhagavad-Gita, in exquisite Hindi, that distilled the whole essence of living. What an intellectual ferment there was at *Seedbed* in those days! The office was practically alive with names—I don't mean mossbacks like Spender and Auden and Cummings but new voices, experimenters, people who'd stopped relying on words and were immersed in pure form. It was hateful of the police, just as the magazine had caught on, to make such a fuss about those photographs of Indian sculpture Mr. Lal was selling, and I still think Webster Fife squealed on him out of sheer jealousy. But anyhow, that's water over the bridge. I'm throwing myself headlong into the creative fray here, spunky American female that I am, and, as my frontier ancestors were wont to say, watch out, John Bull, I'm loaded for bear!

MARCH 22, 1961

I SIMPLY can't understand the legend that the English are cold and standoffish, the men especially; I've never seen a place where they're quicker to help a stranger, so ready to play knight errant in her behalf. Every time I stroll along Piccadilly, for instance, and pause to fix my face at a shopwindow, someone hastens up to offer assistance. What's even more striking, they're nearly all interested in things cultural, too. I mean, they know a tavern in the neighborhood that Kingsley Amis frequents, or their cousin has sublet Angus Wilson's flat and opened it for public inspection, and so forth. On the other hand, if you're not careful, you may get involved with somebody having ulterior motives, like that poisonous Derek Cattermole I had the misfortune to encounter. I didn't catch his wave length at first; I was



"But surely you don't mean to imply that this wash is whiter!"



"He's crying."

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browsing through a secondhand bookstall in Charing Cross the other afternoon when this young man next to me apologized for the intrusion, saying that my handbag was open. Luckily, all I had in it was a folder of Express checks, fifties and a few hundreds, but he was alert and had me count them on the spot to make sure I hadn't lost any. He was rather ordinary in appearance—a student, I judged, with green eyes, aquiline nose, blond hair, a reddish beard, and clad in a short warm with a striped muffler, though I gave him no more than a casual glance. The reason he'd spotted my bag, he explained, was because as a writer he was trained to observe minute details. It was such a coincidence, his being in that profession, that I naturally confided why I was in London.

"But how providential!" he exclaimed. "If it's eminent authors you're keen to meet, I know lashings of 'em. Look here—let's pop into a teashop up the road and put our heads together over this, shall we?"

Well, we had a dish of tea and some scones, and after the second dish he became very insistent that I give myself to him, which, of course, was ridiculous. I mean, you hardly expect that reaction from scones. In typical male fashion, he started to sulk when I said I wouldn't dream of it. So there we sat, neither of us exchanging a word, until his head cleared. Eventually, he begged my forgiveness like a penitent small boy, stating that these attacks came out of the blue and he was powerless to ward them off. To redress his conduct, he took me to a pub alongside the Thames called the Prospect of Whitby—the most popular haunt, according to him, of the artistic élite. It was a tiny place, smoky and jammed with all sorts of fascinating folk drinking bitter and swapping ideas. Among those not to be seen there, I learned, were Nancy Mitford, Colin Wilson, Daphne du Maurier, V. S. Pritchett, Rex Warner, Constantine FitzGibbon, and William Sansom. However, that didn't matter, as those seven are now considered passé, including Evelyn Waugh, who never goes anywhere. In the crush, I got separated from Derek and fell into conversation with a poet whose name I missed but whose brother used to live next door to Sacheverell Sitwell in Corsica. There was every chance of my meeting the latter, he thought, if we whipped around to his brother's flat right away. Just as he was hailing a taxi, Derek waylaid us, utterly stoned, and pleaded with me to lend him fifty pounds for his rent. Fortunately, my escort whispered into my ear that Derek was the most notorious sponge in the United Kingdom, which convinced me that I must be more wary in future. The advice certainly came in handy. We'd barely gone a block before he, too, this poet who as far as I knew wasn't even published, burst into demands that I give myself to him. So angry and disillusioned was I that I came within an ounce of slapping his face. I made him drive me straight to my hotel.

"I suppose you'd like a little loan also," I said cuttingly as we pulled up in front.

"Well, I *could* use a few quid to tide me over," he said. "A couple of fivers'll do handsomely. And don't forget the cab fare, will you? It's these small extras that chip away at a chap."

I wonder whether he and Derek are representative of the local literary scene. No, I shan't succumb to cheap cynicism. That would negate every ideal Ramiswam Chowdberry Lal tried to implant in me.

APRIL 5, 1961

IT'S happened—I've crashed the Sitwell circle! Or at least I've met their bosom friend, which is tantamount to the same thing. And not just an intimate of the trio, I may add, but an altogether charming, civilized, and superior being, totally without affectation yet a man of the world. His name is Lionel Weems-Horsfall, and he himself is involved in belles-lettres, though in what precise capacity I haven't established. We became acquainted, oddly enough, through a jesting remark of the hall porter at Filbert's yesterday. Whilst handing me my key, he inquired in this droll way he has—sort of respectful and teasing at the same time—whether I'd caught up with Sir Osbert or Dame Edith. I wasn't aware anyone had overheard, but shortly afterward Mr. Weems-Horsfall approached me in the lobby.

"I say, I hope you'll overlook my cheek," he apologized. "As a bosom friend of the Sitwells, I felt obliged to enlighten you." All three, apparently, have an inflexible rule never to turn up at Filbert's, and to spare me further search he revealed that they were cruising in the Adriatic at the moment. "In their absence, however," he finished gallantly, "may I offer you a sherry to palliate your disappointment? I know they'd want me to."

No American could have put it so engagingly, and in donkey's years (a peculiar expression they employ here for "the twinkling of an eye") we were ensconced in the bar, chatting away like old cronies. His directness and honesty were refreshing after those scroungers at the Prospect of Whitby. An attractive girl of my background, he declared, could easily captivate any salon in London she chose to; she merely needed proper sponsorship, a requisite he was prepared to extend. In the meantime, he hoped I might dine with him tonight at Quaglino's, where we'd draw up a list of salons and select those he thought suitable. Need I add that I jumped at the invitation?

That tiresome Webster Fife! I knew it was only a matter of time before he'd track me down, and, furthermore, in the sneakiest, most devious way possible—through Mummy. He cabled her asking where I was—oh, those *Time* correspondents—and, the second he heard, began hounding me. Great vulgar bouquets of roses, appeals to lunch, the old mustache-twirling routine. As if I can't divine his motives. He must think I'm Nellie Naïve indeed.

APRIL 10, 1961

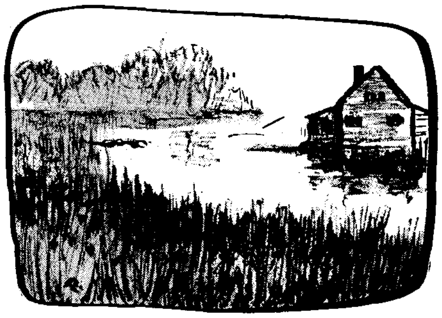
WELL, it goes to show how overwhelmingly, blindly mistaken one can be about human nature. I thought I was a pretty shrewd judge of character, but this week was a bringdown. Fakery, deceit, betrayal—that's the keynote of the whole literary scene, our own as well as the British. And then the very person I most distrust proves my salvation. I'm still looping.

First, the unspeakable Lionel Weems-Horsfall. Our evening at Quaglino's started off rapturously. He'd ordered the dinner in advance, and superb it was, too, with just the right vintage wines, and a lovely corsage, and the manager personally supervising the crêpes Suzette. Lionel effervesced all over the place. He had an epigram for everything, sometimes two, and finally I was so convulsed with giggles I had to beg him to stop. As the meal wore on, he neglected to broach the list of salons we were to discuss, and, not wishing to seem opportunistic, I didn't press it. At last, after innumerable brandies, the check arrived, and, to my dismay, Lionel handed it to me. It appeared that he'd left his wallet in another suit, but if I advanced the cash we could stop by his flat in the Edgeware Road and he'd repay me. There was no suggestion of giving myself to him, he continued, inasmuch as he was already in love with the wife of a prominent M.P.; the loan was a straight business proposition. I was just seething, but what could I do? The instant we got outside, I expressed my disbelief that he had any connection with the literary world.

"You're wrong there, pet," he said with this brazen smile. "I'm an expert typewriter repairman."

"So that's where you learned the touch system," I said scathingly, and left him standing there.

Back I flew to Filbert's, determined to tell the hall porter what sort of leeches infested his hotel, and there I got my second surprise. Who should be awaiting me but my old mentor, Ramiswam Chowdberry Lal, fresh in from the States. We fell into each other's arms, for he was exactly the confidant I needed to unburden myself to. Dear Ramiswam—he was sympathy itself, with his quaint, flowery language and his promises to introduce me to the real literati. In fact, he was a little too compassionate; all of a sudden he said something in Hindi I didn't quite understand. I asked him to translate.



"I—er—I was seeking to consummate our union," he explained slyly.

I replied as unpriggishly as I knew how that we could proceed only on a Platonic basis.

"O.K., you're the engineer," he agreed, in a slangy way that struck me as new and alien to his personality. "Then how's about putting up the scratch to revive *Seedbed* over here? Or, failing that, a bit of walking-around money?"

I realized with an acute pang that he had become tarnished since our last encounter, and, assuring him I would think it over, I withdrew. Early the next morning, I moved bag and baggage to the Park Lane and immediately phoned Webster Fife. I found to my delight that he's grown astonishingly mature. He's leaving Time, Inc., to return to his family's leather business, and we've been out dancing the last four nights without a single pass. So I may just conceivably call up Mummy this weekend and announce our engagement. . . . Does one regret all the people one never met when one quaffed the Pierian spring? Very likely, but perhaps I've matured, too. —S. J. PERELMAN

THE BRICK

By itself and from a distance,
its redness is cinnabar and hard,
contusing the air.
It thrusts away space with a small,
brute displacement,
and yet it is there—contained.
It lines its lines with and against
and in
the great box of the sky
through all the unperceived laminations
of reality.

Put it nearer
and it impinges on the air
with angular assertion.
It invades all contours,
breaks down the continuum,
thrusts itself into the molds
of height and weight and latitude.
Its shadow is its own:
a procrustean block
wedged out of tetragon blackness.

Nine inches from the eye,
it contradicts itself,
changes its gender,
burgeons with tiny inconsistencies
of texture:
the smoothness is not smooth,
the redness is more than red,
the hardness is vulnerable.
It is feminine in the loss of its
muscular and total squareness.
Here the gravity of its presence
is passive,
waits for the support
of the ground on which it lies.
Here it is inert,
virginal and fecund,
anxious
with an internal myriad
movement—
the prey of forces.
And millions of atoms
are its children.

—PAUL ROCHE

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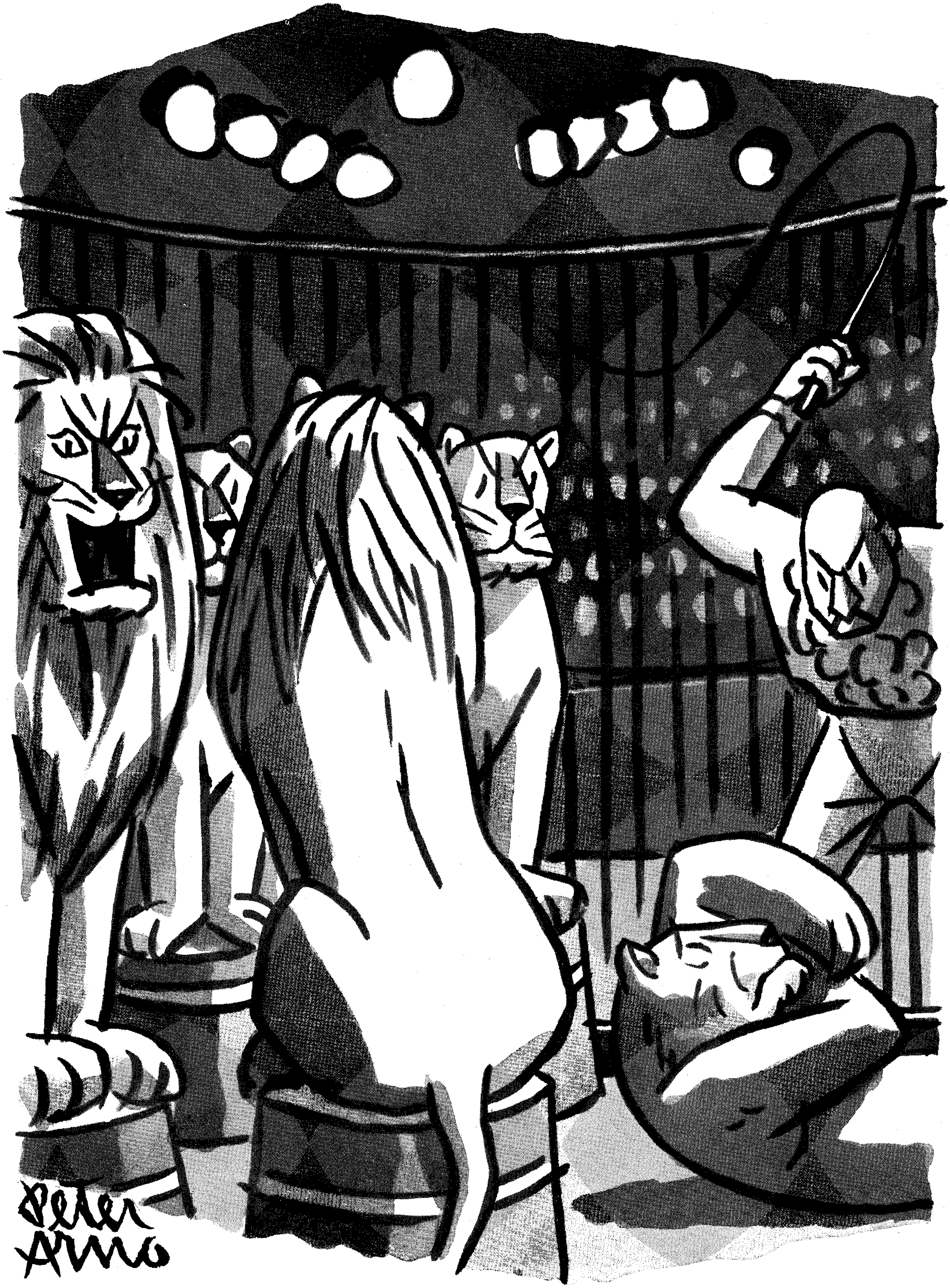


"If I were only twenty years younger and had my teeth!"

SOMETHING YOU JUST DON'T DO IN A CLUB

IT will be telling you more about a club I belong to than about me when I say that, as a lawyer, I'm apt to be looked down on by the other members. Artist members of the club are particularly skeptical of giving us lawyers the run of the place, but they're by no means alone in their prejudice—even the architects appear to consider themselves better than we are, though it beats me how a follower of that dog-eat-dog profession could possibly stick up his nose at anyone outside it. Such distinction as we lawyers may have acquired in the world is beside the point in the Parnassus; there we are simply people who are not "creative," whatever that anomalous word may mean, and our supposed uncreativeness makes us the butt of innumerable not very witty jokes. Still, there are times when, far from being looked down on, we come close to being looked up to. These occasions are familiar enough in any club: some nasty little mess, usually involving both money and an infraction of club rules, arises and must be dealt with as quickly and quietly as possible. Oh, then how eagerly we're sought out and begged—with many a flattering word about our special competence in manipulating people and keeping confidences—to clean up the mess, report its cleaning up in a discreet whisper to the powers that be, and leave not a trace of the mess or our secret labors behind!

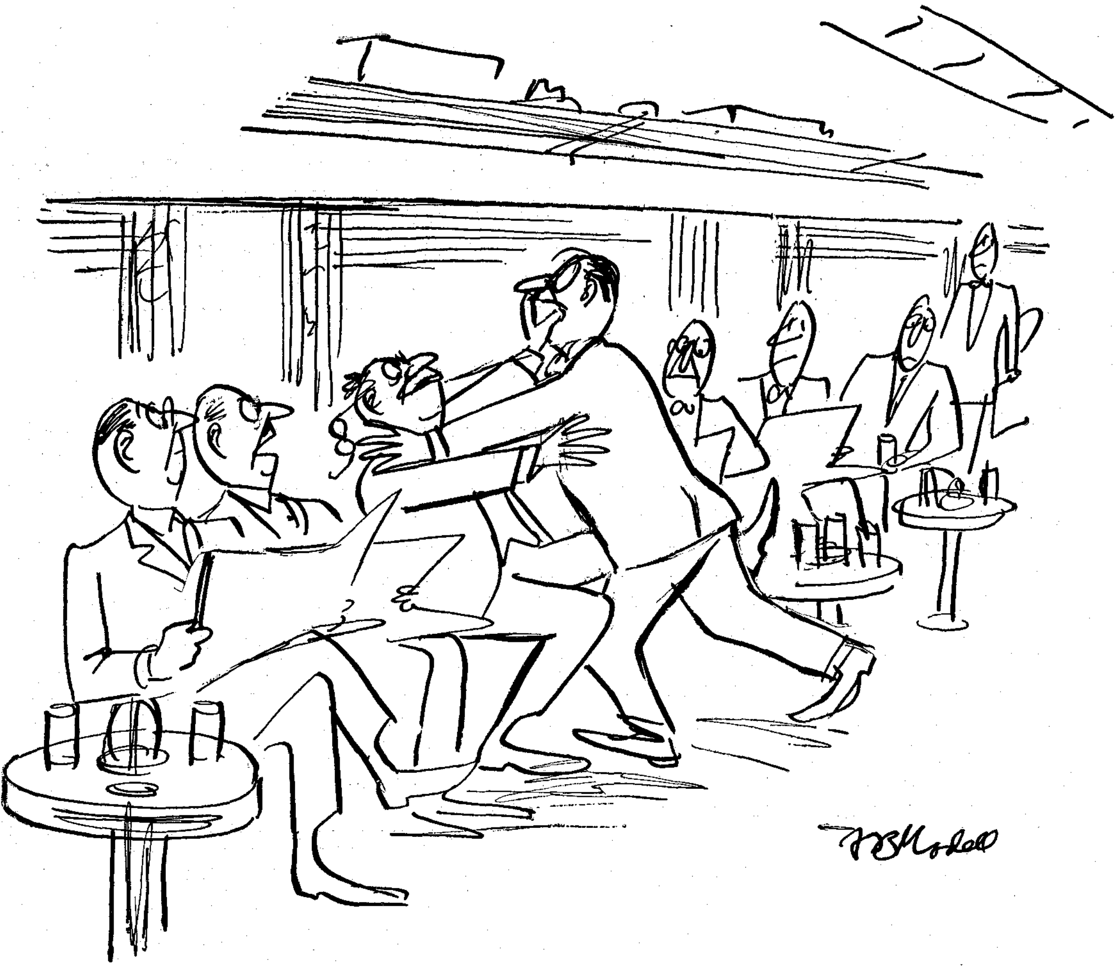
More than once in my twenty-odd years in the club, I've been called on to do such a job. The last time was only a couple of weeks ago, and, to put it far more temperately than it deserves, I'm still of two minds about it. As a lawyer, I like to stand well back from a situation. I haven't been able to do it in this case, and the sensation is novel and unpleasant. No doubt the affair has troubled me more than it should have, because it marks one of my rare failures. (I risk sounding vainglorious when I use the word "rare," but the truth is that my failures, both at the bar and away from it, have been exactly that. After all, the record has been piling up for a good many years now, and can be examined.) I notice among the younger men in the office a tendency to belittle the competitive spirit, but I was brought up believing in it and acting on it, and I still do. I like to succeed at things; what's more important, I hate failing at them. Frankly, it irks me to have failed so conspicuously in respect to Harry Carter. I gather that I am not—or not yet—a laughingstock in the club, but I *feel* like one. I feel outwitted. A certain small sum of money has been lost to me, probably forever, but the money doesn't matter. My annoyance springs from my having been exposed to ridicule in an episode that I strongly preferred to play no part in. It will be a long while before I can be forced to play such a part again.

I say "forced," and the term is not too strong, for, in my opinion, the board of governors, of which I am myself a member, did wrong to drag me into the very middle of the affair. To make an Irish bull, I oughtn't to have been dragged into it, because I was already there. Carter was an old friend of mine—I had, indeed, put him up for the club. To the board, this fact and the fact of my having dealt successfully with similar club matters were reason enough for placing the whole burden of Carter's case on my shoulders; to me, however, these facts were precisely the reason for *not* having the burden placed there. As Carter's proposer, I was, after all, an interested party, potentially subject to two thoroughly contrary temptations; one threatened injury to the club, and the other threatened injury to Carter. Either I might be tempted to whitewash him in order to protect my reputation as a judge of men, or I might be tempted to blacken his name unduly in order to punish him for having implicated me in a club mess. Needless to say, to a man of honor both of these temptations were bound to remain potential, but, knowing human nature, the law has seen fit to remove all such temptations from the ordinary processes of adjudication, and even in private matters they ought not to be lightly disregarded. Moreover, as a lawyer I had already rendered the Parnassus a sufficient number of unrecorded services; in my modest, "uncreative" way, I had done my share to keep the club the fine institution it is. I tried to beg off on these grounds, and the president said, affecting to speak to the board at large but staring at me across the table, "*Somebody* is going to have to do the dirty work, and it is a tradition in the club that, wherever possible, this particular dirty work be done by a friend."

HAVING given in to the president—for all his jokes and stories, there is iron in the man, and few people manage to refuse him what he really wants—I rang up Carter in the country and arranged to meet him at the club in the following week, on the occasion of his next visit to town. It appeared that he would be taking a late-afternoon train back to Connecticut that same day, so, at some inconvenience to myself, I agreed to come up to Gramercy Park a little before three. It meant leaving Wall Street a couple of hours early and throwing away the best part of the afternoon, but I had no choice; as far as I'd let Carter know, our meeting was to be entirely social, and I was afraid that if I made difficulties about the time, he would suggest, in his amiable way, postponing it.

I'd asked Carter to meet me in the so-called Red Room of the club ("so-called" because it was long ago painted white and gold; the clubhouse was once a private mansion and is old enough to be full of such booby traps for new members). It is a rather forbidding room, and few members of the club ever go into it, so it was an admirable place for our encounter. I expected Carter to be late and had armed myself with a copy of *Country Life* and, though it was by no means my usual hour for having a drink, a long Scotch, but he surprised me by being on time. This made me more uneasy than ever about my task. His punctuality was, I thought, a pretty good sign that he suspected why I'd invited him to stop by. We often saw each other in general gatherings at the club, but it had been a couple of years since we had had a private drink together.

Catching sight of me at the windows, Carter rushed across the room in his usual boy-athlete fashion—I half expected him to vault the couch that lay between the door and me. Would he never slow down, I wondered, never act his age, which was surely past fifty by now? The curious thing was his being all of a piece in his youthfulness. Some of us, as we grow older,



“They’re both wrong. ‘Look’ is far ahead of ‘Life’ and the ‘Post’ in middle-income-group-reader acceptance.”

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contrive to remain youthful in one or two respects but rarely in many; Carter was remarkable for the fact that his body, his manner, his interests, his very way of thinking were all those of a playful, intelligent undergraduate. Furthermore, it apparently cost him no effort to keep these diverse aspects of himself up to the same bouncy mark. I would have liked to think that his legs ached from running up to the club’s third-floor dining room two steps at a time, as he always did, but I was sure they didn’t suffer the slightest twinge. Instead, it was *my* legs that ached as I rode up in the elevator and thought of how his legs ought to.

I was sure, too, that Carter’s enthusiasm for new people, new books, new works of art was as spontaneous now as it had been at twenty. Carter was a sculptor, and it’s been my experience of sculptors that they tend to go sour a lot earlier than the rest of us. For all I know, this is a hazard of the profession—maybe there aren’t enough juicy commissions to go around these days, or maybe the gaps between the different schools of sculpture have become so great that they’re no longer schools but armed camps. (I owe that witticism to our president; it is one of his good things.) Whatever the reason may be, it strikes me that sculptors speak more disagreeably about the new men coming up than artists and writers do, and a thousand times more disagreeably than lawyers do. But I except Carter. I don’t know whether he was a first-rate or second-rate sculptor but I know he was a generous one. There was what can only be called a sweetness about the way he welcomed younger men—a sweetness that was itself intrinsically young. I had yet to see in him a trace of that tired miserliness of feeling that people have in mind when they call somebody patronizing.

But that, of course, is my point: Carter never *was* tired, never had to fake a freshness he didn’t feel. Even in respect to his memory (my own began to decay in my twenties and is now a daily embarrassment to me, not only professionally but at home), Carter remained a marvel of undiminished alertness. The impressions he took in might have been each of them a first impression, they were so clear and ineradicable. It was unheard of for him to repeat a story or fail to recall the name of a person to whom he had been even casually introduced. In the nature of things, this made him a very desirable member of the club, and I had often been congratulated on having proposed him. It was unnatural for a man to be as pleased with simply being alive as Carter appeared to be, but, far from striking a false note, his pleasure in life seemed to all of us in the club the truest thing about him. We may not have understood what made him tick—I, for all our years of friendship, certainly didn’t—but we were grateful for his joyous presence amongst us; though he had been a member for only five or six years, which is a very short time indeed as time inside the club is measured, he was well on his way to serving as our model of a perfect Parnassian.

Yet here I was in the Red Room, waiting, at the request of the other members of the board of governors, to ask him to resign.

“YOU’RE looking very well, Edward,” he said, and the formality of this—for I am nearly always addressed as Eddie—I took for a clue to how much he suspected.

“I’m fine,” I said. “A little overweight but fighting it. What’ll you drink?”

“Maybe I should wait awhile. I had a couple at lunch.”

I knew *I* would feel better if he had a drink in his hand. I said, “You can’t let me drink alone.”

“Is that a Scotch? All right, I’ll have one, too.”

I banged a bell and ordered a Scotch for Carter. (Bells are another booby trap in the club. Though they all look pretty much alike, some must be banged and others twisted to make them ring, and it takes a man years to distinguish bangers from twisters.) It seemed wise to keep off the reason for our meeting until after his drink had arrived, but Carter would have none of it. He was always so open and offhand that it was impossible to build any polite constructions between oneself and him. Ordinarily, one didn't want to, though as a lawyer I may note that I've a higher opinion of such constructions than most people appear to have nowadays.

"Never been in this embalming room before," Carter said. "I wouldn't call it exactly friendly-feeling."

"Oh, but I like it," I said, thinking that if Carter had felt an air of unfriendliness it must be mine and not the room's. We can never be sure how much of even our most carefully disguised emotions we emanate; it was certainly true that I was feeling unfriendly, and it was possible that he detected it but mistook the source. Unfriendly, and with good reason, for hadn't he let me down in the shabbiest possible way? I was justified in my irritation, no doubt of that; yet I didn't want him to become aware of it. The interview promised to be painful enough as it was. "I come in here a lot," I said. "Especially when I've some heavy reading to do."

Carter ducked his head at the *Country Life* in my lap. "Don't let me stop you."

That was his way of being droll. " 'Heavy' I said. I only look at the pictures in this."

"You buying a place in England? I pick about three a week out of those front pages. Usually in the Cotswolds. And always with a walled garden."

"Aren't they beautiful? But England must be getting very rich—the prices have been going up at a terrible rate. Even in my imagination, I can't afford anything but old rectories."

"Oh, I never worry about the money part!" Carter exclaimed, taking his drink from the waiter. "That'd spoil the fun."

Over Carter's conventional, not very strong protest, I signed the chit for his drink. He had given me the perfect opening, but I couldn't make out whether it had been given to me on purpose; his face was a merry, boyish blank. "Now that you've brought up the subject," I said.

Still blankly and merrily, he asked, "What subject is that? Houses? England?"

"Money."

"Oh, Lord, did I? How dull."

"Harry, listen. This is serious. I'm sore as hell at you *because* of money."

Maybe I'd been wrong in thinking he knew why I'd asked him to the club. His ingenuous protest sounded entirely real. "Eddie! What on earth have I done?"

"For one thing, you've been extremely rude to my friend John Stanley."

"Stanley? I don't even know him, so how can I have been rude to him?"

"Stanley is the club treasurer."

"Oh, my God! You're talking about my bills."

"I'm talking about the fact that you've been in arrears on your dues for a solid year and in arrears on various house charges for at least eighteen months. And haven't had the courtesy to answer a single one of the three perfectly nice, polite letters that John Stanley sent you, asking you either to pay up *in toto* or, if you couldn't afford that, to talk over with him some arrangement for paying up little by little."

"Where the hell did *you* get all this inside poop?"

"I'm on the board of governors. At our regular meetings, matters of this sort come up. Last time, you came up."

"Oh-oh. Very embarrassing for poor Eddie."

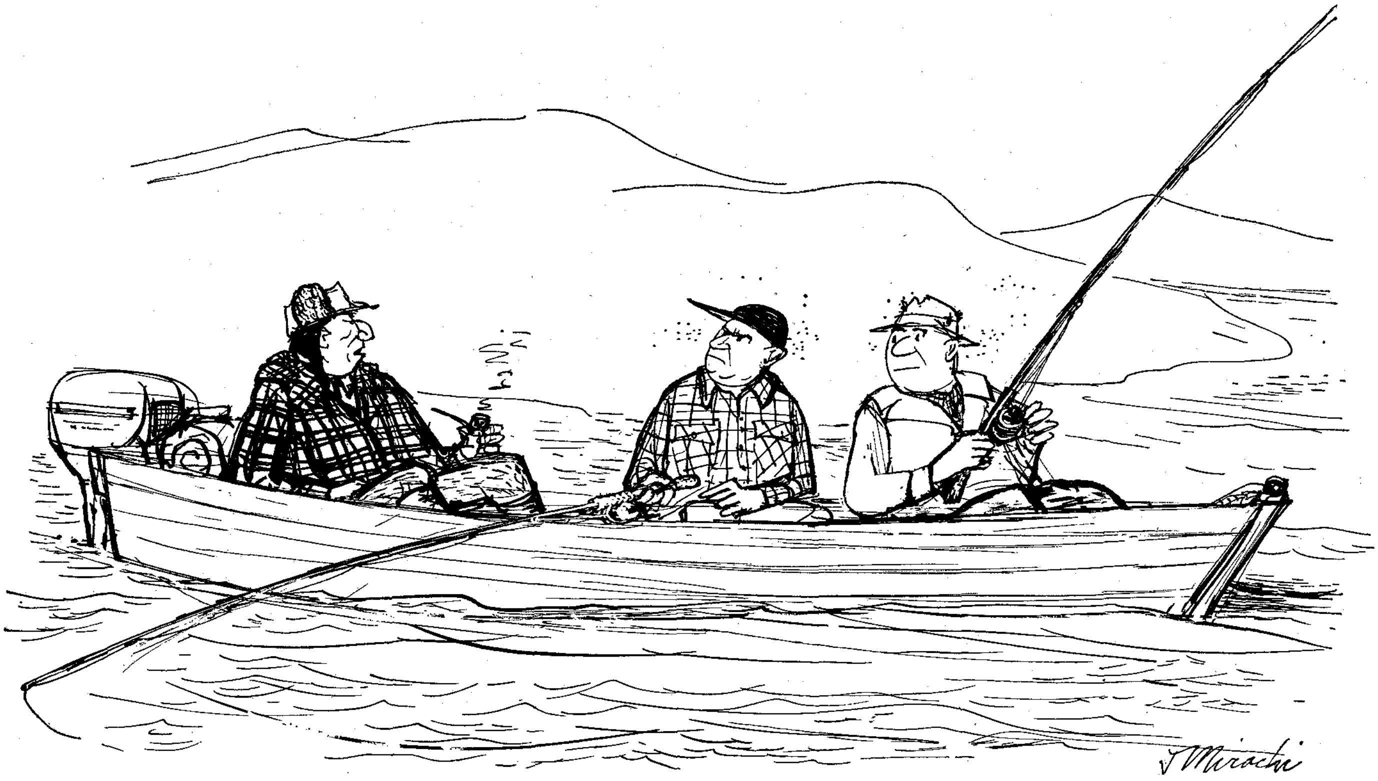
"Well, damn it, it was! And all the more so because you weren't a routine case. Nearly always it is a question of some poor old boy who's been retired on a diminished income and can't make ends meet but who hates to give up coming to the club for a drink now and then. When those old boys get in too deep, Stanley babies them along as best he can, sometimes in open defiance of the club rules. He's a kind man, Stanley; he truly is. But in all my time on the board, there's never been a case like yours, where a person has not only run up a big bill but has deliberately failed to answer the treasurer's letters—has deliberately refused to give any explanation of his conduct."

"So your kind Stanley's turning ugly?"

"You're damn right he is. We all are. Who the hell do you think you are, anyhow?"

I had begun to lose my temper, or, rather, I was making no effort to control it. I was trying to shock Carter into perceiving the enormity of what he had done, and I calculated that with him, as with a certain kind of flippant but vulnerable witness in court, my own obvious

ST. BARNABAS' CHAPEL
WORSHIP AT PRAY
THE
OFF-5TH AVENUE
CHURCH
INFORMAL—FRIENDLY
CONGENIAL—INTIMATE



"Maybe fish not bite because gods angry you pay me only one buck-fifty an hour."

• •

emotional involvement would produce such a shock.

"H. Carter, Esquire, who was, is, and ever shall be your old friend, till debt us do part."

Just for a second, I'd forgotten the question to which he was replying, and the thought flashed through my mind that he had gone insane; then I remembered, and said, "Spare me your rotten jokes."

"All right," he said, with perfect good humor, grinning and turning his glass of Scotch round and round in his hands. "No jokes."

It was surely up to him to speak, but he appeared to feel no obligation to. He sat there unabashed, forcing me by his silence to move on into the unpleasant country ahead. "Talking about you at the meeting, Stanley was a lot nicer than you deserved," I said. "He said that for all he knew you were travelling about on different jobs and hadn't received your mail. He said we were all aware of how scatterbrained about money matters our artist members were apt to be."

"But you were able to assure him that, in fact, I hadn't been anywhere."

"Somebody asked me that, and of course I had to tell the truth. Not that Stanley didn't already know. He had the dates of all the chits you'd signed—he could see for himself you were still running up bills at the club. Why the devil didn't you answer him?"

Still smiling, he said, "Honestly, I tried. I just couldn't think of a thing to say."

"Nonsense! You could have apologized and paid up."

"That's where you're wrong, Eddie boy. That's precisely what I couldn't do."

"Why not?"

"Oh, how pleasant it must be to be married to a rich wife and never, never have to learn the score."

Once on the defensive, a certain kind of witness always resorts to personalities. Still, it was a curious remark for Carter to make. He had himself been married at one time to a rich wife, and since I had handled his end of the divorce, he must have realized, even as he was speaking, that his words would bring his past into my mind. If my wife was rich, his wife had been far richer, and he had not been above accepting a considerable settlement from her, disguised as a fair division of properties they had held in common. "If that remark is addressed to me," I said, "I assure you I've always been able to earn a very good living on my own."

"Yes, but you've had Barbara's big, fat income behind you. You've never *had* to make a buck in your life. Never not had a buck."

"All this is neither here nor there."

"No? It's by way of saying I didn't have a dime and therefore couldn't write to your friend Stanley."

"That was the thing to write. It was what he was waiting for, in order to help you."

"You think it's all that easy to say to a perfect stranger? If that's how much you know, don't get riled when I mention Barbara's dough."

"Other people have had to write him."

"Other people aren't me."

Now I was controlling my temper and not finding it easy. "If what it comes down to is your being so goddam special—"

In his maddening, cheerful way, he said, "It comes down to just that."

"I don't believe you mean it—no sensible man believes that about himself. Nor do I believe it about your being broke. After all, I used to know something about your affairs."

"That was a long time ago. I've never been very good at hanging on to things."

"I wouldn't have asked you to join the club if I'd thought you couldn't afford it."

"I could at the time. I'm hoping I can again. You know what sculptors' commissions are—it's a hell of a long time between the big ones. Uncle Sam seems to have run out of military cemeteries that need a couple of hundred thousand bucks' worth of bronze and marble. As soon as I can, I'll pay up here, as I'll pay up at all the other places in town—Brooks Brothers, Abercrombie—that carry you forever when things go bad."

I shook my head. It was extraordinary how much he didn't know, and yet it was he who had accused me of being ignorant of life—of never learning the score! "Owing Abercrombie is one thing, owing this place is another," I said. "Not paying your bills is something you just don't do in a club. Now it's too late."

For the first time, I felt I had got inside that youthful, smiling surface. "What do you mean, too late? I never said I wouldn't pay. I *want* to pay, for God's sake!"

"Harry, I told you this was serious. You wouldn't answer Stanley and he was obliged, under the club rules, to report your case to the board of governors. Now they've asked me to speak to you."

"O.K., so you've spoken to me. Many thanks. And you can report back, if that's what they want, that I'm turning over a nice shiny new leaf."

"If you haven't any money, I don't see how you can turn over any kind of leaf."

"Goddam it, I'll go to a bank right now and borrow enough of the lousy stuff to pay off the club. Will that satisfy you Scrooges?"

"New debts for old?"

"That's my lookout, isn't it?"

"You keep refusing to listen to what I say. Of course I want you to pay off your debt to the club, and of course it's none of my business how you get the money to do it, but even though you pay up, it's still too late. This isn't prep school, you know. What the club is asking for isn't an improvement in your conduct, it's your resignation."

THEN, at last, he stopped smiling. The smooth surface had begun to break up. His face was that of any middle-aged man, and when he tried to reconstruct a smile and failed, his mouth, in its trembling, seemed not merely middle-aged but old. This sort of sudden change isn't as rare as many people think. I've often seen it happen in court, when a jury brings in an unfavorable verdict. The uttering of a single word is enough to transform a man, and why not, if the word happens to be one that will alter his whole life?

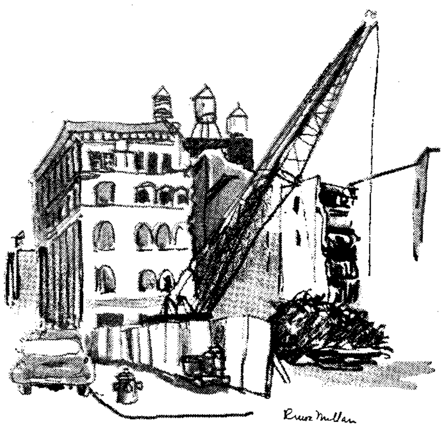
At the start of my interview with Carter, the uneasiness had been on my side; now it was on his. Those blazing blue eyes had, I thought, a distinct flicker of panic in them. He said, "Now you're the one that's telling jokes."

"On the contrary, I'm in deadly earnest. I have been all along. Can't you be clear about the situation? You've been acting like a spoiled ten-year-old, you've been an irresponsible brat, but God knows I'm still your friend and would rather a thousand times not be telling you this—" I broke off. "I hope you understand that much?"

"Oh, for Christ's sake, Eddie!"

"But the board has requested me to tell you you've no choice except to resign."

He put down his glass and said, "Let's have another round." He twisted the bell, but nothing happened. "Damn these fool things!" he said. "If I live to be a thousand, I'll never learn." Then he banged the bell, and as the waiter approached, gestured to him that we would like two more of the same. "Tell me, do I write this famous letter before or after paying up?" he asked. "I'm sure you know the etiquette."



"The best arrangement would be to write the letter and enclose with it a check in payment of your total indebtedness to the club. Then the board can vote to accept your resignation at the next meeting and the incident will be closed."

"'Incident,' Eddie?"

"I was trying to use a kind word, not a harsh one."

"You keep saying 'kind.' Stanley's kind, you're kind, I suppose the whole board is kind. And discreet, as well?"

"As to that, nobody in the club will ever know anything."

"Except that I've resigned. I can't help hoping that somebody will notice that."

"I was about to say how much you will be missed here, Harry. You were certainly one of the most popular members of the club."

"'Were.' I see what you mean by 'kind.'"

"Don't make this any more difficult for me than it is already. You know how much I personally will miss you in the club. And how proud I've always been of your popularity among the members. If I'd been a different sort of person, I'd have been bound to be quite openly jealous of you. In my

THE TREE, THE BIRD

Uprose, uprose, the stony fields uprose,
And every snail dipped toward me its pure horn.
The sweet light met me as I walked toward
A small voice calling from a drifting cloud.
I was a finger pointing at the moon,
At ease with joy, a self-enchanted man;
Yet when I sighed, I stood outside my life,
A leaf unaltered by the midnight scene,
Part of a tree still dark, still, deathly still,
Riding the air, a willow with its kind,
Bearing its life and more, a double sound,
Kin to the wind, and the bleak whistling rain.

The willow with its bird grew loud, grew louder still.
I could *not* bear its song, *that* altering
With every shift of air, those beating wings,
The lonely buzz behind my midnight eyes;
How deep the mother-root of that still cry!

The present falls, the present falls away.
How pure the motion of the rising day,
The white sea widening on a farther shore.
The bird, the beating bird, extending wings.
Thus I endure this last pure stretch of joy,
The dire dimension of a final thing.

—THEODORE ROETHKE

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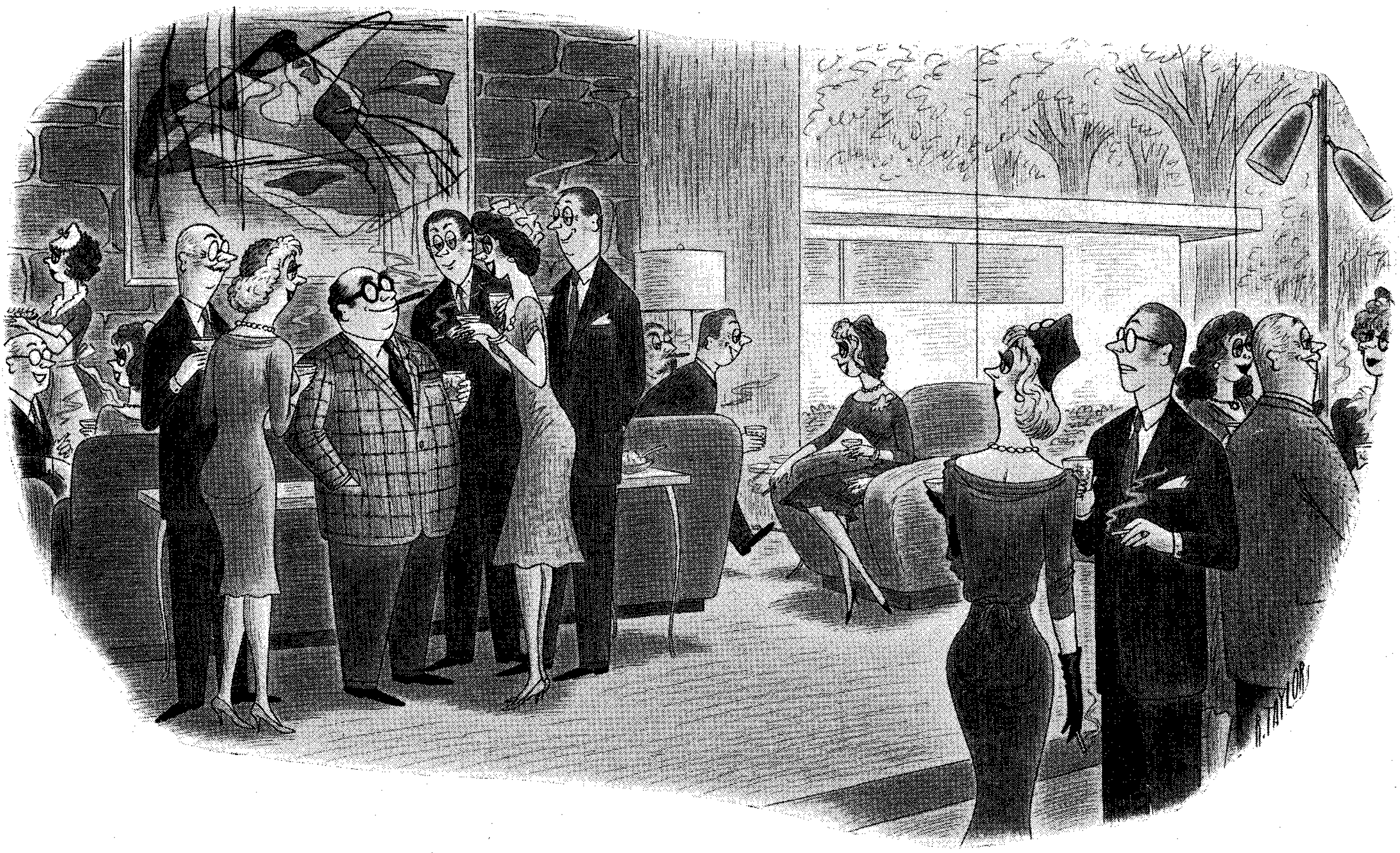


"I think he's just one of those 'as told to' authors."

twenty years here, I've made nothing like the mark you've made in five."

"Thank you for them words."

How he spoiled things! But I kept on. For his sake, I wanted to leave nothing unsaid. "If I'd known about your troubles earlier, if you'd dropped me the slightest hint, I might have been able to straighten the whole thing out. The business of your being broke—I'd have been glad to help you over that hurdle."

"Thank you for that, too."

I couldn't resist adding, "With my money, I may say, not Barbara's."

"I'm sorry I said that."

"No matter."

"You say you might have helped me. I don't suppose you could help me now?"

"Financially? I'm certainly willing to talk it over and see what we—"

"Nothing that simple. It just occurred to me that you might be kind enough, generous enough, to practice a little hanky-panky for my sake."

I didn't like it—there was something unpleasantly crafty in his tone. A trifle grimly, I said, "Go on."

"Suppose I borrow some money today and pay off my debt here, then drop out of sight for a week or two, and at the next meeting of the board you explain that you haven't been able to get in touch with me and therefore haven't been able to ask me to resign. Then Stanley pops up and says, 'Well, anyhow, the little so-and-so is all paid up.' And you say—couldn't you say?—'In that case, since Carter doesn't know of the action we took at our last meeting and has had the decency to clean up this mess on his own, is there any possibility of our forgetting the whole thing, of not asking the poor fellow to resign, after all?' Adding, if you felt up to it, 'I think I can promise on his behalf that the problem will never come up again'?"

It was I who had tried to shock Carter, but it was Carter who had succeeded in shocking me. I felt now that I had seriously misread as much of his character as had been open to my observation. It struck me that back of the boyish openness, the generous high spirits, there must lie a distinct talent for duplicity. That gift was far from being merely youthful; the only word I could find to apply to it was "feminine." Women tend to solve problems in what they call a sensible or practical fashion, which is to say without regard to morality, sailing past all abstract questions of right and wrong as if they were the sheerest irrelevancies. I hadn't expected to find that tendency in Carter, and I said, "Do you honestly think I could do such a thing?"

"Now, Eddie!" he said. "Don't go climbing up on your high horse!"

"The governors made a certain decision, which I was requested to carry out. That's what I'm doing now, as justly as I can."

As if it were the most natural thing in the world to say such a thing, Carter said, "I'm not asking for justice, Eddie. I'm asking you to do me a favor."

"Which I tell you I can't do."

"Won't do."

"Mustn't do—is that any clearer?"

"I should think it would be pretty awkward sometimes, having such goddam high principles."

"It's awkward right now, but the principles are still there."

"Poor Eddie. I've put you through a lot, haven't I?"

The waiter set down our drinks, and Carter reached for the chits, and, with a show of lightness but intending a warning (for I know how even the most loyal of club servants gossip belowstairs), I said, "Harry! The drinks are on me."

"No, no, this time they're mine," he said and reached up to take a pencil from the waiter.

I intercepted the pencil. "I don't want to pick a public fight with you," I said, indicating the waiter as best I could with a raising of my eyebrows, "but the fact is *you can't sign for anything here any more.*"

He had crouched forward to scribble his name on the bits of paper the waiter had put on the table between us. Now, as he watched me sign them and watched the waiter pick them up and carry them away, he maintained the awkward posture, intent and yet helpless-seeming, of a paralytic waiting to be shifted from one chair to another. Slumped forward like that, he looked a hundred years old. It was a hard moment for both of us, and, to hurry us past it as tactfully as possible, I raised my glass and said the first thing that came into my head: "*Votre santé!*"

"*Santé*," he mumbled, with a sidelong glance of surprise, then, "Thanks for the libation. Much obliged."

"Don't be silly."

He emptied his glass in two or three long swallows. Our club drinks are notoriously strong, and tossing them down like that, no matter what the provocation, is always a fool thing to do. Carter got slowly to his feet. "So long, Eddie," he said. "I'm off to the bloody bank."

As he stood there, two things—my own evocation of the happiness he had once brought us and the look of him slumped in the chair and sloshing down that far too powerful drink—prompted me to wonder if there was any as yet unconsidered way out of the mess. In my experience, this sort of question reaches the surface of the mind only when an answer to it has already been prepared somewhere in the depths. No sooner did I begin to consider the problem afresh than a possible solution occurred to me. It was one that couldn't have occurred to me before the start of our interview, because it was the interview itself that had provided the necessary ingredients. What if Carter were to pay up before the next meeting of the board and if at that meeting I were able to make a statement, disturbing but not too specific, about the condition I had found him in? A statement that would make the other members of the board sympathetic to rejecting his resignation? I would have to say something that wasn't a lie, and therefore wouldn't betray the board's confidence in me, but that would nevertheless rehabilitate Carter in their eyes. What would such a something be? Plainly, something to do with health. I could tell them, and not with a bad conscience, that I had reason to believe he had undergone some kind of obscure emotional breakdown in the course of the past year, evidence of which I had detected in his speech, his manner, his very eyes; that this breakdown had led to his deplorable irresponsibility in respect to money and his still more deplorable rudeness in respect to John Stanley; but that I felt sure (here I could mildly hint at having received a medical opinion) that, if he was by no means cured, the worst was over and that the board would have nothing to fear in future from our brilliant and high-spirited friend. . . . Yes, I thought, I might just bring it off. It would be worth trying, and as a born advocate I would be interested to try it.

On several grounds, I couldn't let Carter in on my plans. Circumstances might make it impossible for me to attempt it, or I might attempt it and fail, in either case causing him bitter disappointment. A worse hazard was Carter's taking offense at my belief—the honorable basis for my solution to the problem—that, by George, there *was* something a little odd about him. Pride is a curious emotion, flaring up at the most inappropriate moments, and Carter might flatly refuse to let me plead his oddness before the board. Though I was thus prevented from offering him any reason to hope for a reprieve, much less a full pardon, I had to make certain that he sent in his check to Stanley as quickly as possible. Our interview was on a Wednesday and the board was to meet on the following Tuesday. Stanley, that naturally forgiving man, would need a day or two in which to begin to forget Carter's offense before his case came up. It seemed obvious that the fastest way to get the money to Stanley would be for me to lend it to Carter.

Breaking the awkward silence, I said, "Don't tell me if you don't want to, but how much will you be needing?"

"I must owe three or four hundred here—"

"Three hundred and seventy-six fifty, to be exact."

He stared, then went on, "So maybe I'd better ask the bank for five. They'll think I'm good for that, won't they?"

"Of course. But let me handle it instead. I'll give you a lot better terms than any bank. They pretend to be charging six per cent but it's closer to twelve. I'll let you have whatever you need for as long as you need it, and at no interest."

Then he said something that fitted very nicely into my plans. I grant it was the sort of teasing remark with which any sensitive person might reject an offer that he was nevertheless grateful to have heard a friend voice; still, it could also be cited as establishing a certain emotional imbalance on the part of the speaker. "I'd much rather stick a bank with a bad debt than you," he said. "I wouldn't feel free to step in front of a bus or fall off a bridge or have any fun at all if I owed money to a friend."

I noted, for my own purposes, this sufficiently clear threat of suicide, then brushed it aside. "I'd really like to do it, Harry."

"I don't know when I could pay it back."

"I've said it doesn't matter."

"You don't think five sounds like too much?"

"I'd just as soon make it six."

He shrugged then, as if on an unexpected impulse of surrender. I suppose I'll never know whether this had been his intention from the start. At the time, I felt sure I had prevailed on him to accept the money against his better judgment. Perhaps a little inflated by this victory, I reached for my wallet, fished a blank check from it, and made it out to Carter in the sum of seven hundred and fifty dollars. "Somehow, that always seems a rounder sum to me than six," I said.

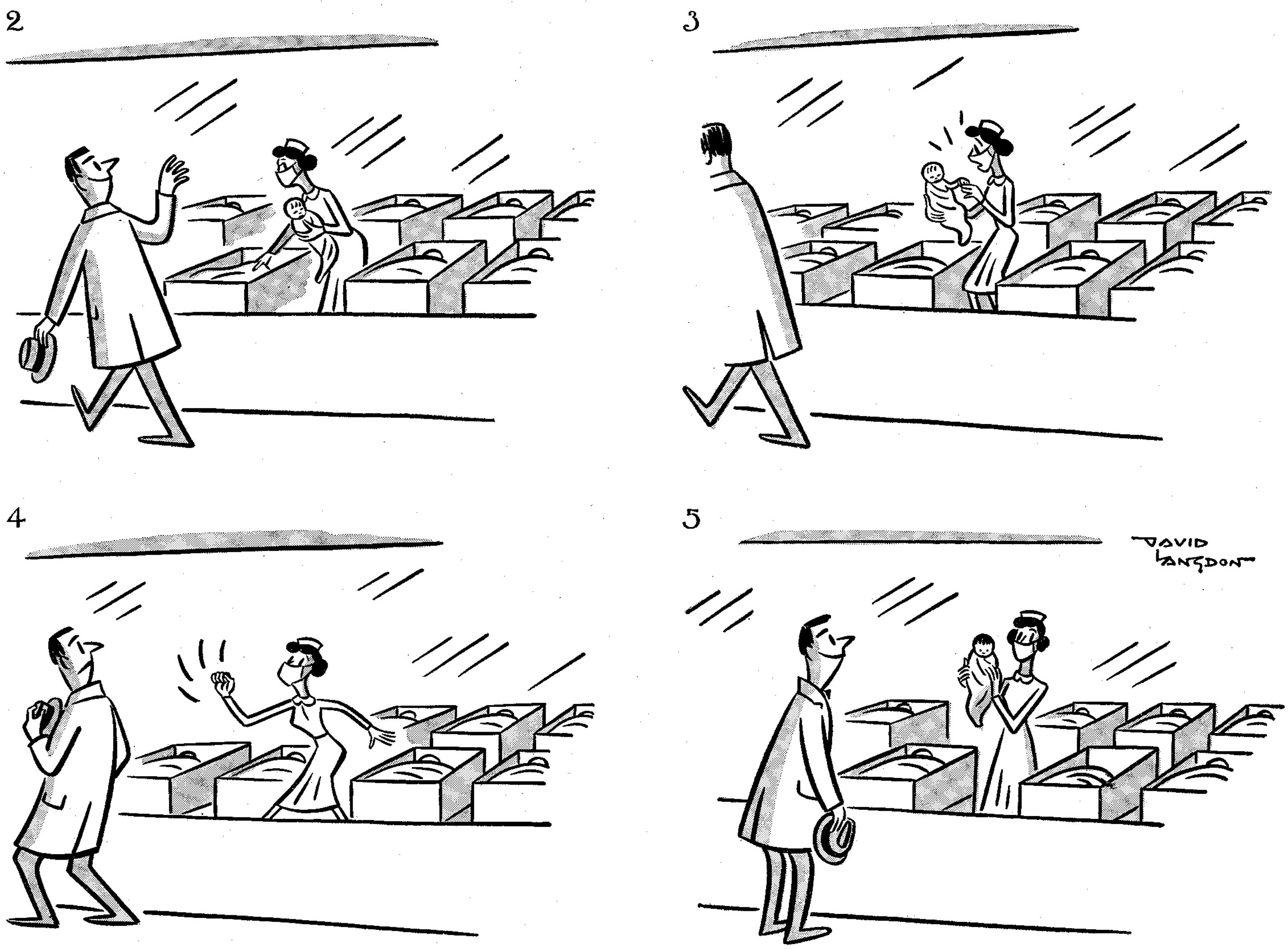
"No, no! It's too much!"

"I want it that way."

"This is more money than I've seen in ages. You're tempting me to run amuck."

"Nonsense," I said. "I'm not worried about that."

Carter took the check, folded it, and put it away in a trouser pocket. I understood that it would have been impossible for him to thank me. He turned



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and walked carefully across the room—the Scotch couldn't have begun to take effect that soon, but he walked as if it had. In the doorway, he swung about and, poor as the light in the Red Room always is, I was able to make out the look of incredulity on his face. "My God, Eddie!" he said.

"What on earth's the matter?"

"I've forgotten his name."

"Whose name is that?"

"Your kind friend. The one I've been so rude to."

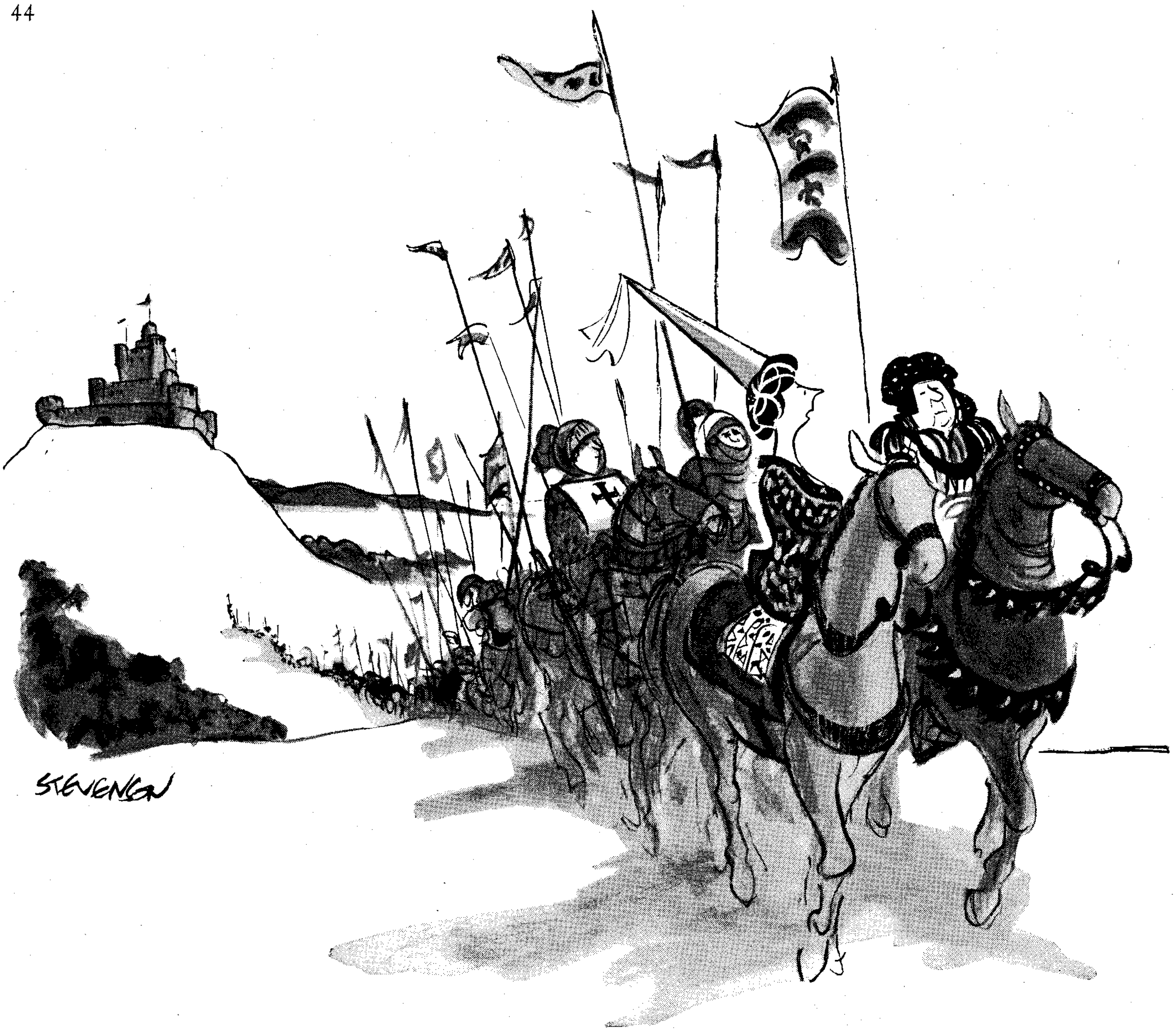
"Stanley. John Stanley."

Then he smiled and said the last thing I was ever to hear him say in the club: "So this is what it feels like to forget things."

I BROUGHT with me to the meeting of the board on Tuesday evening a sheet of foolscap bearing some notes for the talk I planned to give on Carter. My assumption was that John Stanley would first report to us that Carter had paid his debt to the club and had submitted his resignation and then suggest that before putting the matter of this resignation to a motion the board might wish to hear a word or two from me. This was the usual practice in these affairs and would provide me with an ideal opportunity to save Carter's life in the club. I knew pretty well what I was going to tell them, and I think—though again this may sound vainglorious—that I would have swept them off their feet. My rough notes will indicate the nature of the proposed oration better and more fairly than I, in my disillusionment, can now do; they go as follows, verbatim:

Such episodes always painful.
This episode especially painful to me.
Carter a most charming fellow.
Soul of clubbability.
Our twenty years of friendship.
Proud to put him up for the club.
Bask in reflected glory.
No doubt of his standing in the arts.
Still, sculpture an uncertain gamble financially.
Unbeknownst to me, Carter falling on hard times.
Running up large bills here.
Our beloved treasurer's tactful promptings.
All in vain.
Inexcusable rudeness.
Nevertheless, if any excuse, this was it.
Carter emotionally unwell.
That lively, sunny person we saw in the club a mere mask of the real person.
His brightness all for us.
Darkness and despair within.
Too proud to reveal this darkness.
Easy perhaps for doctor to detect.
Discovered by me after long probing.
Terrible look in Carter's eyes.
Air almost of madness.
Threat of suicide.
Horror at having to leave club.
Shame at having offended Stanley.
My question.
Admittedly most irregular, but my judgment perhaps worth something in these matters.
Couldn't we find it in our hearts, one way or another, to table poor Carter's resignation?
Give him a second chance?
Make all difference in world to him.
Fresh start.
New career.
I personally to vouch for him.
Best tribute to values of club life.
Values of the Parnassus in particular.
So precious to all of us.

As I say, I'm sure my talk, presented with an adequate amount of feeling, would have sufficed to restore Carter to the good graces of the board, but of course it was never given. John Stanley was late getting to the dinner, and I



"The soup was stone-cold, those goblets were cheap, the goose was raw, the jugglers were awful, the jester was not very funny, the hall was drafty, and as for her . . ."

• •

had no chance to consult with him beforehand. When the president called on him for his report, he got up and mentioned, in his matter-of-fact way, among half a dozen items of no particular importance, that he had heard nothing from Harry Carter since our last meeting, that Carter's debt was still outstanding, and that unless I had something to suggest to the contrary, he would like to hear a motion to the effect that Carter be dropped from the club roster therewith. The president said that his recollection had been refreshed by the treasurer's remarks and that he now remembered having asked me to solicit Carter's resignation at the last meeting; would I care to speak on that point? I wouldn't. The fact was that I was too astonished to speak. I could only shake my head and throw up my hands in a gesture of helplessness. Under the circumstances, this was the wisest thing I could have done; heaven knows what I might have said about Carter then if I had been able to say anything. The president called for a motion, which was made, seconded, and carried—unanimously, I may add.

The next morning, I received a letter from Carter, which I append. You will note from it that he had managed almost overnight to regain his accustomed bouncy high spirits. How he can have written the letter after what passed between us in the Red Room I don't hope to understand. I've said that I feel outwitted, and the letter will show why.

EDDIE, OLD COCK!

Well, I cashed your fat check and then couldn't resist paying off a lot of nasty little debts up here in Connecticut, including the local grocery store and the water company and the phone company and the light company, and after that I ordered a lot of clay from a place that doesn't grant me credit any more and that took a big dollop of cash and before you could say Jack Robinson I had gone straight through all of your lovely money and there wasn't a penny left over for the poor old club. Kiss its brownstone walls goodbye for me. I'll miss those dear old coots and I hope they miss me. I realize, though, that I got out in the nick of time. I was actually growing old in there! Clubs do that, I guess. You seemed such a damnably serious old-maid fussbudget sitting there lecturing me the other day. I thought, my God, my poor Eddie! Is *that* what the club can do to a man? I know I'm a wretch to have pulled this fast one on you, but if you had any idea how merry I am this morning, setting to work here—! As the fellow said, if I felt any better, I'd be dangerous.

Your wicked but not very contrite

H. C., ESQ.

P.S. Apologize most profusely to the treasurer on my behalf. I swear I'll pay him *some*time.

P.P.S. Stanley his name is. John Stanley.

—BRENDAN GILL

PROFILES

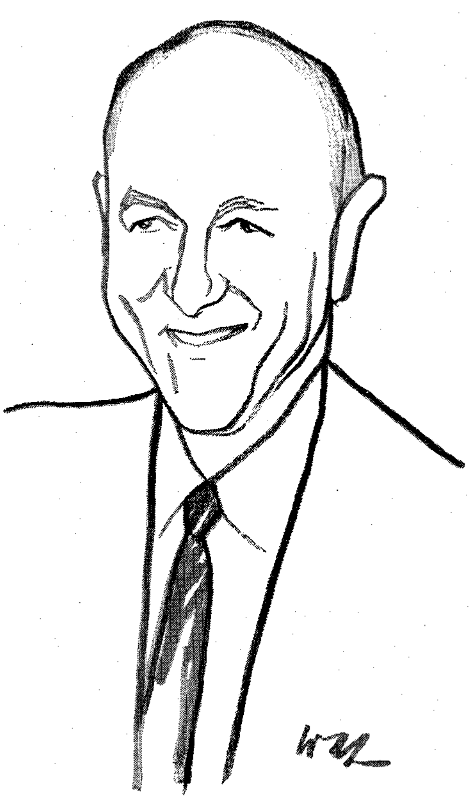
A SECOND SORT OF LIFE

DURING Franklin D. Roosevelt's Presidency, when Wall Street and Washington tended to be on cat-and-dog terms, perhaps no New Dealer other than That Man himself better typified the New Deal in the eyes of Wall Street than David Eli Lilienthal. The explanation of this estimate of him in southern Manhattan lay not in any specific anti-Wall Street acts of Lilienthal's—indeed, the scattering of financiers, among them the late Wendell L. Willkie, who had personal dealings with him generally found him to be a reasonable sort of fellow—but in what he had come to symbolize through his association with the Tennessee Valley Authority, which, as a government-owned electric-power concern far larger than any private power corporation in the country, embodied Wall Street's notion of galloping Socialism. Because Lilienthal was a conspicuous and vigorous member of the T.V.A.'s three-man board of directors from 1933 until 1941, and was its chairman from 1941 until 1946, the business community of that period, in his phrase, thought he "wore horns." In 1946, he became the first chairman of the United States Atomic Energy Commission, and when he gave up that position, in February, 1950, at the age of fifty, the *Times* said in a news story that he had been "perhaps the most controversial figure in Washington since the end of the war."

What has Lilienthal been up to in the eleven years since he left the government? As a matter of public record, he has been up to a number of things, all of them, surprisingly, centered on Wall Street or on private business, or both. For one thing, Lilienthal is listed in any number of business compendiums as the co-founder and the chairman of the board of the Development & Resources Corporation, of 50 Broadway. A few months ago, I phoned D. & R.'s offices, and discovered it to be a private firm—Wall Street-backed as well as, give or take a block, Wall Street-based—that provides managerial, technical, business, and planning services toward the development of natural resources abroad. That is to say, D. & R.—whose other co-founder and current president, Gordon R. Clapp, was Lilienthal's successor as T.V.A. chairman—is in the business of helping governments set up programs more or less similar to the T.V.A. Since its formation, in 1955, I learned, D. & R. has, at moderate but gratifying profit to itself, planned and managed the beginnings of a vast scheme for the reclamation of Khuzistan, an arid and poverty-stricken, though oil-rich, region of western Iran; advised the government of Italy on the development of its backward southern provinces; helped the Republic of Colombia set up a T.V.A.-like authority for its potentially fertile but flood-plagued Cauca Valley; and offered advice to Ghana on water supply, to the Ivory Coast on mineral development, and to Puerto Rico on electric power and atomic energy.

For another thing—and when I found out about this, it struck me as considerably more astonishing, on form, than D. & R.—Lilienthal has made an authentic fortune as a corporate officer and entrepreneur. In a proxy statement of the Minerals & Chemicals Corporation of America, dated June 24, 1960, that fell into my hands, I found Lilienthal listed as a director of the firm and the holder of 41,366 shares of its common stock. These shares are currently traded on the New York Stock Exchange at something over twenty dollars each, and simple multiplication reveals that they represent a thumping sum by most men's standards, certainly including those of a man who has spent most of his life on government wages, without the help of private resources.

And, for still another thing, in 1953 Harper & Brothers brought out Lilienthal's third book, "Big Business: A New Era." (His previous books were "T.V.A.: Democracy on the March" and "This I Do Believe," which appeared in 1944 and 1949, respectively.) In "Big Business," Lilienthal argues that not only the productive and distributive superiority of the United States but also its national security depends on industrial bigness; that we now have adequate public safeguards against abuses of big business, or know well enough how to fashion them as required; that big business does not tend to destroy small business, as is often supposed, but, rather, tends to promote it; and, finally, that a big-business society does not suppress individualism, as most intellectuals believe, but actually tends to encourage it by reducing poverty, disease, and physical insecurity and increasing the opportunities for leisure and travel. Fighting words, in short, to come from an old New Dealer.



David E. Lilienthal

Lilienthal is a man whose government career I, as a newspaper reader, had followed fairly closely. My interest in him as a government official reached its peak in February, 1947, when, in answer to a fierce attack on him by his old enemy Senator Kenneth D. McKellar, of Tennessee, during Congressional hearings on his fitness for the A.E.C. job, he uttered a spontaneous statement of personal democratic faith that for many people ranks as one of the most stirring attacks on what later came to be known as McCarthyism. ("One of the tenets of democracy that grow out of this central core of a belief that the individual comes first, that all men are the children of God and their personalities are therefore sacred," Lilienthal said, among other things, "is a deep belief in civil liberties and their protection; and a repugnance to anyone who would steal from a human being that which is most precious to him, his good name, by imputing things to him, by innuendo, or by insinuation.") The fragments of information I picked up about his new, private career left me confused. Wondering how Wall Street and business life had affected Lilienthal, and vice versa, in their belated *rapprochement*, I recently got in touch with him, and a day or so later, at his invitation, drove out to New Jersey to spend the afternoon with him.

LILIENTHAL and his wife, Helen Lamb Lilienthal, live on Battle Road, in Princeton, where they settled

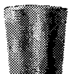
"You've got to help me, Doctor! I keep wanting to run off to Tahiti and paint, and I can't paint."

• •

in 1957, after six years in New York City, at first in a house on Beekman Place and later in an apartment on Sutton Place. The Princeton house, which stands in a plot of less than an acre, is of Georgian brick with green shutters. Surrounded by other houses of its kind, the place is capacious yet anything but pretentious. Lilienthal, wearing gray slacks and a plaid sports shirt, met me at the front door. At sixty-one, he is a tall, trim man with a receding hairline, a slightly hawklike profile, and candid, piercing eyes. He led me into the living room, where he introduced Mrs. Lilienthal and then pointed out a couple of household treasures—a large Oriental rug in front of the fireplace, which he said was a gift from the Shah of Iran, and, hanging on the wall opposite the fireplace, a Chinese scroll of the late nineteenth century showing four rather roguish men, who, he told me, have a special meaning for him, since they are upper-middle-rank civil servants. Pointing to a particularly enigmatic-looking fellow, he added, with a smile, that he always thought of that one as his Oriental counterpart.

Mrs. Lilienthal went to get coffee, and while she was gone, I asked Lilienthal to tell me something of his post-government life, starting at the beginning. "All right," he said. "The beginning: I left the A.E.C. for a number of reasons. In that kind of work, I feel, a fellow's highly expendable. If you stayed too long, you might find yourself placating industry or the military, or both—building up what would amount to an atomic pork barrel. Another thing—I wanted to be allowed to speak my mind more freely than I could as a government official. I felt I'd served my term. So I turned in my resignation in November, 1949, and it went into effect three months later. As for the timing, I resigned then because, for once, I wasn't under fire. Originally, I'd planned to do it earlier in 1949, but then came the last Congressional attack on me—the time Hickenlooper, of Iowa, accused me of 'incredible mismanagement.' " I noticed that Lilienthal did not smile in referring to the Hickenlooper affair. "I entered private life with both trepidation and relief," he went on. "The trepidation was about my ability to make a living, and it was very real. Oh, I'd been a practicing lawyer as a young man, in Chicago, before going into government work, and made quite a lot of money at it, too. But now I didn't *want* to practice law. And I was worried about what else I could do. I was so obsessed with the subject that I harped on it all the time, and my wife and my friends began to kid me. That Christmas of 1949, my wife gave me a beggar's tin cup, and one of my friends gave me a guitar to go with it. The feeling of relief—well, that was a matter of personal privacy and freedom. As a private citizen, I wouldn't have to be trailed around by hordes of security officers as I had been at the A.E.C. I wouldn't have to answer the charges of Congressional committees. And, above all, I'd be able to talk freely to my wife again."

Mrs. Lilienthal had returned with the coffee as her husband was talking, and now she sat down with us. She comes, I knew, from a family of pioneers who, over several generations, moved westward from New England to Ohio to Indiana to Oklahoma, where she was born. She seemed to me to look the part—that of a woman of dignity, patience, practicality, and gentle strength. "I can tell you that my hus-

In this bottle there is  romance, excitement and 'Bon Voyage.'

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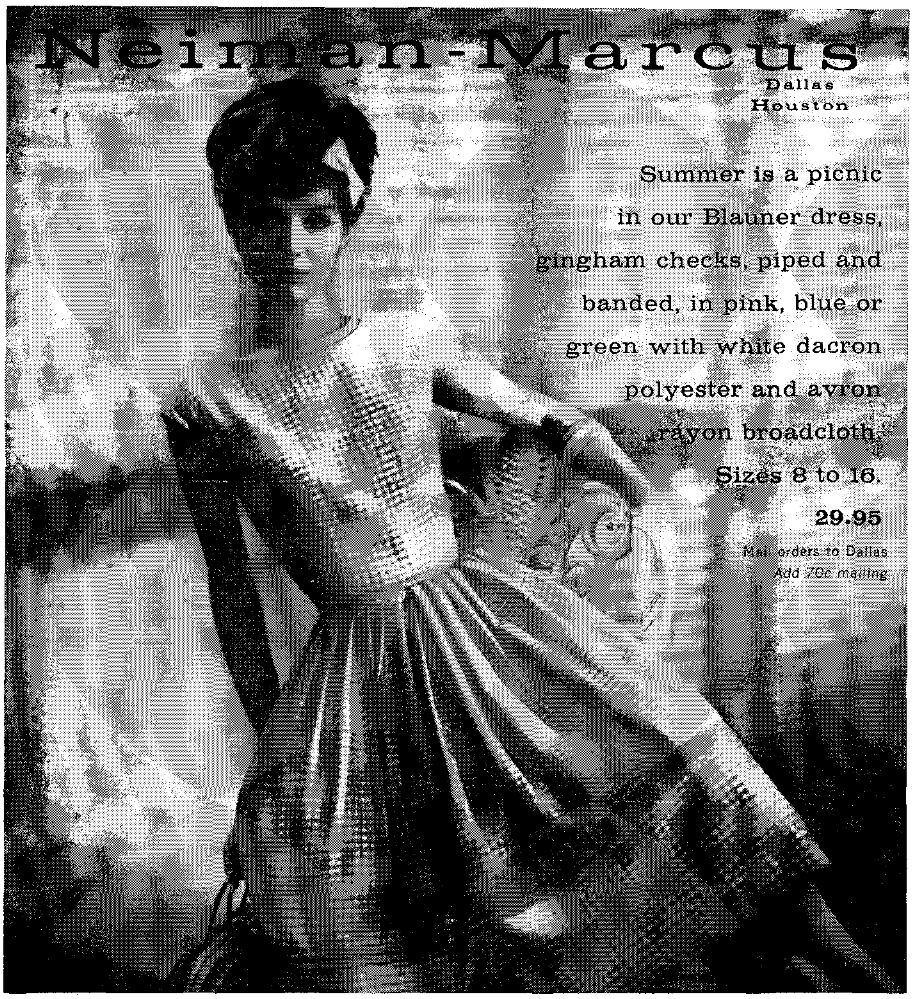

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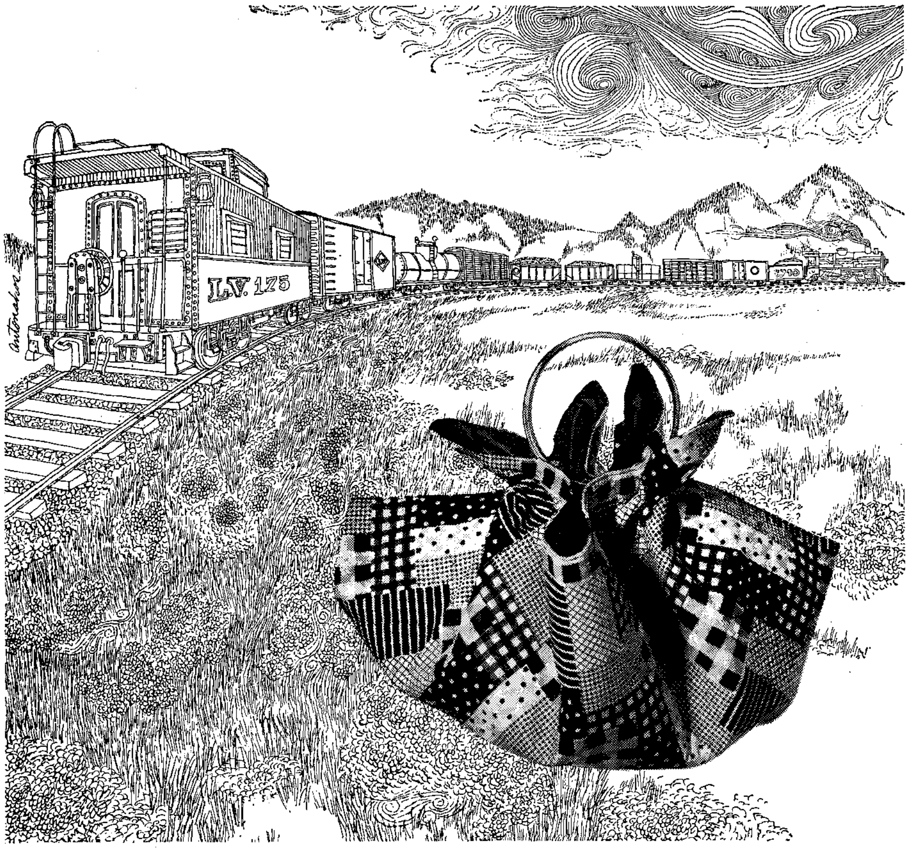

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band's resignation was a relief to *me*," she said. "Before he went with the A.E.C., we'd always talked over all aspects of his work. When he took that job, we agreed between us that although we'd indulge in the discussion of personalities as freely as we pleased, he would never tell me anything about the work of the A.E.C. that I couldn't read in the newspapers. It was a terrible constraint to be under."

Lilienthal nodded. "I'd come home at night with some frightful experience in me," he said. "No one who so much as touches the atom is ever quite the same again. Perhaps I'd have been in a series of conferences and listened to the kind of talk that many military and scientific men go in for—cities full of human beings referred to as 'targets,' and that sort of thing. I never got used to that impersonal jargon. I'd come home sick at heart. But I couldn't talk about it to Helen. I wasn't allowed to get it off my chest."

"And now there wouldn't be any more hearings," Mrs. Lilienthal said. "Those terrible hearings! I'll never forget one Washington cocktail party we went to, for our sins. My husband had been going through one of the endless series of Congressional hearings. A woman in a funny hat came gushing up to him and said something like 'Oh, Mr. Lilienthal, I was *so* anxious to come to your hearings, but I just couldn't make it. I'm so sorry. I just *love* hearings, don't you?' "

Husband and wife looked at each other, and this time Lilienthal managed a grin.

LILIENTHAL seemed glad to get on to what happened next. At about the time his resignation became effective, he told me, he was approached by various men from Harvard representing the fields of history, public administration, and law, who asked him to accept an appointment to the faculty. But he decided he didn't want to become a professor any more than he wanted to practice law. Within the next few weeks came offers from numerous law firms in New York and Washington, and from some industrial companies. Reassured by these that he was not going to need the tin cup and guitar after all, Lilienthal, after mulling over the offers, finally turned them all down and settled, in May, 1950, for a part-time job as a consultant to the celebrated banking firm of Lazard Frères & Co., whose senior partner, André Meyer, he had met through Albert Lasker, a mutual friend. Lazard gave him an office in its

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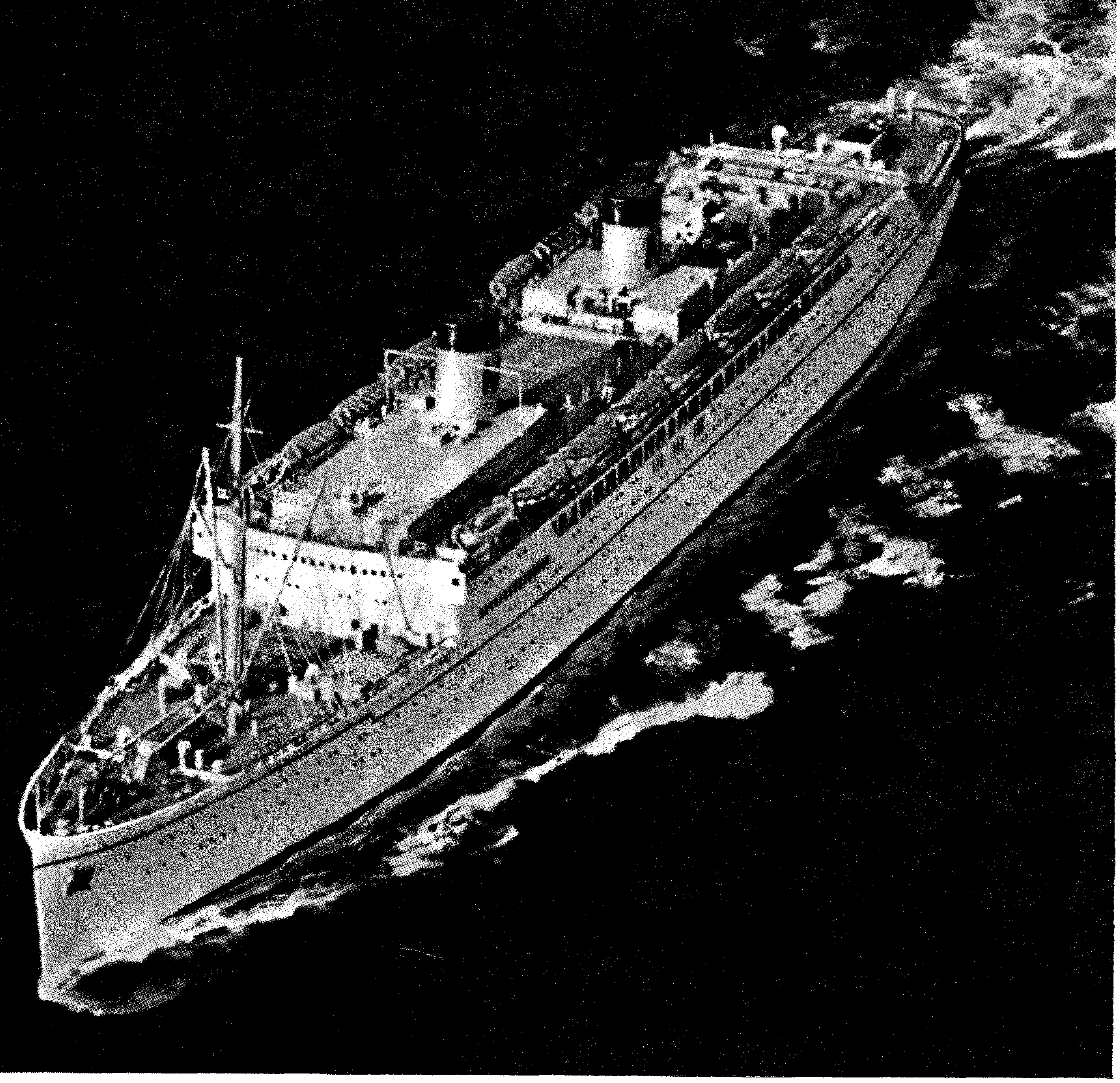

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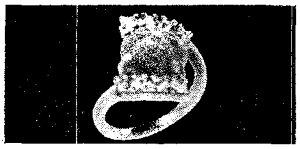

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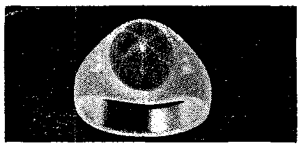

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headquarters at 44 Wall, but before he could do much consulting, he was off on a lecture tour across the United States, followed by a trip to Europe that summer, with his wife, on behalf of *Collier's*. The trip did not result in any articles, though, and on returning home in the fall he found it necessary to get back on a full-time income-producing basis; this he did by becoming a consultant to various other companies, among them the Carrier Corporation and the Radio Corporation of America. To Carrier he offered advice on managerial problems. For R.C.A., he worked on the question of color television, ultimately advising his client to concentrate on technical research rather than on law-court squabbles over patents; he also helped persuade the company to press its computer program and to stay out of the construction of atomic reactors. Early in 1951, he took another trip abroad for *Collier's*—to India, Pakistan, Thailand, and Japan. This trip produced an article—published in *Collier's* that August—in which he proposed a solution to the dispute between India and Pakistan over Kashmir and the headwaters of the Indus River. Lilienthal's idea was that the tension between the two countries could best be lessened by a coöperative program to improve living conditions in the whole disputed area through economic development of the Indus Basin. Nine years later, with the financial backing of the World Bank, the Lilienthal plan was essentially adopted, and an Indus treaty signed between India and Pakistan. But the immediate reaction to his article was general indifference, and Lilienthal, temporarily stymied and considerably disillusioned, once more settled down to the humbler problems of private business.

At this point in Lilienthal's narrative, the doorbell rang. Mrs. Lilienthal went to answer it, and I could hear her talking to someone—a gardener, evidently—about the pruning of some roses. After listening restlessly for a minute or two, Lilienthal called to his wife, "Helen, please tell Domenic to prune those roses farther back than he did last year!" Mrs. Lilienthal went outside with Domenic, and Lilienthal remarked, "Domenic always prunes too gently, to my way of thinking. It's a case of our backgrounds—Italy versus the Middle West." Then, resuming where he had left off, he said that his association with Lazard Frères, and more particularly with Meyer, had led him into an association, first as a consultant and later as an executive, with a small company

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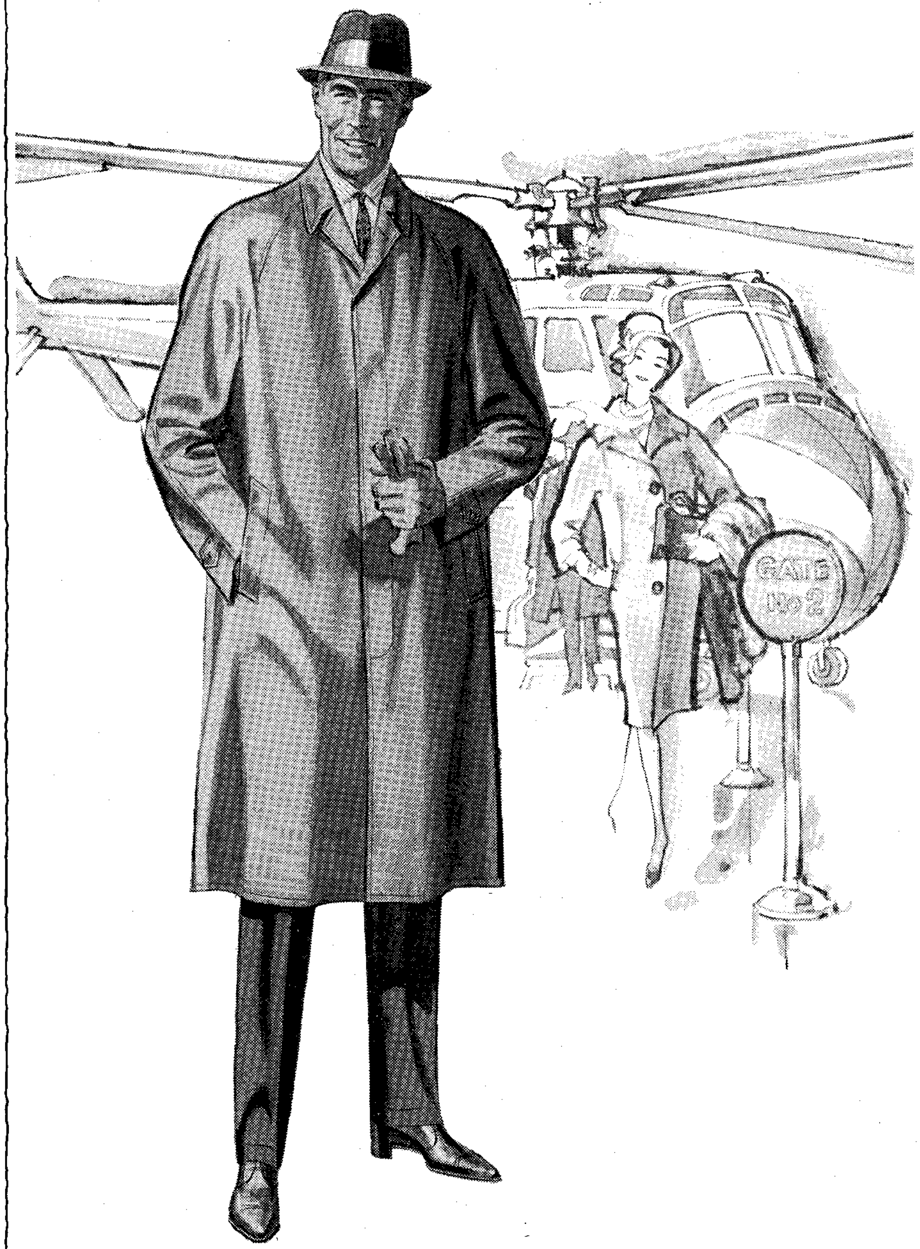

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called the Minerals Separation North American Corporation, in which Lazard Frères had a large interest. It was in this undertaking that, unexpectedly, he made his fortune. The company was in trouble, and Meyer's notion was that Lilienthal might be the man to do something about it. Since then, in the course of a series of mergers, acquisitions, and other maneuvers, the company's name has been changed to, successively, the Attapulgus Minerals & Chemicals Corporation, the Minerals & Chemicals Corporation of America, and, just lately, the Minerals & Chemicals Philipp Corporation; meanwhile, its annual receipts have risen from about seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, for 1952, to something over two hundred and seventy-four million, for 1960. For Lilienthal, the acceptance of Meyer's commission to look into the company's affairs was the beginning of a four-year immersion in the day-to-day problems of managing a business; the experience, he said decisively, turned out to be one of his life's richest, and by no means only in the literal sense of that word.

I HAVE reconstructed the corporate facts behind Lilienthal's experience partly from what he told me in Princeton, partly from a subsequent study of some of the company's published documents, and partly from talks with other persons interested in the firm. Minerals Separation North American, which was founded in 1916 as an offshoot of a British firm, was a patent company, deriving its chief income from royalties on patents for processes used in refining copper ore and the ores of other nonferrous minerals. Its activities were twofold—attempting to develop new patents in its research laboratory, and offering technical services to the mining and manufacturing companies that leased its old ones. By 1950, although it was still netting a nice annual profit, it was in a bad way. Under the direction of its long-time president, Dr. Seth Gregory—who was then over ninety but still ruled the company with an iron hand, commuting daily between his midtown apartment hotel and his office, at 11 Broadway, in a regally purple Rolls-Royce—it had cut down its research activities to almost nothing and was living on half a dozen old patents, all of which were scheduled to go into the public domain in from five to eight years. In effect, it was a still healthy company living under a death sentence. Lazard Frères, as a large stockholder, was understandably concerned. Dr.

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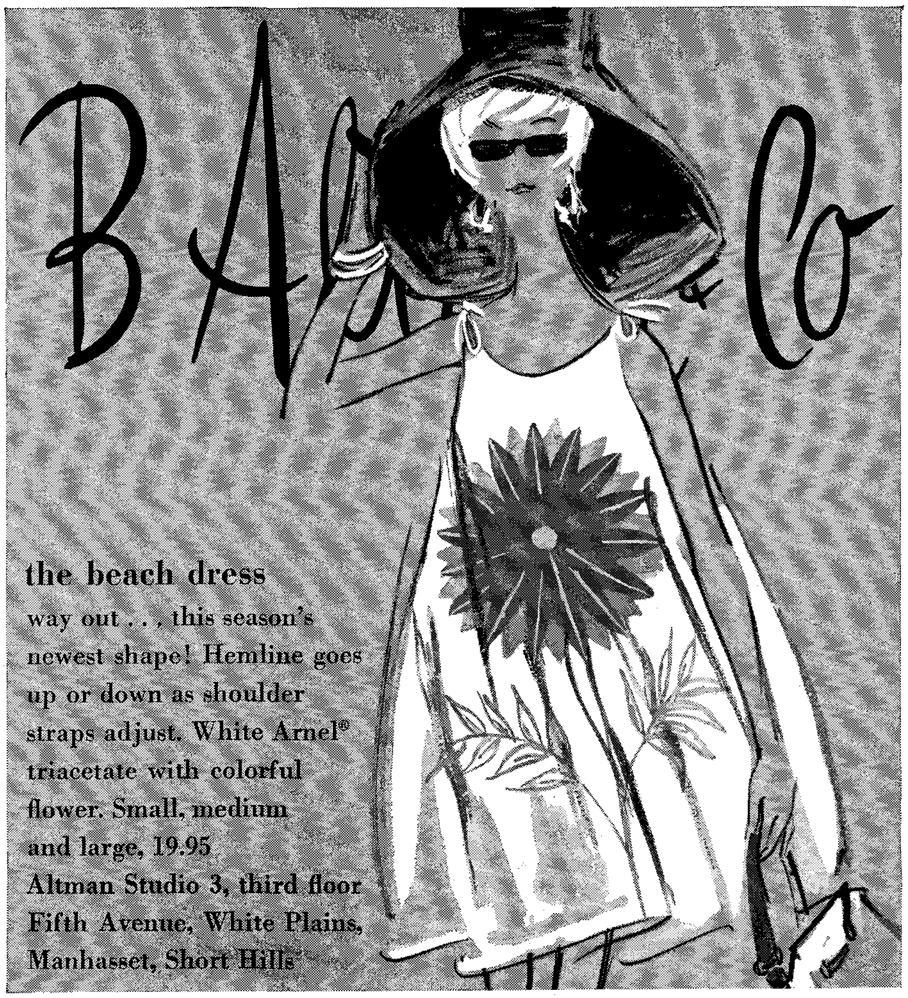

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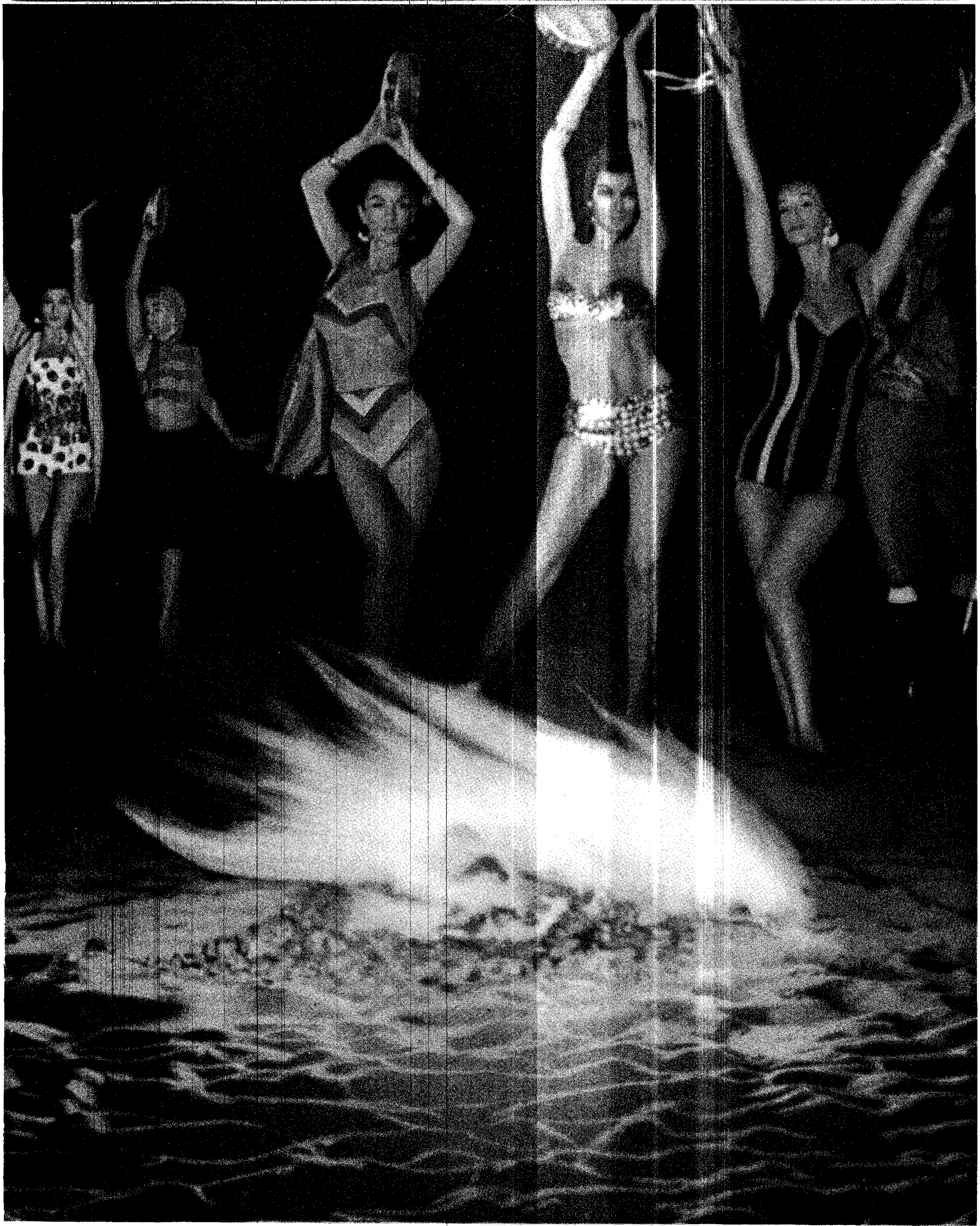
Gregory was persuaded to retire on a handsome pension, and in February, 1952, after working with Minerals Separation for some time as a consultant, Lilienthal was installed as the company's president and a member of its board of directors. His first task was to find a new source of income to replace the fast-expiring patents, and he and the other directors agreed that the way to accomplish this was through a merger; it fell to Lilienthal to participate in arranging one between Minerals Separation and another company in which Lazard Frères—along with the Wall Street firm of F. Eberstadt & Co.—had large holdings: the Attapulgus Clay Company, of Attapulgus, Georgia, which produced a very rare kind of clay that is useful in purifying petroleum products, and which manufactured various household products, among them a floor cleaner called Speedi-Dri.

As a marriage broker between Minerals Separation and Attapulgus, Lilienthal had the touchy job of persuading the executives of the Southern company that they were not being used as pawns by a bunch of rapacious Wall Street bankers. Being an agent of the bankers was an unaccustomed role for Lilienthal, but he evidently carried it off with aplomb. "Dave was very effective in building up the Attapulgus people's morale and confidence," another Wall Streeter told me recently. "He reconciled them to the merger, and showed them its advantages for them." Lilienthal himself told me, "I felt at home in the administrative and technical parts of the job, but the financial part had to be done by the people from Lazard and Eberstadt. Every time they began talking about spinoffs and exchanges of shares, I was lost. I didn't even know what a spinoff *was*." (As Lilienthal knows now, it is, not to get too technical about it, a division of a company into two or more companies—the opposite of a merger.) The merger took place in December, 1952, and neither the Attapulgus people nor the Minerals Separation people had any reason to regret it, because both the profits and the stock price of the newly formed company—the Attapulgus Minerals & Chemicals Corporation—soon began to rise. At the time of the merger, Lilienthal was made chairman of the board of directors, at an annual salary of eighteen thousand dollars. Over the next three years, while serving first in this position and later as chairman of the executive committee, he had a large part not only in the conduct of the company's routine affairs but also



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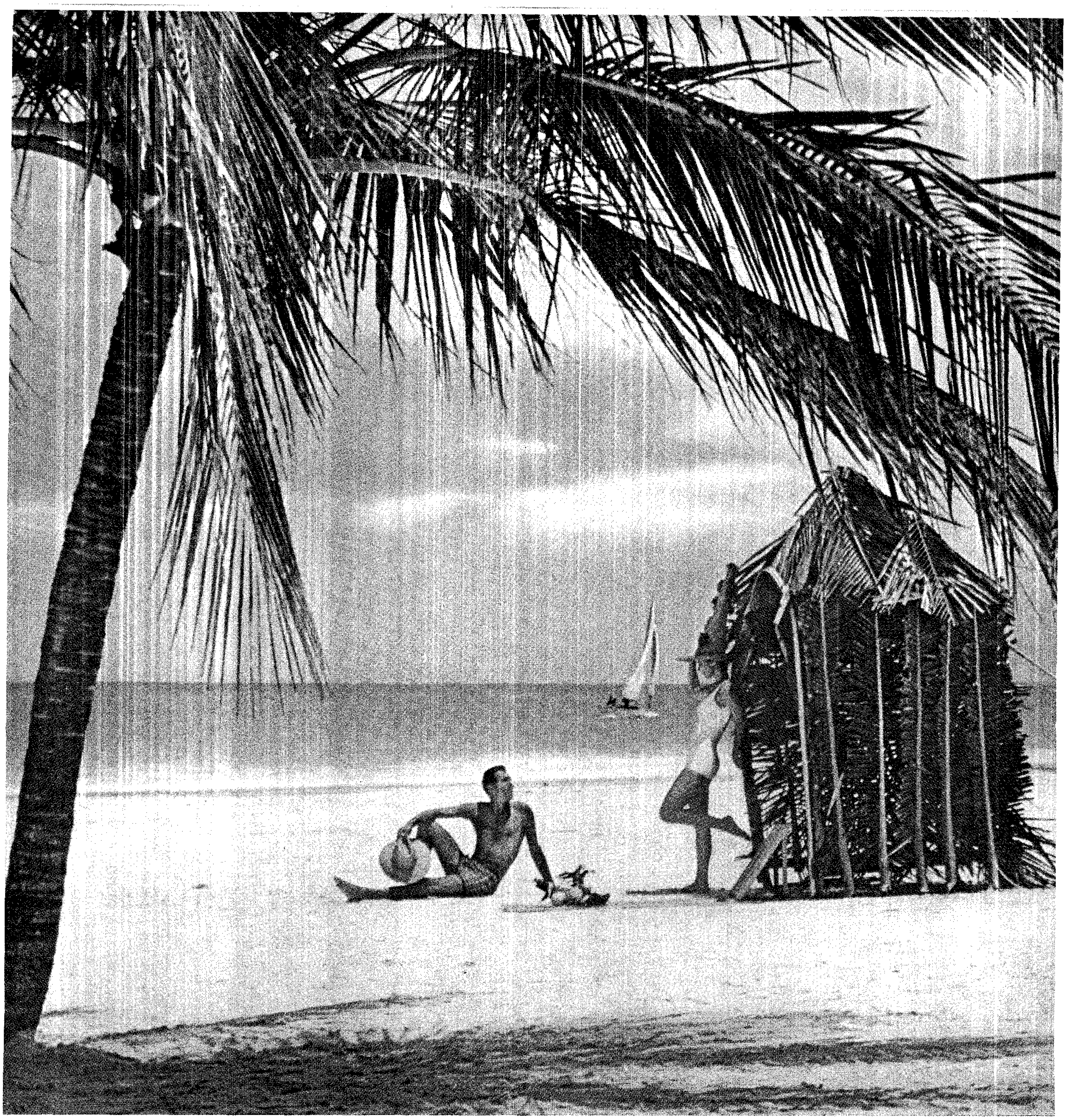

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in its further growth through a series of new mergers—one in 1954, with Edgar Brothers, a leading producer of kaolin for paper coating, and two in 1955, with a pair of limestone concerns in Ohio and Virginia. The mergers and the increased efficiency that went with them were not long in paying off; between 1952 and 1955 the company's net profit per share more than quintupled.

The mechanics of Lilienthal's own rise from the comparative rags of a public servant to the riches of a successful entrepreneur are baldly outlined in the company's proxy statements for its annual and special stockholders' meetings. (There are few public documents more indiscreet than proxy statements, in which the precise private stockholdings of directors must be listed.) In November, 1952, Minerals Separation North American granted Lilienthal, as a supplement to his annual salary, a stock option—a device that provides almost the only way, under the present tax structure, for a corporate officer to get rich. The stock option is hotly denounced by its opponents as a virtual tax loophole, and equally hotly defended by its backers as a necessary incentive to executives; so, in a sense, Lilienthal remained controversial even in the way he made his private fortune. His option entitled him to buy as many as fifty thousand shares of the firm's stock from its treasury at $4.87½ per share, then the going rate, any time before the end of 1955, and in exchange he signed a contract agreeing to serve the company as an active executive throughout 1953, 1954, and 1955. The potential financial advantage to him, as to all other recipients of stock options, lay in the fact that if the price of the stock rose substantially, he could buy shares at the option price and thus have a holding that would immediately be worth much more than he paid for it. Furthermore, and more important, if he should later decide to sell his shares, the proceeds would be a capital gain, taxable at a far lower rate than ordinary income. Of course, if the stock failed to go up, the option would be worthless. But, like so many stocks of the mid-fifties, Lilienthal's did go up, fantastically. By the end of 1954, according to the proxy statements, Lilienthal had exercised his option to the extent of buying twelve thousand seven hundred and fifty shares, which were then worth not $4.87½ each but about $20. In February, 1955, he sold off four thousand shares at $22.75 each, bringing in ninety-one thousand dollars. This sum was then applied against fur-

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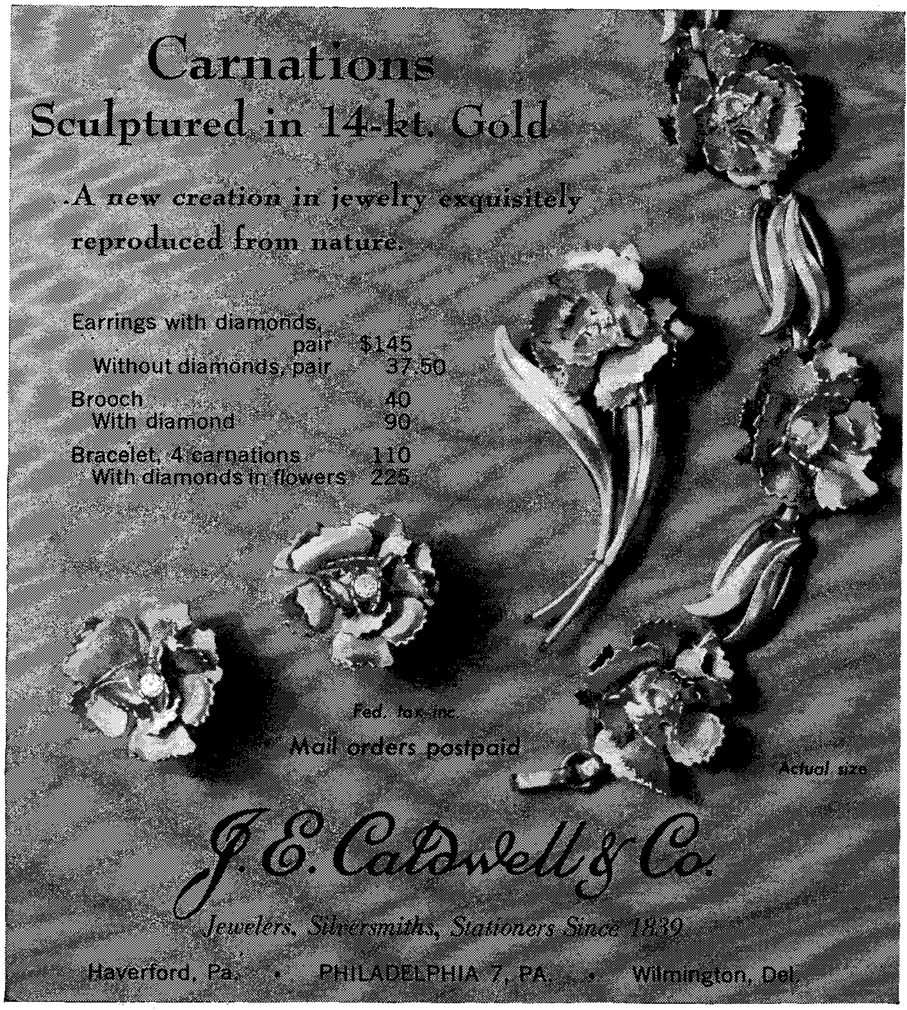
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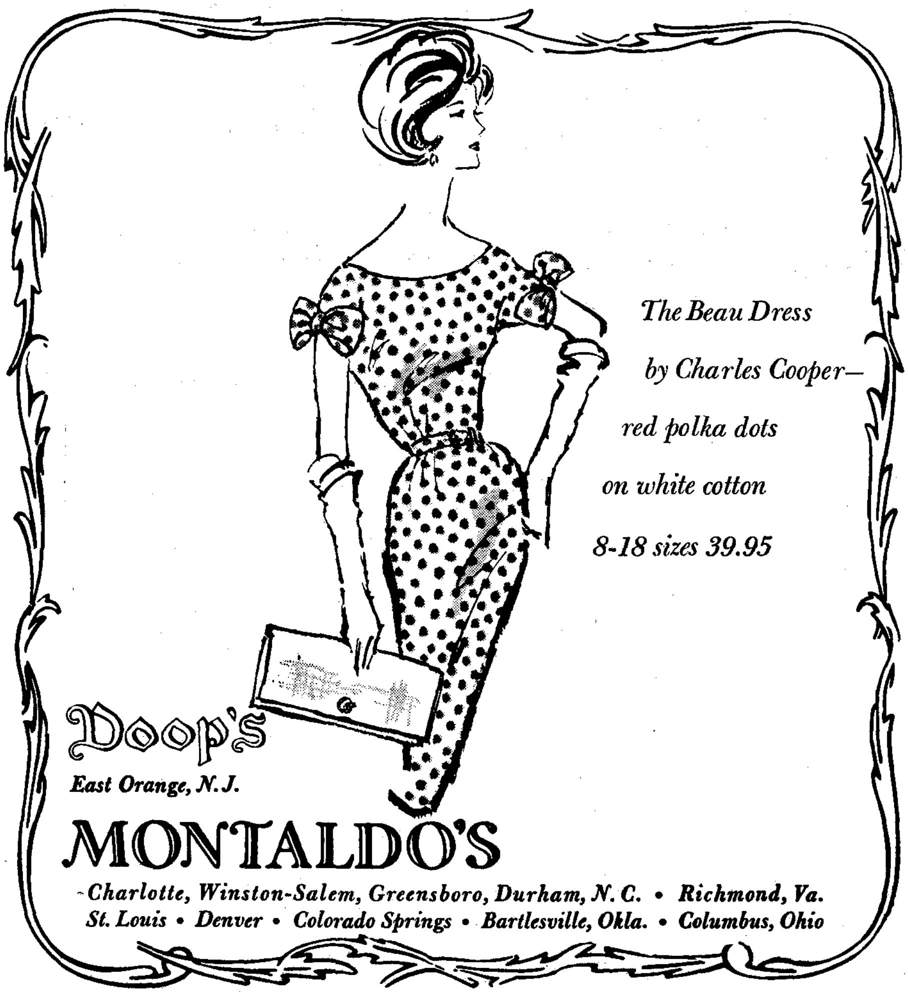
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ther purchases under the option, and in August, 1955, the proxy statements show, Lilienthal raised his holdings to almost forty thousand shares, or close to the number he holds now. By that time, the stock, which had at first been sold over the counter, not only had achieved a listing on the New York Stock Exchange but had become one of the Exchange's highflying speculative favorites; its price had skyrocketed to about forty dollars a share, and Lilienthal, obviously, was solidly in the millionaire class. Since then, the quotation on Minerals & Chemicals has gone down to a more reasonable level, but the company is now, by all accounts, on a sound long-term basis, paying an annual cash dividend of fifty cents a share, and the Lilienthal family's financial worries would appear to be over.

Fiscally speaking, Lilienthal told me, his symbolic moment of triumph was the day, in June of 1955, when the shares of Minerals & Chemicals graduated to a listing on the New York Stock Exchange. In accordance with custom, Lilienthal, as a top officer, was invited onto the floor to shake hands with the president of the Exchange and be shown around generally. "I went through it in a daze," Lilienthal told me. "Until then, I'd never been inside any stock exchange in my life. It was all mysterious and fascinating. No zoo could have seemed more strange to me."

IN telling me about his experience with the company, Lilienthal had spoken with zest and had made the whole thing sound mysterious and fascinating. I asked him what, apart from the obvious financial inducement, had led him to devote himself to the affairs of a small firm, and how it had felt for the former boss of T.V.A. and A.E.C. to be, in effect, peddling Attapulgite, kaolin, limestone, and Speedi-Dri. Lilienthal leaned back in his chair and stared at the ceiling. "I wanted an entrepreneurial experience," he said. "I found a great appeal in the idea of taking a small and quite crippled company and trying to make something of it. Building. That kind of building, I thought, is the central thing in American free enterprise, and something I'd missed in all my government work. I wanted to try my hand at it. Now, about how it felt. Well, it felt plenty exciting. It was full of intellectual stimulation, and a lot of my old ideas changed. I conceived a great new respect for financiers—men like André Meyer. There's a correctness about them, a certain high sense of honor,

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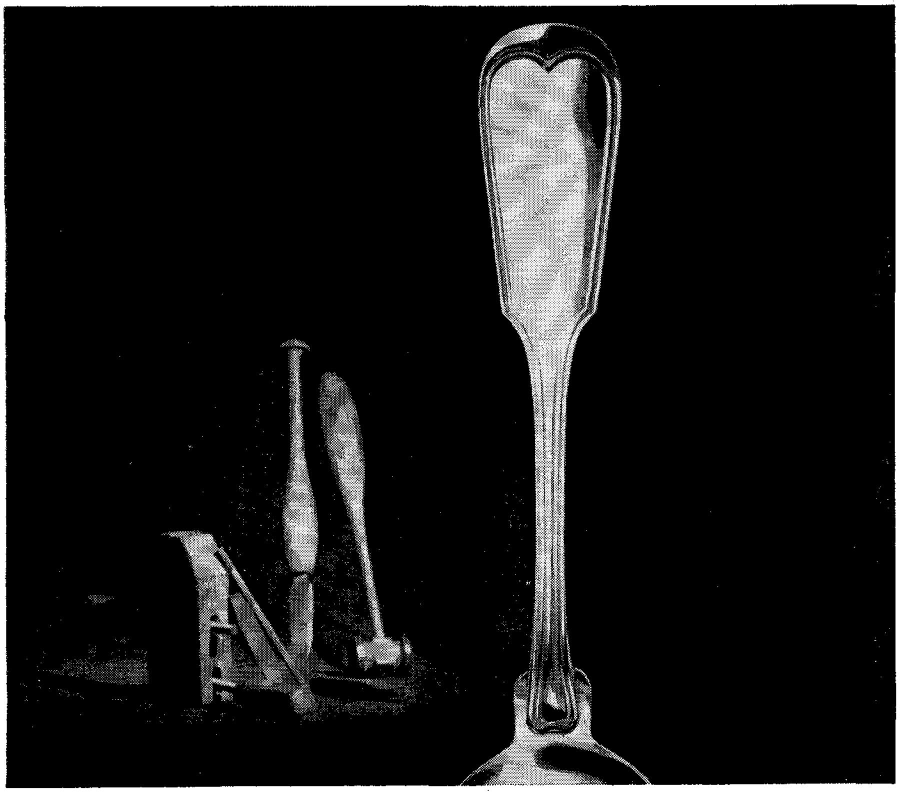

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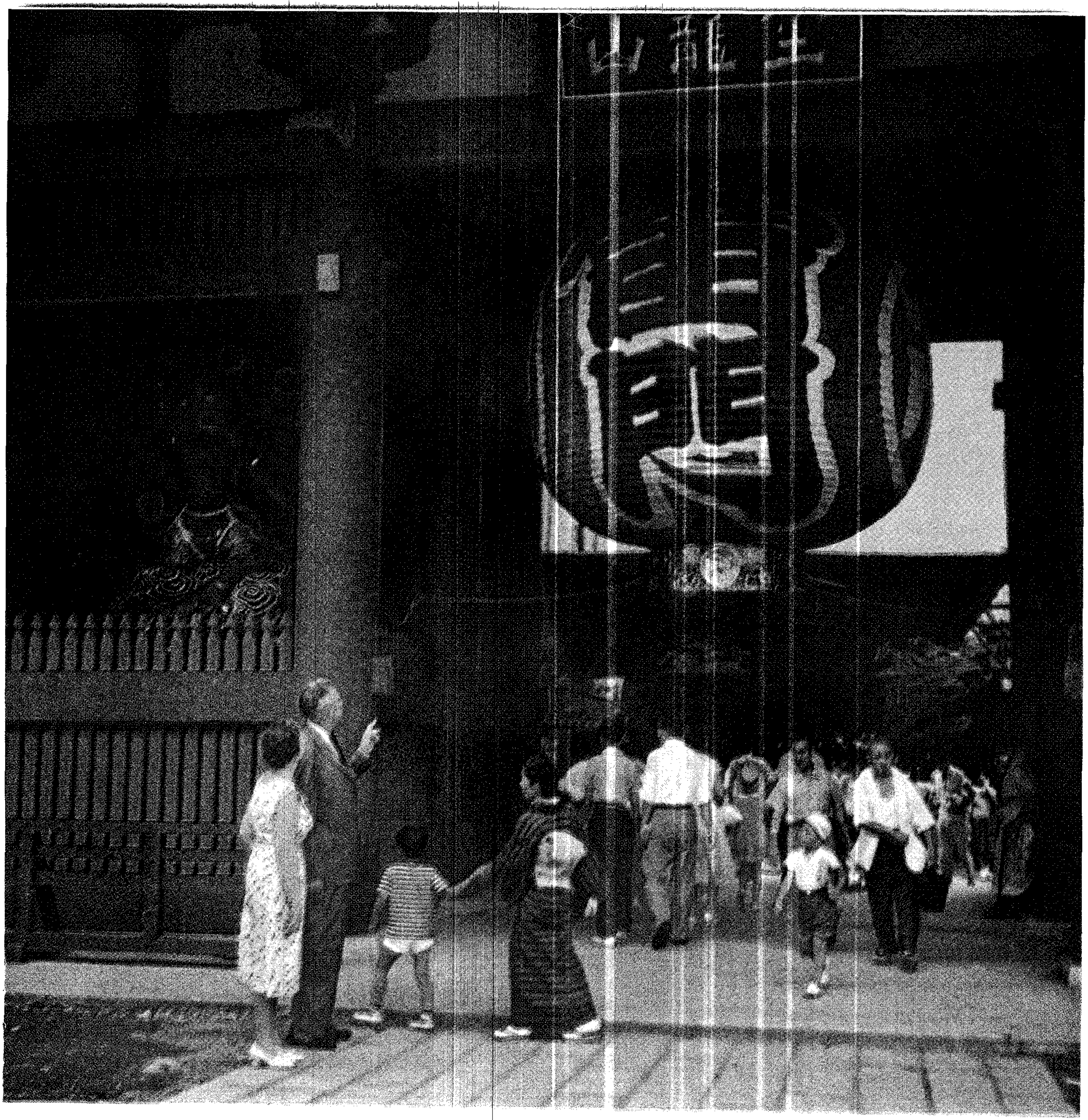
that I'd never had any conception of. I found that business life is full of creative, original minds—along with the usual number of second-guessers, of course. Furthermore, I found it seductive. In fact, I was in danger of becoming a slave. Business has its man-eating side, and part of the man-eating side is that it's so absorbing. I found that the things you read—for instance, that acquiring money for its own sake can become an addiction if you're not careful—are literally true. Certain good friends helped keep me on the track—men like Ferdinand Eberstadt, who became my fellow-director after the Attapulgus merger, and Nathan Greene, special counsel to Lazard Frères, who was on the board for a while. Greene was a kind of business father confessor to me. I remember his saying, 'You think you'll make your pile and then be independent. My friend, in Wall Street you don't just win your independence at one stroke. To paraphrase Thomas Jefferson, you have to win your independence over again every day.' I found that he was right about that. Oh, I had my problems. I questioned myself at every step. It was exhausting. You see, for so long I'd been associated with two pretty far-reaching things—institutions. I had a feeling of identity with them; in that kind of work you are able to lose your sense of self. Now, with myself to worry about—my personal standards as well as my financial future—I found myself wondering all the time whether I was making the right move. But that part's all in my journal, and you can read it there, if you like."

I said I certainly would like to read it, and Lilienthal led me to his study, in the basement. It proved to be a good-sized room whose windows opened on window wells into which strands of ivy were trailing; light came in from outside, and even a little slanting sunshine, but the tops of the window wells were too high to permit a view of the garden or the neighborhood. Lilienthal remarked, "My neighbor Robert Oppenheimer complained about the enclosed feeling when he first saw this room. I told him that was just the feeling I wanted!" Then he showed me a filing cabinet, standing in a corner; it contained the journal, in rows and rows of loose-leaf notebooks, the earliest of them dating back to its author's high-school days. Having invited me to make myself at home, Lilienthal left me alone in his study and went back upstairs.

Taking him at his word, I went for a



The Lantern in the Temple

Tokyo is terrific! All Japan, for that matter is a delightfully exciting experience for the traveler. This retired Professor and his wife are awed by Tokyo's ancient Asakusa Kannon Buddhist temple, with its enormous, colorful portal lantern. Great trip! △ Here's a strong hint to trippers and hearth warmers alike: discover the advantages of doing business with First National City. In greater New York and around the world, this resourceful financial organization is *there* when you need it. (Four branches in Japan alone—79 in 29 countries overseas!) △ If you're an investor, you might begin with an inquiry on our Investment Advisory Service. For world travelers, busy business men...anyone with a substantial investment program...this is decidedly a boon. Experienced investment specialists take the worry and work out of investing for you. Safekeeping of your securities is included. *You,* Sir...or Madam! Why not write now for a copy of "HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF YOUR INVESTMENTS"...there's no obligation whatever. *Dozo!*

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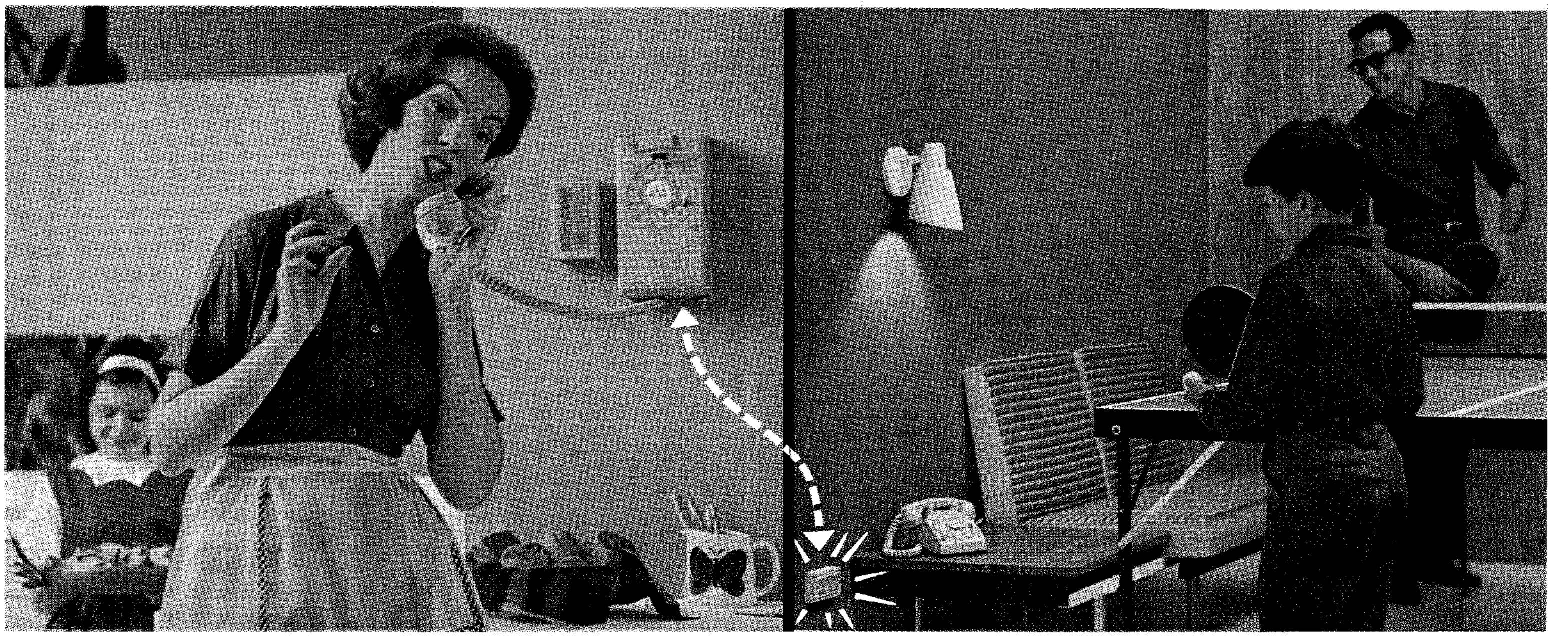
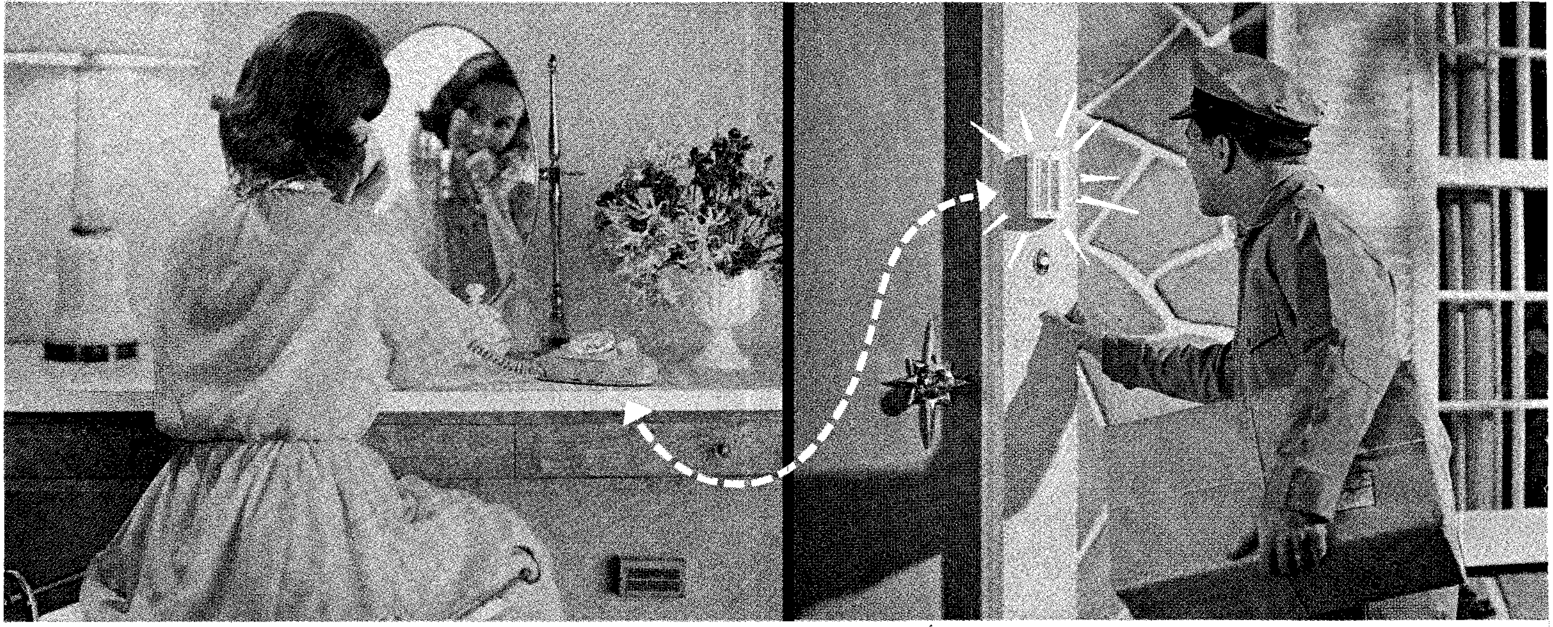


HOME INTERPHONE. Lets you talk by phone from room to room. And answer "hands free"—without picking up the receiver or interrupting what you're doing.



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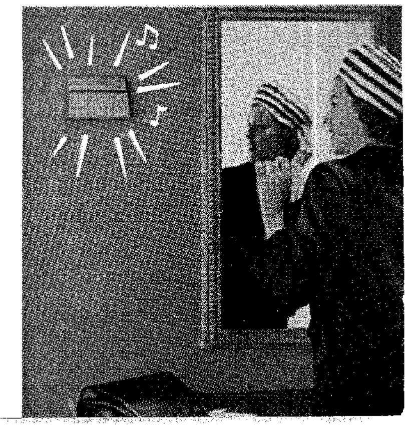


BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

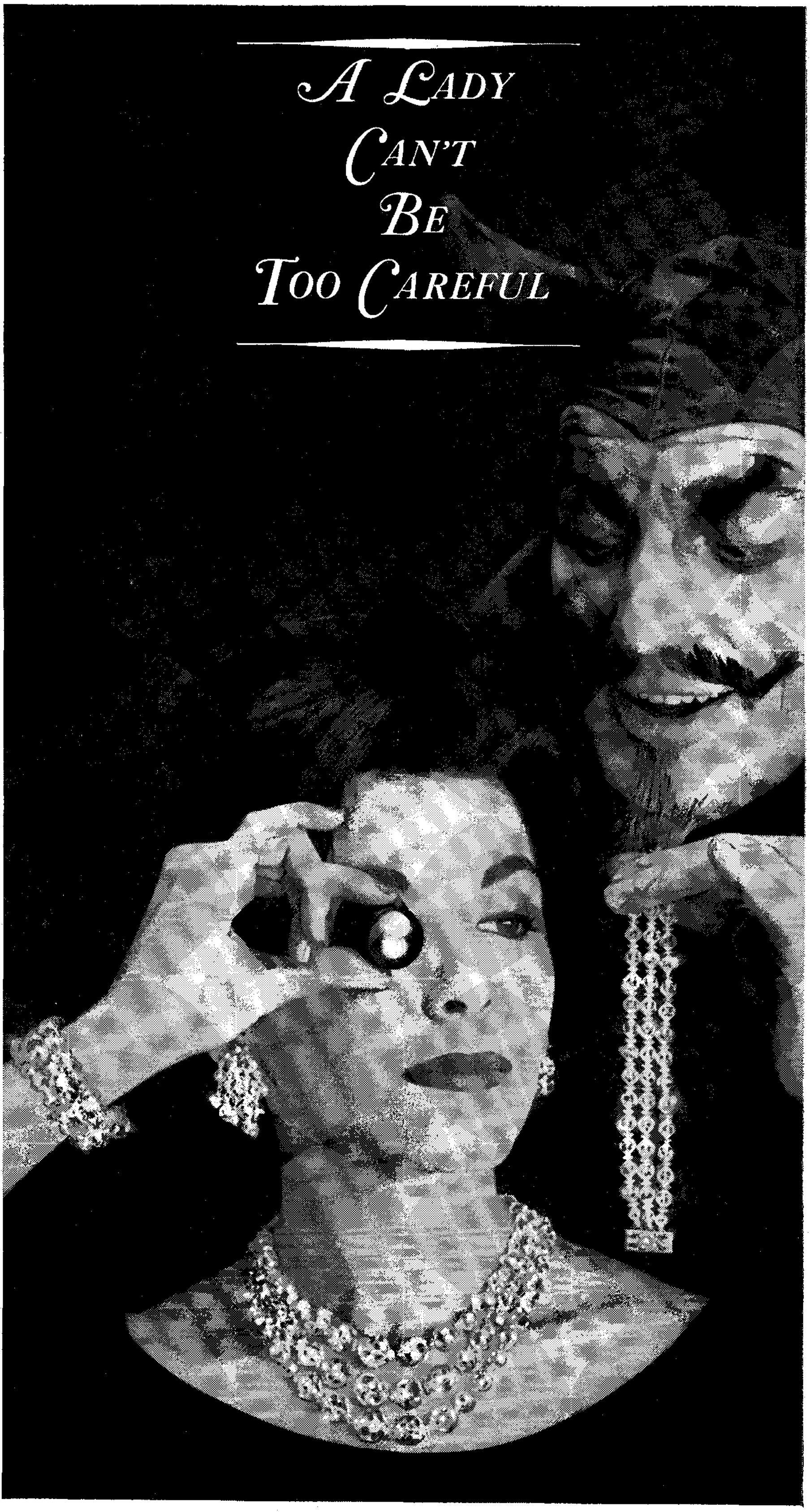
turn or two around the room, looking at the pictures on the walls and finding about what might have been expected: inscribed photographs from Franklin D. Roosevelt, Harry S. Truman, Senator George Norris, Louis Brandeis; pictures of Lilienthal with Roosevelt, with Willkie, with Fiorello LaGuardia, with Nelson Rockefeller, with Nehru in India; a night view of the Fontana Dam, in the Tennessee Valley, being built under a blaze of electricity supplied by T.V.A. power plants. A man's study reflects himself as he wishes to be seen publicly, but his journal, if he is honest, reflects something else. I had not browsed long in Lilienthal's journal before I realized that it was an extraordinary document—not merely a historical source of unusual interest but a searching record of a public man's thoughts and emotions. I leafed through the years of his association with Minerals & Chemicals, and, scattered amid much about family, Democratic politics, friends, trips abroad, reflections on national policies, and hopes and fears for the republic, I came upon the following entries having to do with business and life in New York:

May 24, 1951: Looks as if I am in the minerals business. In a small way, that could become a big way. [He goes on to explain that he has just had his first interview with Dr. Gregory, and is apparently acceptable to the old man as the new president of the company.]

May 31, 1951: [Starting in business] is like learning to walk after a long illness. . . . At first you have to *think:* move the right foot, move the left foot, etc. Then you are walking without thinking, and then walking is something one does with unconsciousness and utter confidence. This latter state, as to business, has yet to come, but I had the first touch of it today.

July 22, 1951: I recall Wendell Willkie saying to me years ago, "Living in New York is a great experience. I wouldn't live anywhere else. It is the most exciting, stimulating, satisfying spot in the world," etc. I think this was apropos of some remark I had made on a business visit to New York—that I was certainly glad I didn't *have* to live in that madhouse of noise and dirt. [Last] Thursday was a day in which I shared some of Willkie's feeling. . . . There was a grandeur about the place, and adventure, a sense of being in the center of a great achievement, New York City in the fifties.

October 28, 1951: What I am reaching for, perhaps, is to have my cake and eat it, too, but in a way this is not wholly senseless nor futile. That is, I can have enough actual contact with the affairs of business to keep a sense of reality, or develop one. How otherwise can I explain the pleasure I get in visiting a copper mine or talking to operators of an electric



The lady is tempted...*if* the earthly rewards are worth her wiles. Should *you* be approached with a devilish proposition...make sure *your* reward is the dawn-lit, dazzling Laguna Crown Jewel look...Aurora Borealis Necklaces to $20. Bracelets to $12. Earrings to $6 . . . at fine stores everywhere. Send for free booklet "HOW TO MAKE ONE OUTFIT INTO MANY" by Jacques Tiffeau, internationally famous designer. Write Department N, Laguna, Royal Craftsmen, Inc., 389 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Laguna
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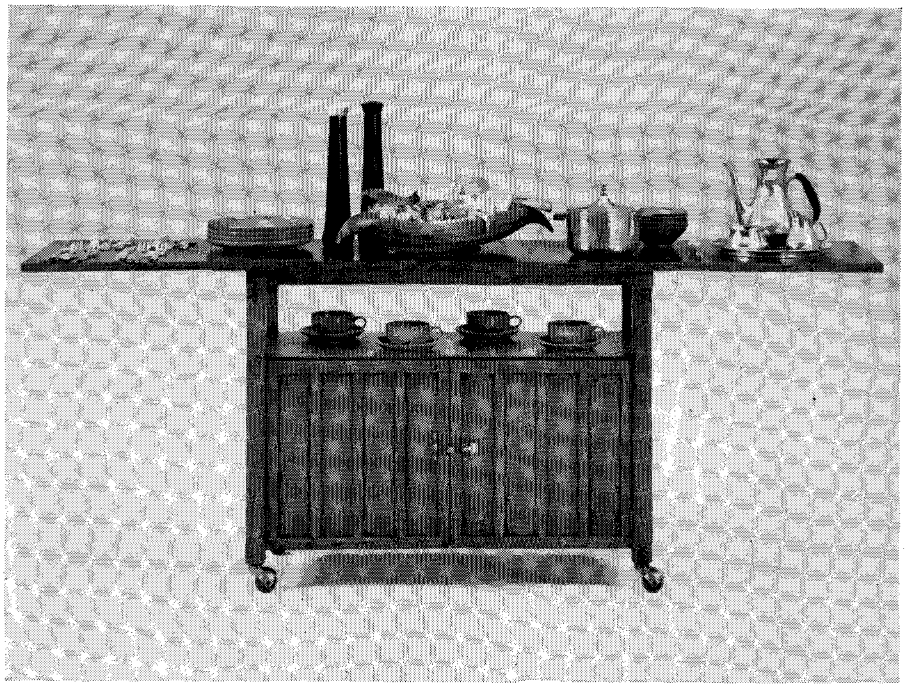

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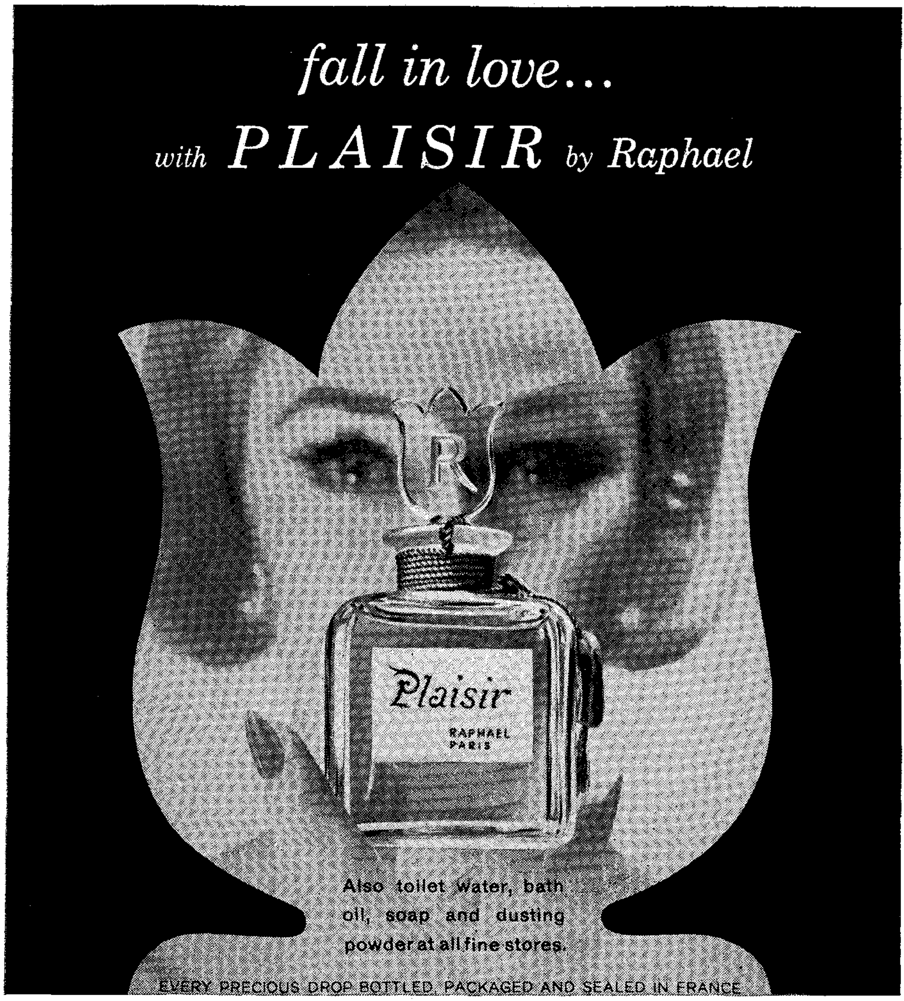

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furnace, or a coal-research project, or watching how André Meyer works.... But along with that I want to be free enough to think about what these things mean, free enough to read outside the immediate field of interest. This requires keeping out of *status* (the absence of which I know makes me vaguely unhappy).

DECEMBER 8, 1952: What is it that investment bankers do for their money? Well, I have certainly had my eyes opened, as to the amount of toil, sweat, frustrations, problems—yes, and tears—that has to be gone through. . . . If everyone who has something to sell in the market had to be as meticulous and detailed in his statements about what he is selling as those who offer stock in the market are now, under the Truth in Securities law, darn little would be sold, in time to be useful, at least.

DECEMBER 20, 1952: My purpose in this Attapulgus venture is to make a good deal of money in a short time, in a way (i.e., old man capital gains) that enables me to keep three-fourths of it, instead of paying 80% or more in income taxes. . . . But there is another purpose: to have had the experience of business. . . . The real reason, *or the chief reason, is a feeling that* my life wouldn't be complete, living in a business period—that is, a time dominated by the business of business—unless I had been active in that area. What I wanted was to be an observer of this fascinating activity that so colors and affects the world's life, not... an observer from without (as a writer, teacher) but from the arena itself. I still have this feeling, and when I get low and glad to chuck the whole thing (as I have from time to time), the sustaining part is that even the bumps and sore spots are experiences, actual experiences within the business world....

Then, too, [I wanted to be able to make] a comparison of the managers of business, the spirit, the tensions, the motivations, etc., with those of government (something I keep doing anyway)—and that needs doing to understand either government or business. This requires actual valid experience in the business world somewhat comparable to my long hiring out in government matters.

I don't kid myself that I will ever be accepted as a businessman, not after those long years when I wore horns, for all of them outside the Tennessee Valley at least. And I feel less defensive—usually shown by a belligerence—on this score than I did when I rarely saw a tycoon or a Wall Streeter, whereas now I live with them....

JANUARY 18, 1953: I am now definitely committed [to Minerals & Chemicals] for not less than three more years... and morally committed to see the thing through. While I can't conceive that this business will ever seem enough, an end of itself, to make up a satisfactory life, yet the busy-ness, the activity, the crises, the gambles, the management problems I must face, the judgment about people, all combine to make something far from dull. Add to this the good chance of making a good deal of money. . . . My decision to try business—that seemed to so many

HOW TO SEE EUROPE WITHOUT RUNNING YOURSELF RAGGED

There are two ways to do it. You could negotiate for the most desirable hotel rooms in all the cities you'd like to visit . . . write for reserved seats at all the famous festivals . . . cable for knowledgeable local people to guide you . . . and tend to umpty-eight other details yourself.

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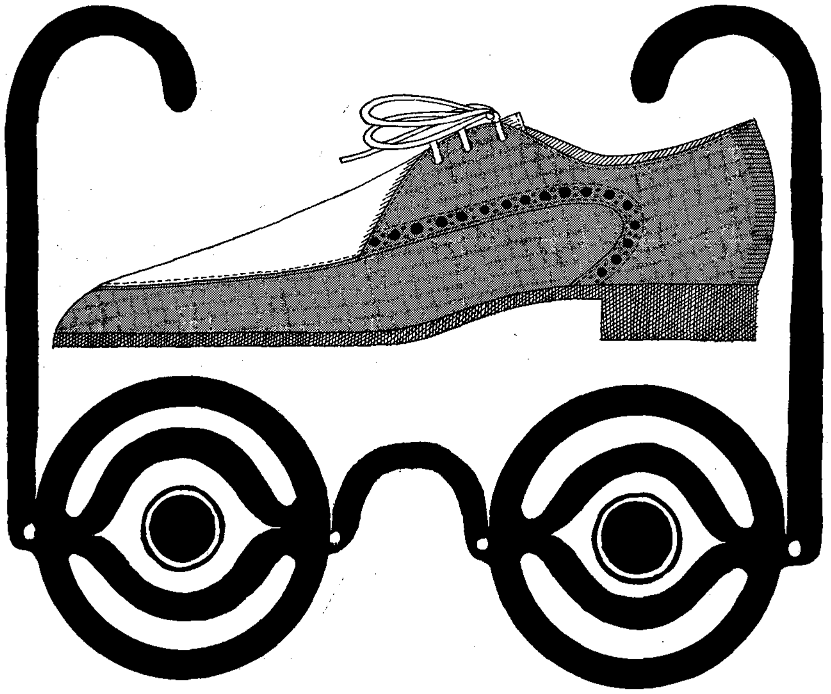

Countess Mara...obviously

"STARBOARD TACK" Woven Silk Tie in silver, Arno blue, black, beige, moss or gold, 12.50. *"TENNIS"* Woven Silk Tie in grey, Gibraltar, maroon, brown, black or reseda, 10.00. *"MARA STRIPES"* Light-Warp Silk Tie in white with black, blue, gold or brown, 8.50. All carry the distinguished CM coronet.

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designs for one man in a million

people a bit of romantic moonshine—makes more sense today than it did a year ago.

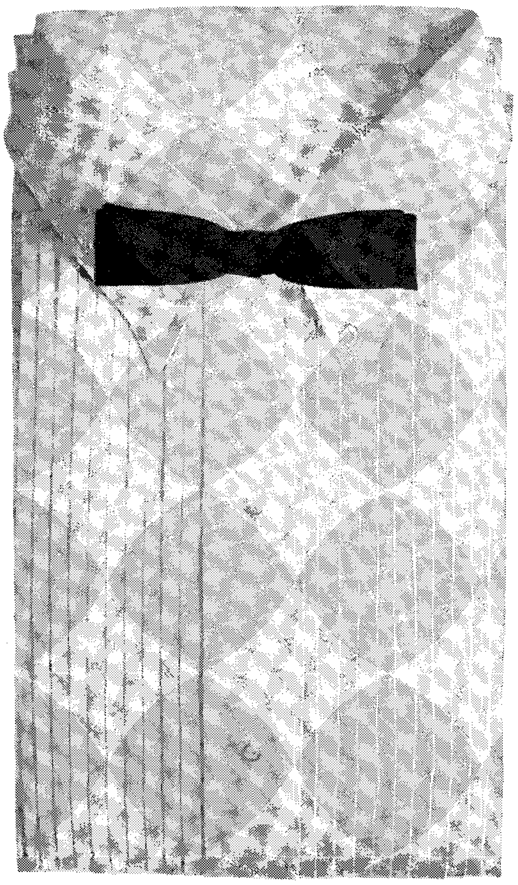
But there is something missing....

December 2, 1953: Crawford Greenewalt [president of du Pont] . . . introduced me in a speech (in Philadelphia).... He noted that I had entered the chemical business; bearing in mind that I had previously headed the biggest things in America, bigger than [any] private corporations, he was naturally a little nervous about seeing me become a potential competitor. It was kidding, but it was good kidding. And it certainly gave little ole Attapulgus quite a notice.

June 30, 1954: I have found a new kind of satisfaction, and in a sense, fulfillment, in a business career. I really never felt that the "consultant" thing was being a businessman, or engaging in the realities of a life of business. Too remote from the actual thinking process, the exercise of judgment and decision.... In this company, as we are evolving it, there are so many of the elements of fun.... The starting with almost nothing . . . the company depending on patents alone . . . acquisition, mergers, stock issues, proxy statements, the methods of financing internally and by bank loans . . . also the way stock prices are made, the silly and almost childlike basis upon which grown men decide that a stock should be bought, and at what price . . . the merger with Edgar, the great [subsequent] rise in the price of their stock . . . the review of the price structure. The beginning of better costs. The catalyst idea. The drive and energy and imagination: the nights and days (in the lab until 2 A.M. night after night) and finally the beginning of a new business. . . . It is quite a story.

Reading through the journal, I seemed to detect under the exuberance and the absorption a nagging sense of dissatisfaction, almost of compromise. For Lilienthal, the obviously genuine thrill of having a new kind of experience, and an almost unimaginably profitable one, had been, I sensed, a rose with a worm in it. I went back up to the living room. There I found Lilienthal flat on his back on the Shah's rug underneath a pile of pre-school-age children. At least, it looked at first glance like a pile; on closer inspection I found that it consisted of just two boys. Mrs. Lilienthal, who had returned from the garden, introduced them as Allen and Daniel Bromberger, sons of the Lilienthals' daughter, Nancy, and Sylvain Bromberger, adding that the Brombergers were living nearby, since Sylvain was teaching philosophy at the university. (A few weeks later, Bromberger moved on to the University of Chicago.) The Lilienthals' only other offspring, David, Jr., lives in Edgartown, Massachusetts, where he has settled down to become a writer. In response to the urging of the senior Lilienthals, the grandchildren climbed off their grand-

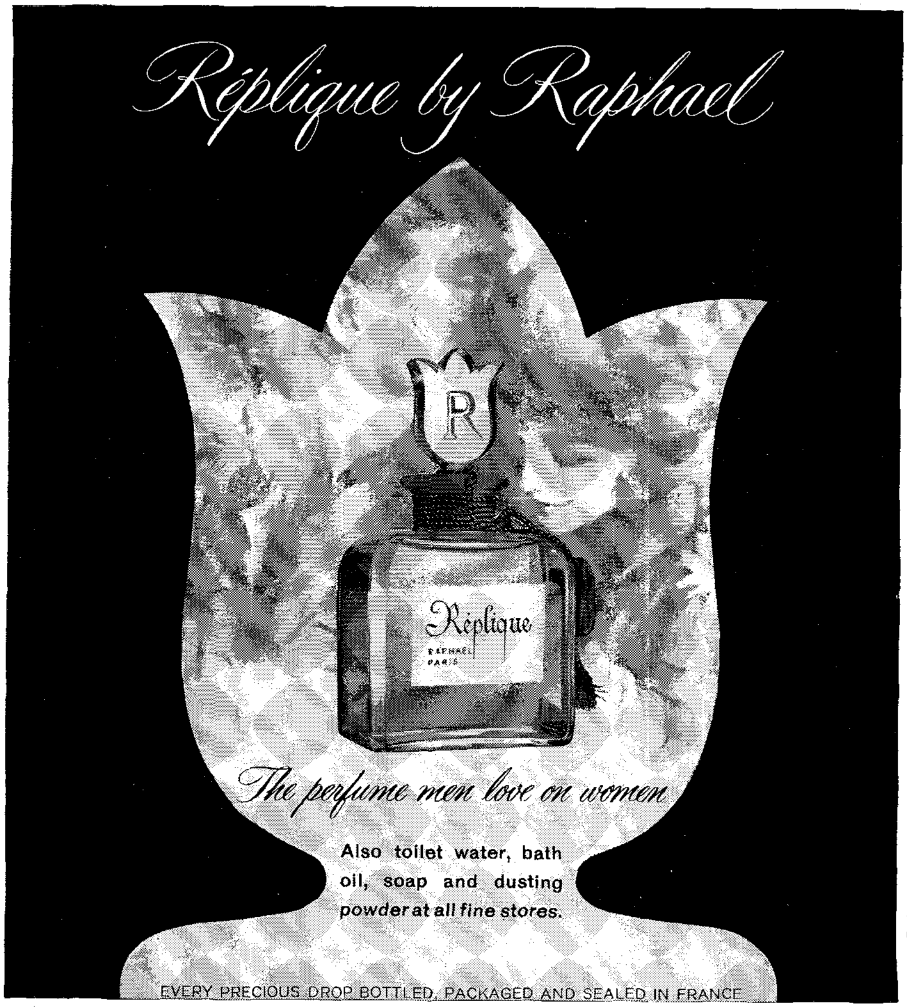
A GENUINE FORMAL BUTTON-DOWN?



Oh yes, and genuine even without this [EAGLE SHIRTMAKERS SINCE 1867] label

MANY of you like our button-downs so much that you can hardly bear to wear anything else even on special evenings; now there is no reason why you should. And since we already make button-downs in 386 fabrics, patterns, and colors it would have been unthoughtful of us not to make it an even 387 with this button-cuff button-down of fine broadcloth.* You can find it at the best men's shops although not always under our label (many stores like our shirts so much they sell them under their own names). If you'd like to know which in your vicinity please write us: Eagle Shirtmakers, Quakertown, Pennsylvania.

*Notice it bulges gracefully at the collar just like the other 386. One time a man, new to our button-downs, wrote to say that the collar didn't lie flat. When we told Helen Mohr, in Collars, about it she said that she was relieved.



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Gentlemen without parallel prefer The "Antiquary"

The "Antiquary" DE LUXE SCOTCH WHISKY

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father and disappeared from the room. When things were normal again, I told Lilienthal my reaction to the entries I had read in the journal, and he hesitated for a while before speaking. "Yes," he said, finally. "Well, one thing—it wasn't making all that money that worried me. That didn't make me feel either good or bad, by itself. In the government years, we'd always paid our bills, and by scrimping we'd been able to save enough to send the kids to college. We'd never thought much about money. And then making a lot of it, making a million—I was surprised, of course. I'd never especially aimed at that or thought it might happen to me. It's like when you're a boy and you try to jump six feet. Then you find you can jump six feet, and you say, 'Well, so what?' It's sort of irrelevant. Over the past few years, a lot of people have said to me, 'How does it feel to be rich?' At first, I was kind of offended—there seemed to be an implied criticism in the question—but I'm over that. I tell them it doesn't feel any special way. The way I feel is— But this is going to sound stuffy."

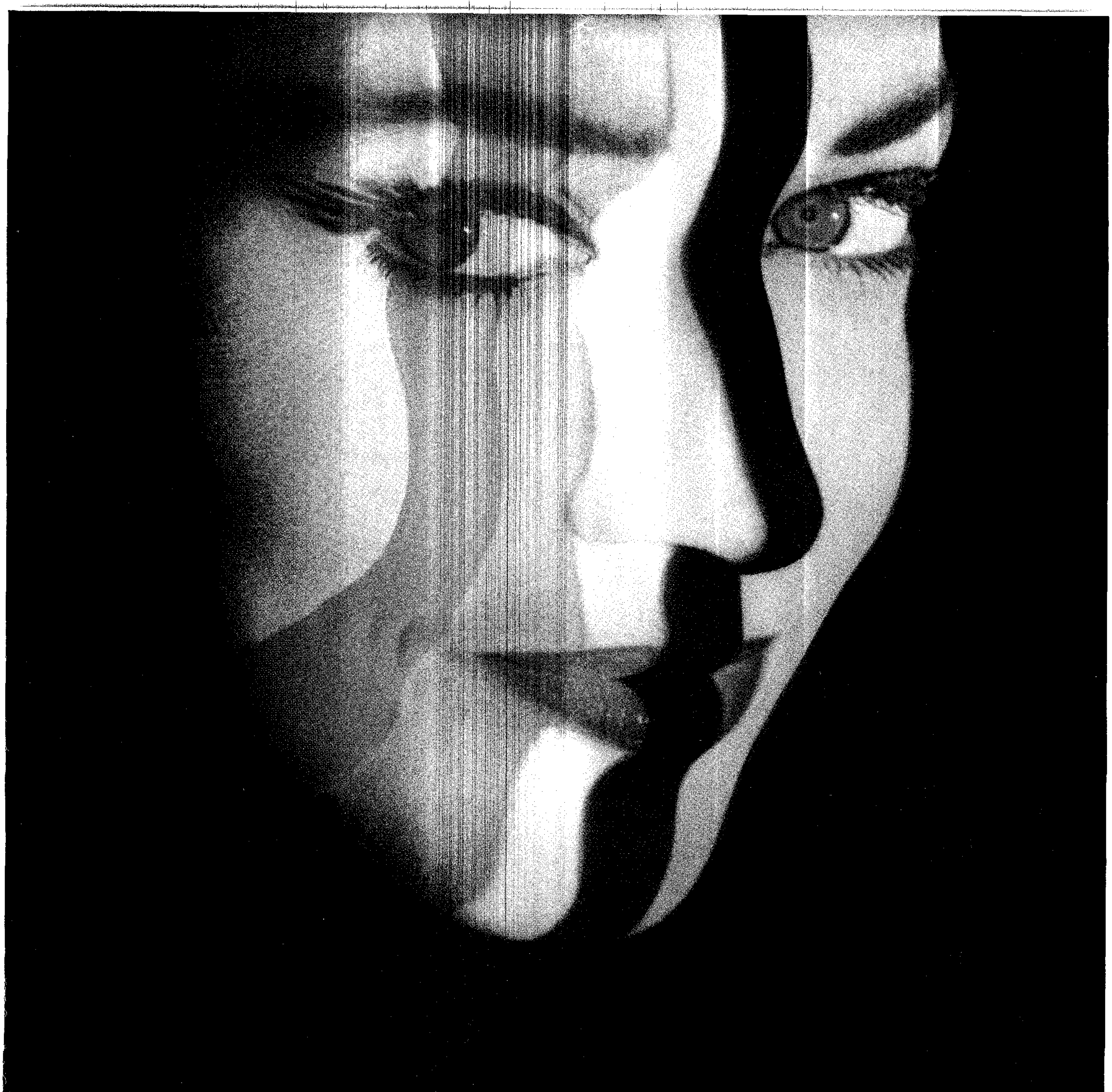
"No, I don't think it's stuffy," said Mrs. Lilienthal, anticipating what was coming.

"Yes, it is, but I'm going to say it anyway," said Lilienthal. "I don't think money makes much difference, as long as you have enough."

"I don't quite agree," said Mrs. Lilienthal. "It doesn't make much difference when you're young. You don't mind then, as long as you can struggle along. But as you get older, it *is* helpful."

Lilienthal nodded in deference to that. Then he said that he thought the undertone of dissatisfaction I had noticed in the journal probably stemmed, at least in part, from the fact that his career in private business, absorbing though it was, did not bring with it the gratifications of public-service work. True, he had not been deprived of them entirely, because it was at the height of his Minerals & Chemicals operations, in 1954, that he first went to Colombia, at the request of that country's government, and, serving as a peso-a-year consultant, started the Cauca Valley project that was later continued by the Development & Resources Corporation. But for the most part being a top officer of Minerals & Chemicals had kept him pretty well tied down, and he'd had to regard the Colombia work as a sideline, if not merely a hobby.

I thought of something else in Lilienthal's life at that time that might have



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She plays at least six roles: nurse, mother, housewife, hostess, companion, beloved. This gift pays homage to all: a tiny 17-jewel watch of exquisite beauty and accuracy, with six different case-covers, matching straps. She can change the colors at a whim. But not her affection for the man who presents this! $75. By **CROTON** NIVADA GRENCHEN

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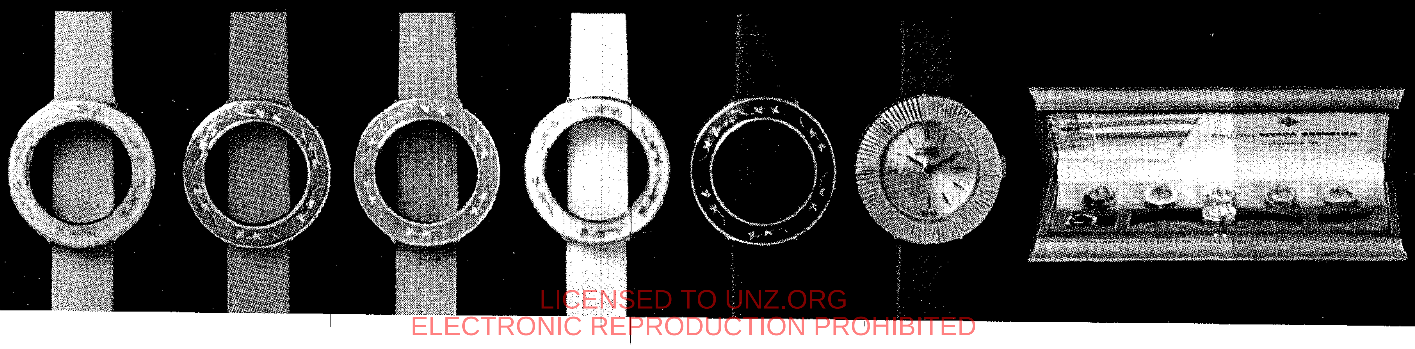

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Chief cook and bottle washer type?

Brief case and picnic basket type?

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6-passenger and three 9-passenger models. Stop
your dealer's one-stop shopping center and see if
doesn't come up with *exactly* the car you have in mi
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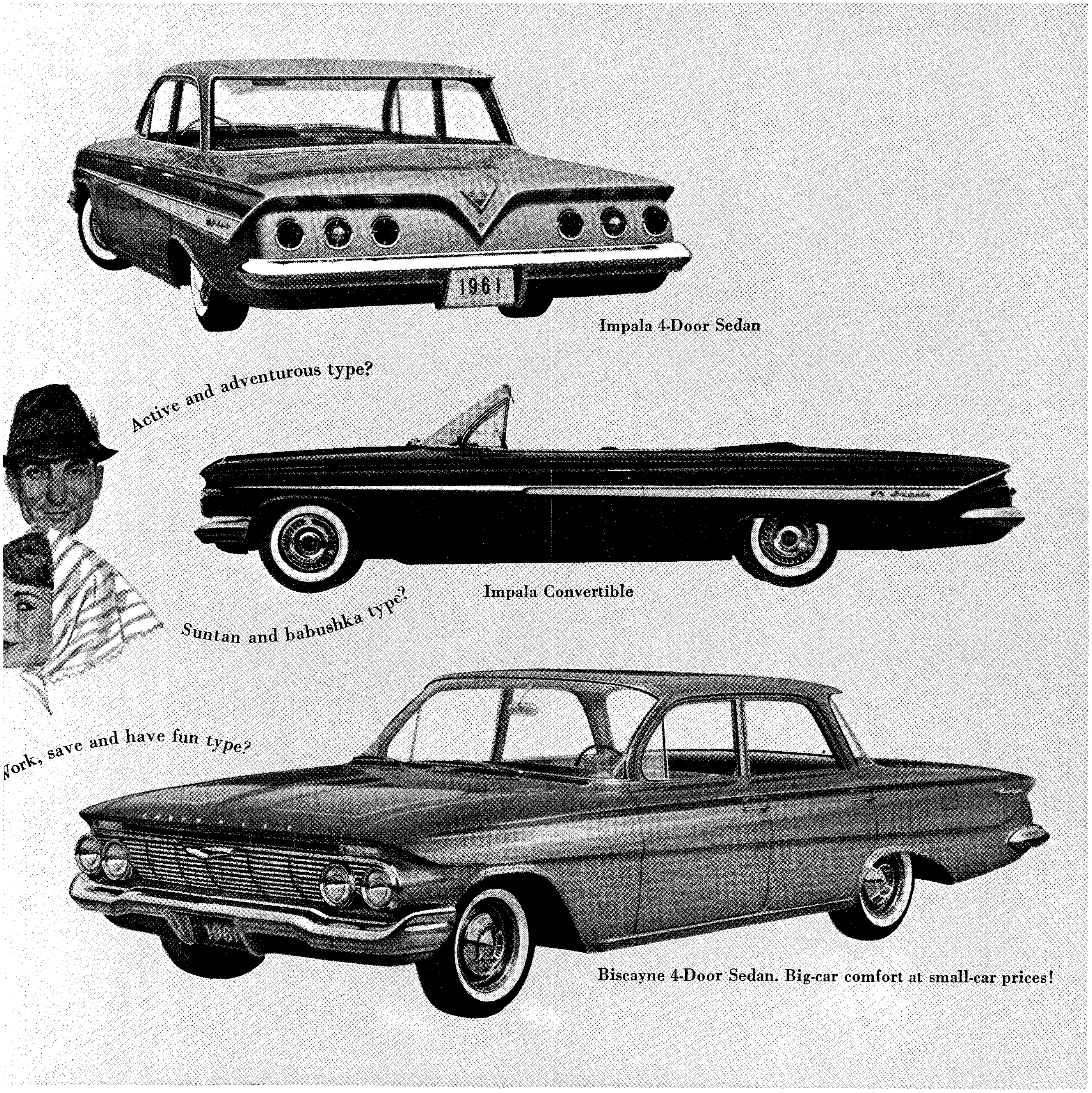
most likely to have what you want!


Active and adventurous type?
Suntan and babushka type?
Work, save and have fun type?

Impala 4-Door Sedan

Impala Convertible

Biscayne 4-Door Sedan. Big-car comfort at small-car prices!

Impala Sport Coupe—Door openings are over a half-foot wider and entrance height has been raised nearly 2 inches to make getting in and out easier. ***Bel Air Sport Sedan***—The lowest priced 4-door hardtop in Chevrolet's field. Like all '61 Chevies, gives you higher, more comfortable seats—plus generous head room. ***Parkwood 4-Door 9-Passenger Station Wagon***—Its whopping cargo opening is nearly 5 feet across.

Impala 4-Door Sedan—Gives you a choice of 24 power teams (biggest selection in the industry). ***Impala Convertible***—That giant new deep-well trunk lets you stack luggage 15% higher, and the loading height has been brought down to bumper level. ***Biscayne 4-Door Sedan***—Why cramp your style with a cut-down car when these Biscaynes sell for the same price?

JET-SMOOTH RIDE

CHEVROLET

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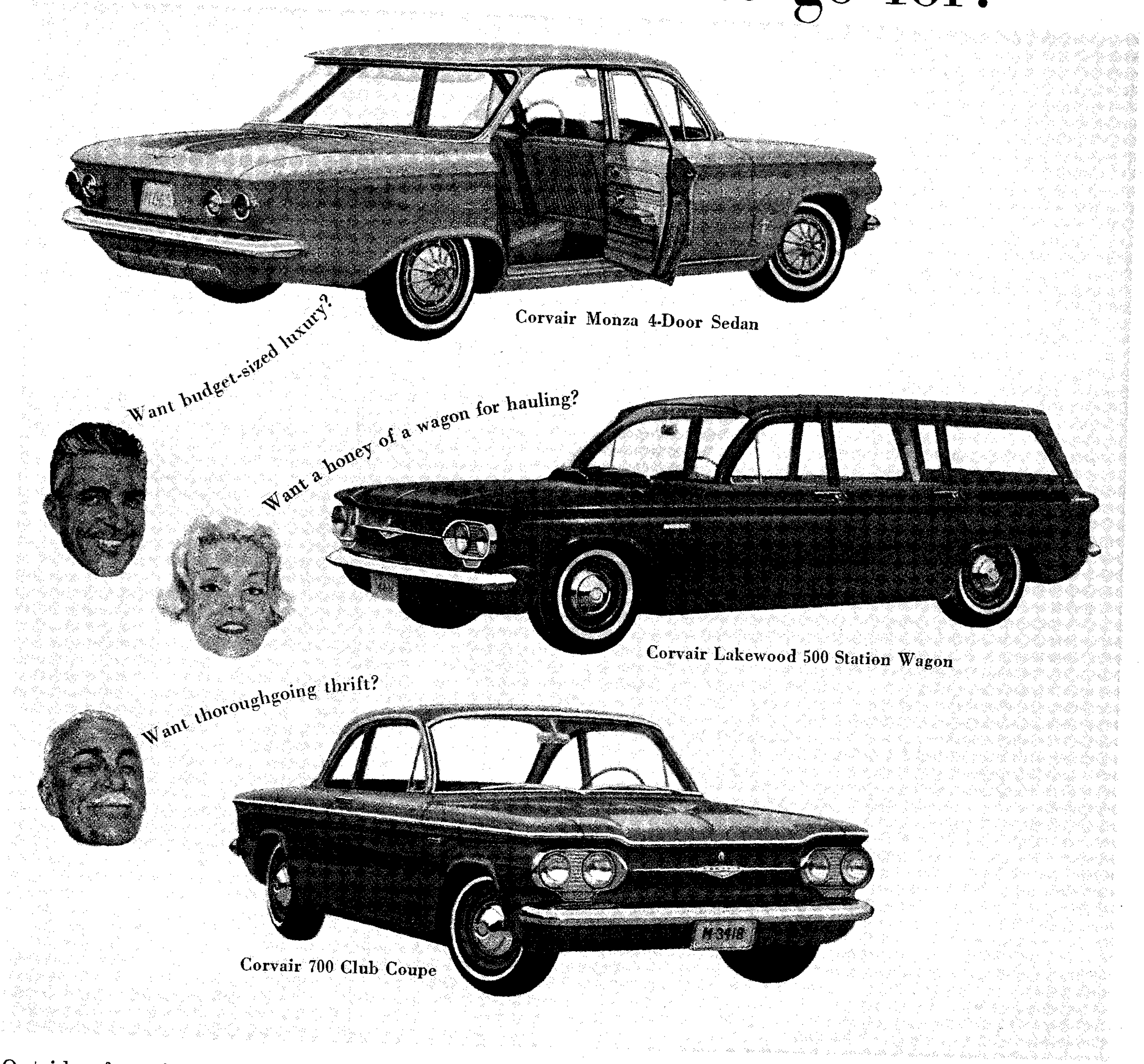
'61 CHEVROLET

Corvair's thrifty, sure...and you get a whole lot more to go for!


Want budget-sized luxury?
Want a honey of a wagon for hauling?
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Corvair Monza 4-Door Sedan

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Outside of costing less than you might think, and besides going miles and miles on a gallon of gas, and beyond the savings on the antifreeze you don't have to buy—what does Corvair do for you? Well, Corvair treats you to some of the pleasantest driving you're likely to come across. Its tender ride comes from independent suspension all around, its light steering from the rear engine. Get close to a Corvair soon—at your Chevrolet dealer's. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

Corvair Monza 4-Door—Meet the newest Corvair: the Monza 4-Door. Lots of luggage space under the hood, and you can get bucket-type seats up front (optional at extra cost). *4-Door Lakewood 500 Station Wagon*—This light-handling wagon gives you up to 68 cubic feet of cargo space. *700 Club Coupe*—Cars just don't come much more agreeable than this one, what with its tenacious rear-engine traction and all.

'61 CHEVY CORVAIR

corvair

taken some of the kick out of the process of becoming a successful businessman. His "Big Business" book had come out when he was in the thick of the Minerals & Chemicals work. I wondered whether, since it is such an uncritical paean to free enterprise, it had been construed by some people as a rationalization of his new career, and I asked about this.

"Well, the ideas in the book were rather a shock to some of my husband's New Deal friends, all right," Mrs. Lilienthal said, a bit dryly.

"They needed shocking, damn it!" Lilienthal burst out. He spoke with some heat, and I thought of the phrase in his journal—used there in an entirely different context but still in reference to himself—about defensiveness shown by belligerence. After a moment, he went on, in a normal tone, "My wife and daughter thought I didn't spend enough time working on the book, and they were right. I wrote it in too much of a hurry. My conclusions aren't supported by enough argument. For one thing, I should have spelled out in more detail my opposition to the way the anti-trust laws are administered. But the anti-trust part wasn't the real trouble. The thing that really shook up some of my old friends was what I said about big industry in relation to individualism, and about the machine in relation to aesthetics. Morris Cooke, who used to be administrator of the Rural Electrification Administration—he was one who was shaken up. He took me apart over the book, and I took him apart back. The anti-bigness dogmatists stopped having anything to do with me. They simply wrote me off. I wasn't hurt or disappointed. Those people are living on nostalgia; they look backward, and I try to look forward. Then, of course, there were the trust busters. They *really* went after me. But isn't trust busting, in the sense of breaking up big companies, pretty much a relic of a past era? Yes, I still think I was right in the main things I said—perhaps ahead of my time, but right."

"The trouble was the timing," Mrs. Lilienthal said. "The book came so close to coinciding with my husband's leaving public service and going into private business. Some people thought it represented a change in point of view induced by expediency. Which it didn't!"

"No," Lilienthal said. "The book was written mostly in 1952, but all the ideas in it were hatched while I was still in public service. For example, my idea that bigness is essential for national

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security came in large part out of my experiences in the A.E.C. The company that had the research and manufacturing facilities to make the atomic bomb an operational weapon, so engineered that it wouldn't require Ph.D.s to use it in the field—Bell Telephone, to be specific—was a big company. Because it was so big, the Anti-Trust Division of the Department of Justice was seeking to break the Bell System into several parts—unsuccessfully, as it turned out—at the very time we in the A.E.C. were calling on it to do a vital defense job that required unity. That seemed wrong. More generally, the whole point of view I expressed in the book goes way back to my quarrel with Arthur Morgan, the first T.V.A. chairman, in the early thirties. He had great faith in a handicraft economy, I was for large-scale industry. T.V.A., after all, was, and is, the biggest power system in the free world. In T.V.A. I always believed in bigness—along with decentralization. But, you know, the chapter I hoped would produce the most discussion was the one on bigness as a promoter of individualism. It *did* produce discussion, of a sort. I remember people—academic people, mostly—coming up to me with incredulous expressions and saying something that started with 'Do you *really* believe . . .' Well, my answer would start with 'Yes, I really do believe . . .' "

Lilienthal got up and walked to a window. "I see Domenic has been pretty cautious about his rose-pruning," he said to his wife. "Maybe I'll go out later and cut them back some more." His jaw was set in a way that made me feel pretty sure I knew how the rose-pruning controversy was going to be resolved.

THE triumphant solution to Lilienthal's problem—the way that he eventually found to have his cake and eat it—was the Development & Resources Corporation. The corporation arose out of a series of conversations between Lilienthal and Meyer during the spring of 1955, in the course of which Lilienthal pointed out that he was well acquainted with dozens of foreign dignitaries and technical personnel who had come to visit the T.V.A., and said that their intense interest in that project seemed to indicate that at least some of their countries would be receptive to the idea of starting similar programs. "Our aim in forming D. & R. was not to try to remold the world, or any large part of it, but only to try to help accomplish some rather specific things, and,

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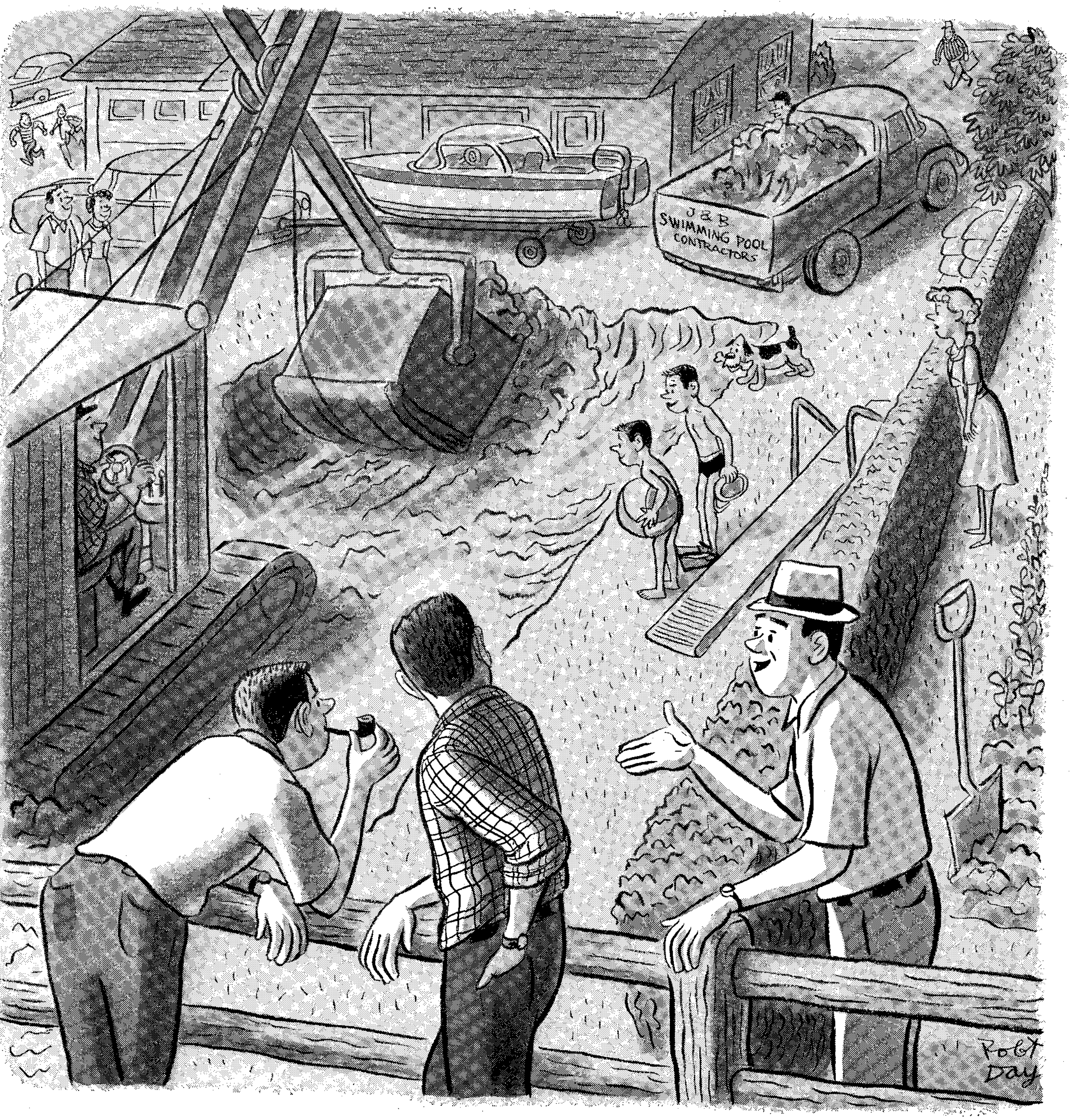

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incidentally, make a profit," Lilienthal told me. "André was not so sure about the profit—we both knew there would be a deficit at first—but he liked the idea of doing constructive things, and Lazard Frères decided to back us, in return for a half interest in the corporation." Clapp, who was serving at the time as deputy New York City administrator, came in as co-founder of the venture, and the subsequent executive appointments made D. & R. virtually a T.V.A. alumni association: John Oliver, who became executive vice-president, had been with T.V.A. from 1942 to 1954, ending up as its general manager; W. L. Voorduin, who became director of engineering, had been with T.V.A. for a decade and had planned its whole system of dams; Walton Seymour, who became vice-president for industrial development, had been a T.V.A. consultant on electric-power marketing for thirteen years; and a dozen other former T.V.A. men were scattered on down through the ranks.

In July, 1955, D. & R. set up shop at 44 Wall, and set to work finding clients. What was to prove its most important one came to light during a World Bank meeting in Istanbul that Lilienthal and his wife attended in September of that year. At the meeting, Lilienthal fell in with Abolhassan Ebtehaj, head of a seven-year development plan in Iran; as it happened, Iran was just about the ideal D. & R. client, since, for one thing, the royalties on its nationalized oil industry gave it considerable capital with which to pay for the development of its resources, and, for another, what it desperately needed was technical and professional guidance. The encounter with Ebtehaj led to an invitation to Lilienthal and Clapp to visit Iran as the guests of the Shah, and see what they thought could be done about Khuzistan. Lilienthal's employment contract with Minerals & Chemicals ended that December; although he stayed on as a director (and is still one), he was now free to devote all his time, or nearly all of it, to D. & R. In February, 1956, he and Clapp went to Iran. "Before then, I blush to say, I had never heard of Khuzistan," Lilienthal told me. "I've learned a lot about it since then. It was the heart of the Old Testament Elamite kingdom and later of the Persian Empire. The ruins of Persepolis are not far away, and those of Susa, where King Darius had his winter palace, are in the very center of Khuzistan. In ancient times, the whole region had an extensive water-conservation system—you can still find the remains

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of canals that were probably built by Darius twenty-five hundred years ago—but after the decline of the Persian Empire the water system was ruined by invasion and neglect. Lord Curzon described what the Khuzistan uplands looked like a century ago—'a desert over which the eye may roam unrested for miles.' It was that way when we got there. Nowadays, Khuzistan is one of the world's richest oil fields—the famous Abadan refinery is at its southern tip—but the inhabitants, two and a half million of them, haven't benefited much from that. The rivers have flowed unused, the fabulously rich soil has lain fallow, and all but a tiny fraction of the people have continued to live in desperate poverty. When Clapp and I first saw the place, we were appalled. Still, for two old T.V.A. hands like us, it was a dream; it was simply crying out for development. We looked for sites for dams, likely spots to hunt for minerals and make soil-fertility studies, and so on. We saw flares of natural gas rising from oil fields. That was waste, and it suggested petrochemical plants, to use the gas for making fertilizer and plastics. In eight days we'd roughed out a plan, and in about two weeks D. & R. had signed a five-year contract with the Iranian government.

"That was only the beginning. Bill Voorduin, our chief engineer, flew out there and spotted a wonderful dam site at a place just a few miles from the ruins of Susa—a narrow canyon with walls that rise almost vertically from the bed of the Dez River. We found we were going to have to manage the project as well as advise on it, and so our next job was lining up our managerial group. To give you some idea of the size of the project, right now there are about seven hundred people working on it at the professional level—a hundred Americans, three hundred Iranians, and three hundred others, mostly Europeans, who work directly for firms under subcontracts. Besides that, there are about forty-seven hundred Iranian laborers. Over five thousand people, all told. The entire plan includes fourteen dams, on five different rivers, and will take many years to finish. D. & R. has just completed its first contract, for five years, and signed a new one, for a year and a half, with option to renew for another five years. Quite a bit has been accomplished already. Take the first dam—the Dez one. I don't want to stun you with statistics, but it's to be six hundred and twenty feet high, or more than half again as high as the Aswan, in Egypt, and it will eventually irrigate three hun-

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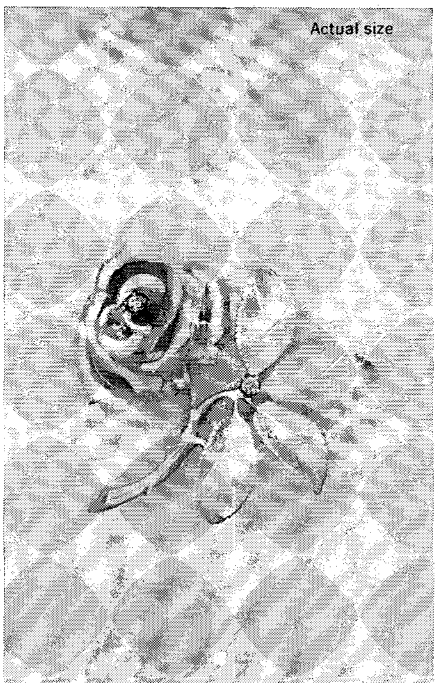

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dred and sixty thousand acres and generate five hundred and twenty thousand kilowatts of electricity. Ground was broken for it in February, 1958, the actual pouring of concrete for it will begin early this fall, and it will be finished early in 1963. Meanwhile, a sugar plantation—the first in Khuzistan in twenty-five centuries—has been started, with irrigation by pumped water; it should yield its first crop this summer, and a sugar refinery will be ready by the time the sugar is. Another thing: eventually the region will supply its own electric power from the dams, but for the interim period a high-tension line, the first anywhere in Iran, has been put in over the seventy-two miles from Abadan to Ahwaz—a city of a hundred and twenty thousand that previously had no power source except half a dozen little diesels, which seldom worked."

While the Iranian project was proceeding, D. & R. was also busy lining up and carrying out its programs for Italy, Colombia, Ghana, the Ivory Coast, and Puerto Rico, as well as programs for private business groups in Chile and the Philippines. A job that D. & R. has just taken on for the United States Army Corps of Engineers excites Lilienthal enormously—an investigation of the economic impact of power from a proposed dam on the Alaskan sector of the Yukon, which he describes as "the river with the greatest hydroelectric potential remaining on this continent." Although Lazard Frères has retained its financial interest in the firm and now very happily collects its share of a substantial annual profit, D. & R. separated itself geographically by a few blocks from its sponsor firm in 1957, by moving to 50 Broadway, where it now has two and a half floors and a home-office staff of thirty-five.

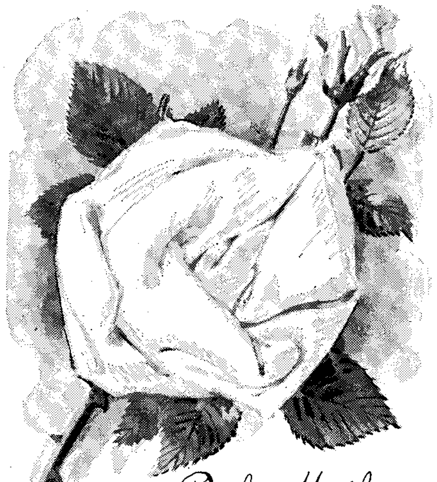
Lilienthal's new career has meant a highly peripatetic life both for him and for Mrs. Lilienthal, who goes with him on nearly all his trips. He showed me his foreign-travel log for 1960, which he said was a fairly typical year, and it read as follows:

JANUARY 23-MARCH 26: Honolulu, Tokyo, Manila; Iligan, Mindanao; Manila, Bangkok, Siemreap, Bangkok; Tehran, Ahwaz, Andimeshk, Ahwaz, Tehran; Geneva, Brussels, Madrid; home.

OCTOBER 11-17: Buenos Aires; Patagonia; home.

NOVEMBER 18-DECEMBER 5: London, Tehran, Rome, Milan, Paris, home.

Then he went and got the volume of his journal that relates to those trips. Turning to the pages on his stay in Iran



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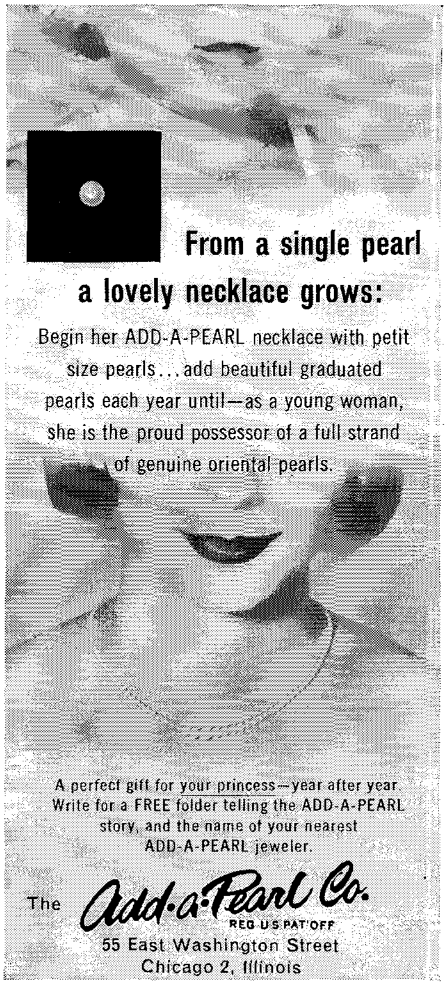

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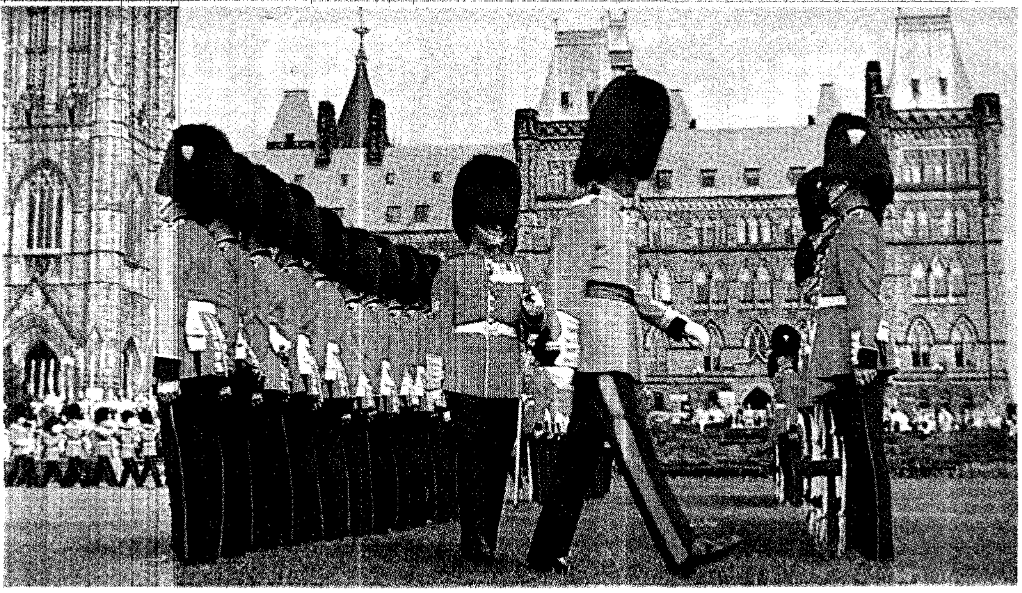

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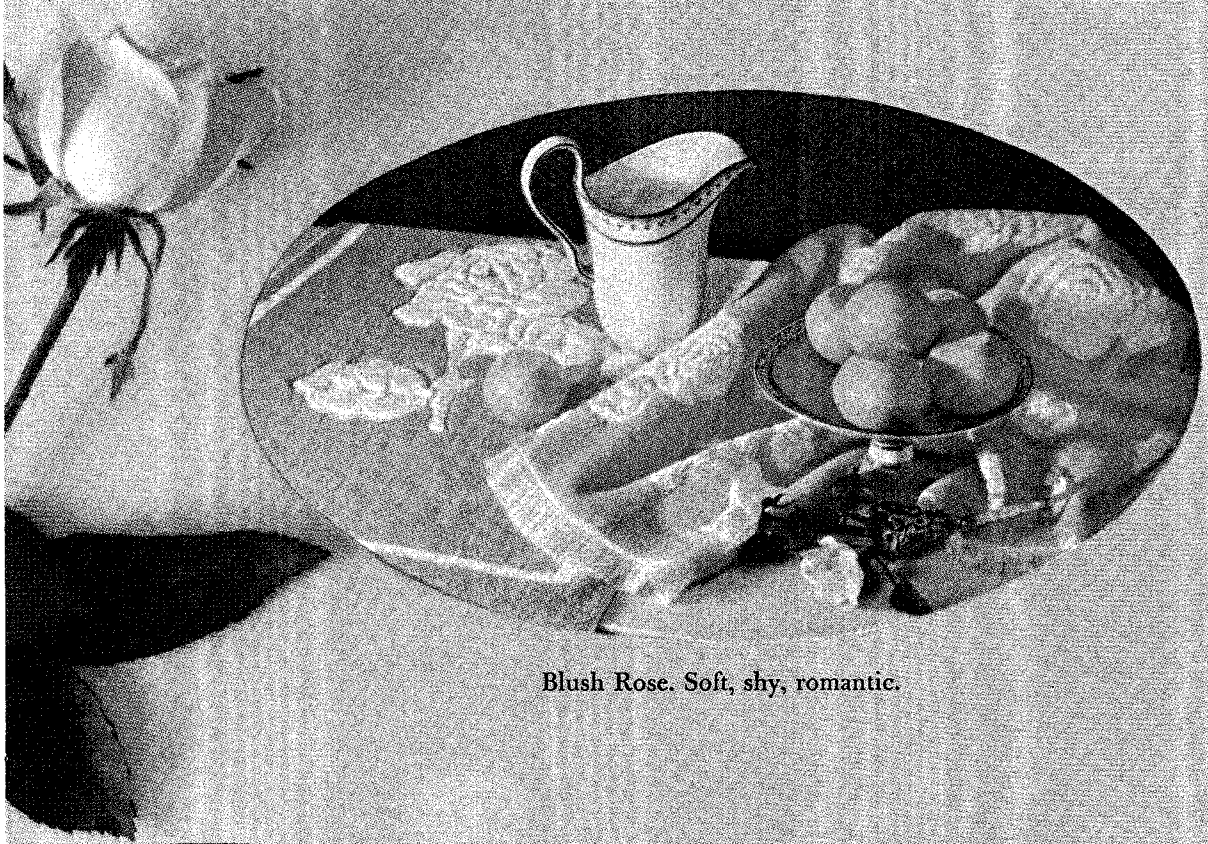

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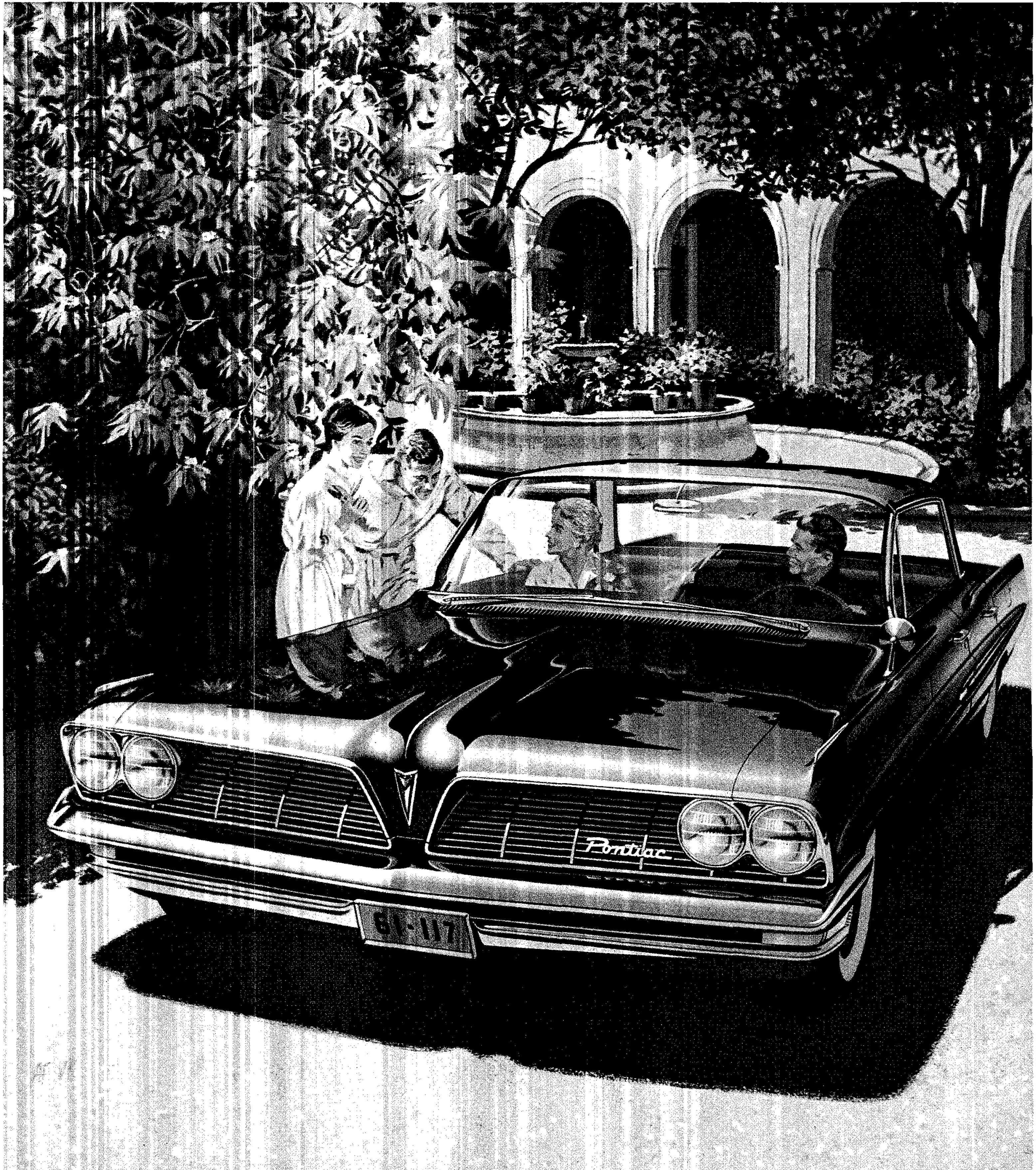

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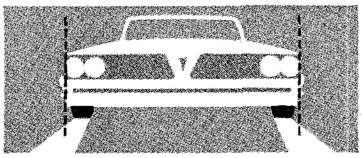

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early last spring, I was particularly struck by a few excerpts:

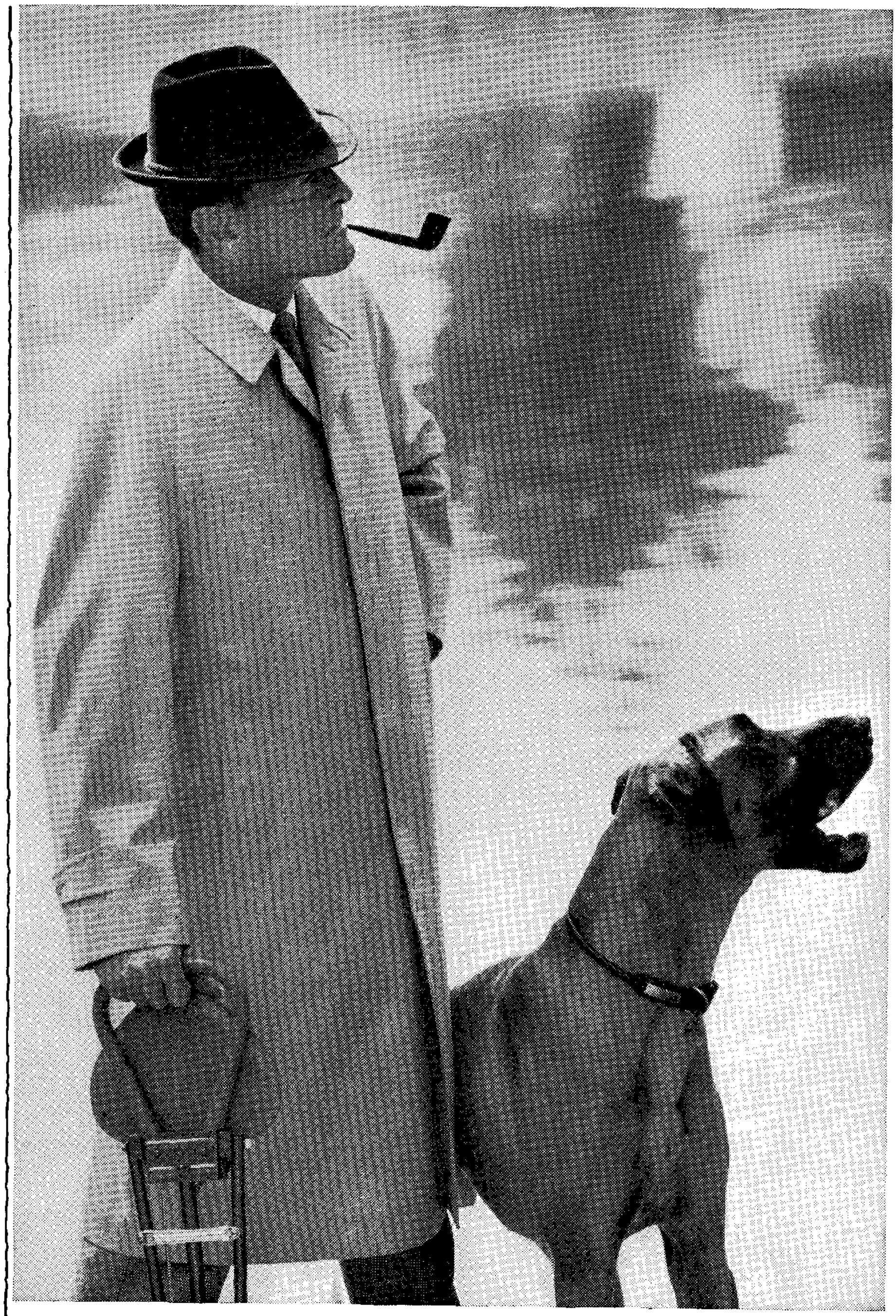
AHWAZ, MARCH 5: The cry of the Arab women as the Shah's big black Chrysler passed them, a solid row along the road from the airport, made me think of the rebel yell; then I recognized it: it was the Indian yelp, the kind we used to make as kids, moving our hand over our mouths to give that undulating wail.

AHWAZ, MARCH 11: Our experience in the villagers' huts on Wednesday threw me into a deep pit. I hovered between despair—which is an emotion I consider a sin—and anger, which doesn't do much good, I suppose.

ANDIMESHK, MARCH 9: . . . We have travelled many miles, through dust, mud-holes where we got stuck fast, and some of the roughest "roads" I have ever known—and we also travelled back to the ninth century, and earlier, visiting villages and going into mud "homes" quite unbelievable—and unforgettable forever and ever. As the Biblical oath has it: Let my right hand wither if I ever forget how some of the most attractive of my fellow human beings live—are living tonight, only a few kilometres from here, where we visited them this afternoon. . . .

And yet I am as sure as I am writing these notes that the Ghebli area, of only 45,000 acres, swallowed in the vastness of the Khuzistan, will become as well known as, say, the community of Tupelo . . . became, or New Harmony or Salt Lake City when it was founded by a handful of dedicated men in a pass of the great Rockies.

The afternoon shadows were getting long on Battle Road, and it was time for me to be going. Lilienthal walked out to my car with me, and on the way I asked him whether he ever missed the rough-and-tumble, and the limelight, of being perhaps the most controversial man in Washington. He grinned, and said, "Sure." When we reached the car, he went on, "I never intended to be especially combative, in Washington or in the Tennessee Valley. It was just that people kept disagreeing with me. But, all right, I wouldn't have put myself in controversial situations so much if I hadn't wanted to. I guess I *was* combative. When I was a kid, I was interested in boxing. At high school—in Michigan City, Indiana—I boxed a lot with a cousin of mine, and while I was in college, at DePauw, in central Indiana, I took to boxing during the summers with a man who had been a professional light-heavyweight. The Tacoma Tiger, he'd been called. Working out with him was a challenge. If I made a mistake, I'd be on the floor. I wanted just once to land on him *good*. It was my ambition. I never did, of course, but I got to be a fairly good boxer. I became boxing coach at DePauw while I was an



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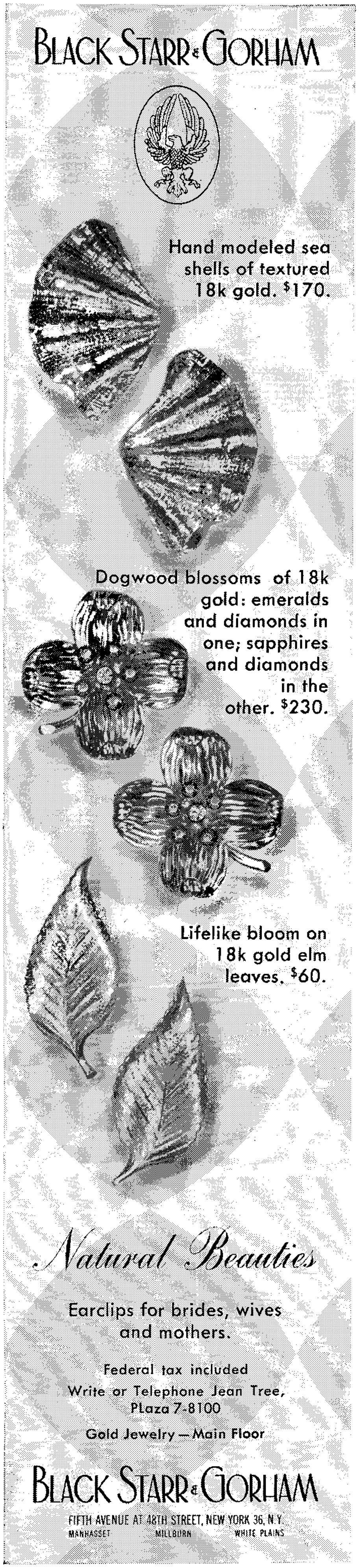
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undergraduate. Later on, at Harvard Law, I didn't have time to keep it up, and I never boxed seriously again. But I don't think that for me boxing was an expression of combativeness for its own sake. I think I considered competence at defending yourself a means of preserving your personal independence. I learned that from my father. 'Be your own man,' he used to say. He'd come from Austria-Hungary, the part that's now eastern Czechoslovakia, in the eighteen-eighties, when he was about twenty, and he spent his adult life as a storekeeper in various Middle Western towns: Morton, Illinois, where I was born; Valparaiso, Indiana; Springfield, Missouri; Michigan City and, later, Winamac, Indiana. He had very pale-blue eyes that reflected the insides of him. You could tell by looking at him that he wouldn't trade independence for security. He didn't know how to dissemble, and wouldn't have wanted to if he had known how. Well, to get back to my being controversial, or combative, or whatever you call it, in Washington—yes, there's something missing when you don't have a McKellar laying it on the line any more. The moral equivalent of that for me now is taking on challenges, different kinds of McKellars or Tacoma Tigers, maybe—the Minerals & Chemicals thing, the D. & R. thing—and trying to meet them."

HAVING heard Lilienthal on the subject of Wall Street, I decided to question Wall Street on the subject of Lilienthal, and a few days later I went down to 44 Wall and saw André Meyer. "Lilienthal's greatest quality is imagination," Meyer said. "Also, of course, he has great character, integrity, enthusiasm. When he does something, he does it with all of himself. In the routine daily worries of a normal business, he is all right, but it is in projects requiring ideals and imagination that he excels. We at Lazard are particularly proud of the Development & Resources Corporation. I am convinced that without it the project in Iran would never have got started. Of the two head men of Development & Resources, I'd say that Clapp is more of a businessman, Lilienthal more of a poet."

Next, I looked up Nathan Greene, Lazard Frères' special counsel. "What happens to a man who leaves top-level government work and comes to Wall Street as a consultant?" Greene asked me rhetorically. "Well, usually it's a big letdown. In the government, he was used to a sense of great authority and power—tremendous na-

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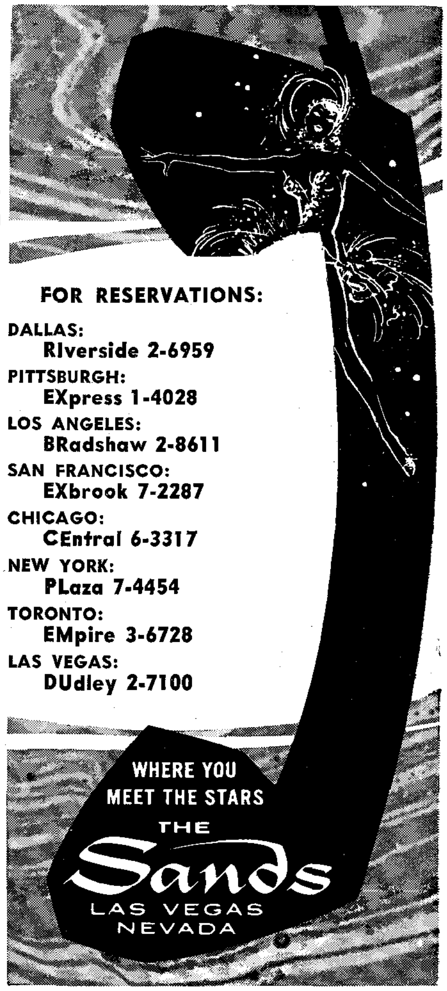
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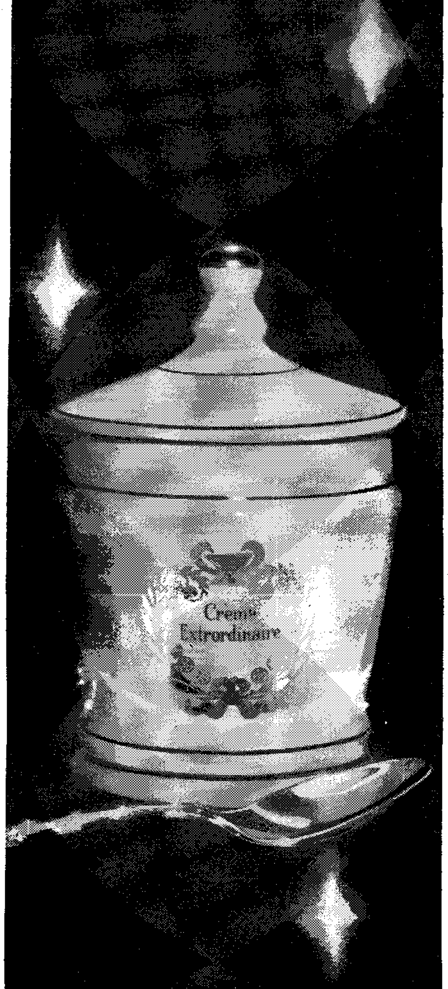

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Elizabeth Arden

tional and international responsibility. People wanted to be seen with him. Foreign dignitaries sought him out. He had all sorts of facilities—rows of buttons on his desk. He pushed them, and lawyers, technicians, accountants appeared to do his bidding. All right, now he comes to Wall Street. There's a big welcoming reception, he meets all the partners of his new firm and their wives, he's given a nice office with a carpet. But there's nothing on his desk—only one button, and all it summons is a secretary. He doesn't have perquisites like limousines. Furthermore, he really has no responsibility. He says to himself, 'I'm an idea man, I've got to have some ideas.' He has some, but they're not given much attention by the partners. So the outward form of his new work is a letdown. The same with its content. In Washington, it had been development of natural resources, atomic energy, or the like—world-shaking things. Now it turns out to be some little business to make money. It all seems a bit petty.

"Then, there's the matter of money itself. In the government, our hypothetical man didn't need it so badly. He had all these services and the basic comforts supplied him at no personal cost, and besides he had a great sense of moral superiority. He was able to sneer at people who were out making money. He could think of somebody in his law-school class who was making a pile in the Street, and say, 'He's sold out.' Then our man leaves government and goes to the Wall Street fleshpots himself, and he says, 'Boy, am I going to make these guys pay for my services!' They do pay, too. He gets big fees for consulting. Then he finds out about big income taxes, how he has to pay most of his income to the government now instead of getting his livelihood from it. The shoe is on the other foot. He may—sometimes he does—begin to scream 'Confiscation!,' just like any old Wall Streeter.

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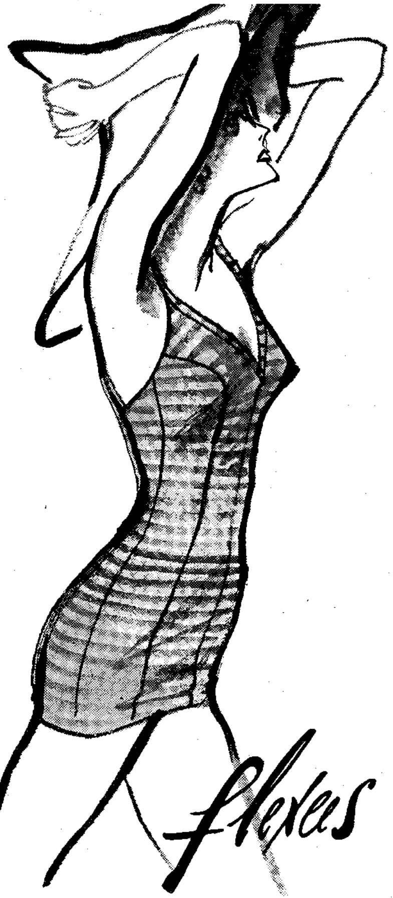

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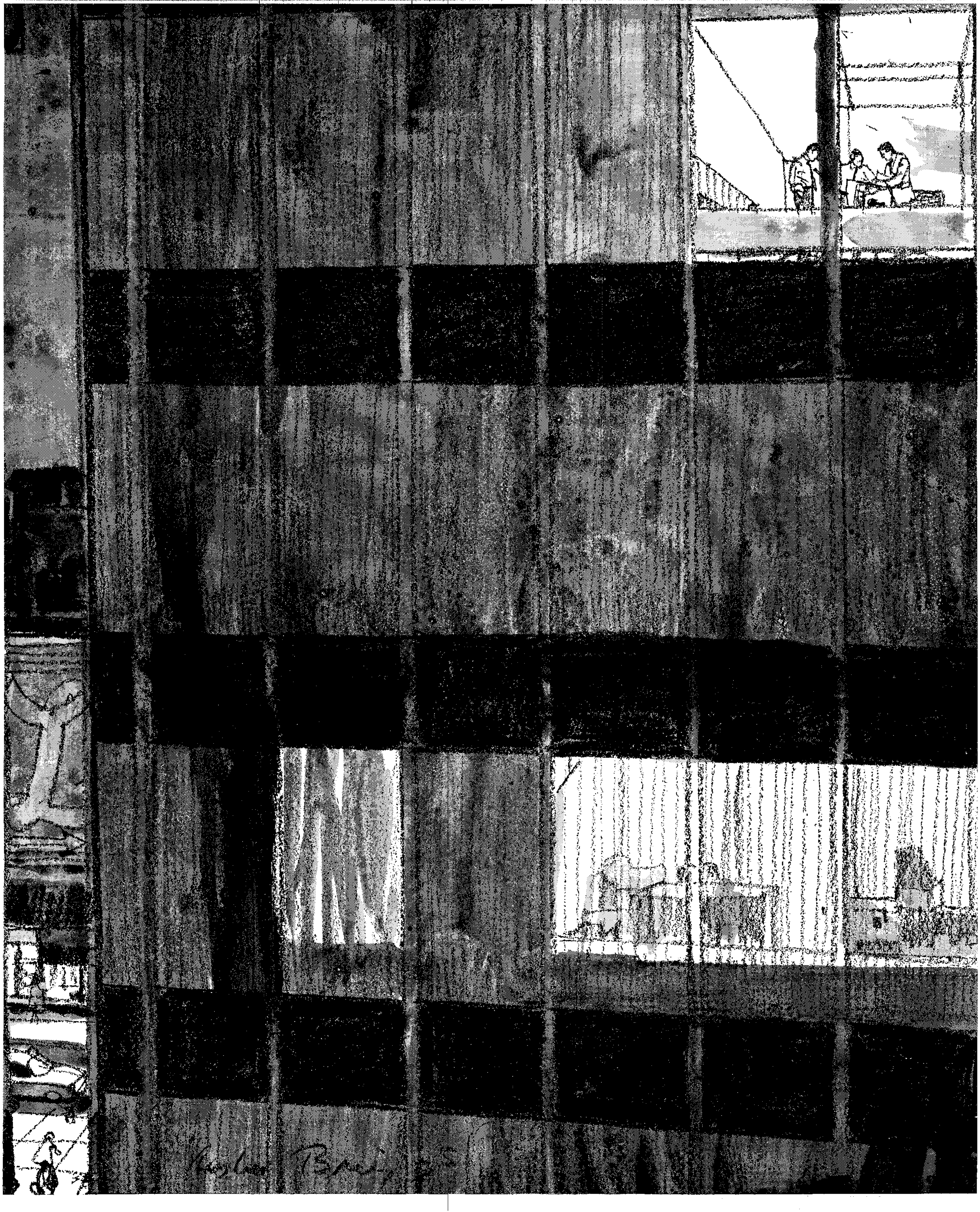

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knows more about corporate finances than he likes to admit. He enjoys playing the barefoot boy, but he's hardly that. Dave is an almost perfect example of somebody who kept his independence while getting rich in Wall Street. You know, Dave is *the* most stubborn son of a gun on earth, and I give him credit. I'm a hardheaded man, and if you want to hear the same thing put somewhat more lyrically, go and see Ferdinand Eberstadt."

I went and saw Eberstadt. He looked every inch the hard-bitten financier, complete with stock-quotation memos on his polished desk top and deep-sea fishing trophies on the walls; but in speaking of Lilienthal he lived up to Greene's billing as to lyricism. "If the word 'noble' was invented to describe anyone," he said, "it was invented to describe Lilienthal." —JOHN BROOKS

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A PUBLIC-RELATIONS MAN

[*Excerpt from the text of a sermon received by the pastor of a church in Brunswick, Maine, with the suggestion that he deliver it from the pulpit to usher in National Beauty Salon Week*]

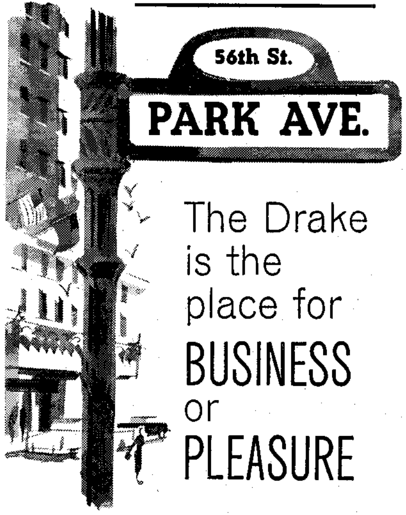
When our hands reach out to fill a glass, mend a garment, build a bookcase, those hands are moving at an inner-signal of the *brain* God has given us. But what if those hands reach out *only* to minister to *ourselves*, and our selfish *personal* needs? Then, we are misusing both the hand, and the brain that guides it.

Indeed, if the hands of the hairdresser fashions a work of artistry only in order to reach again for *remuneration*, those hands would indeed be performing a selfish service. But I have had personal talks with many men and women, so-employed. These people often look in wonder, at their skilled hands . . . and repeat beautiful stories of *inner* miracles those hands created, while bestowing better outward appearances.

A tired, discouraged woman, entering the beauty salon taut with tensions and bowed by personal problems, may have temporarily forgotten God. She has been rushed, irritated, weighed by worries. Certain that only a miracle could ease her problems, she *forgets* to have faith on the only *True Source of Miracles!* But, as her hairdresser's hands work over her head, a *quietude* sets in. She is being *ministered* too. The tensions ease; there is time to think. Time—if she, and *you*, will use it—to remember that God is always near . . . always ready to understand, and to help.

Those who keep this kind of remembrance close to their hearts, have a *different* kind of beauty. You've seen it; your heart leaps out in recognition of it. This kind of beauty brings a glow of *peace* to the eyes . . . a look of *love* to the face.

Take time, each day . . . whether at a beauty salon . . . in a pew of this House of Worship, or a quiet corner of your own room . . . to remember that God is close by, waiting to commune with you.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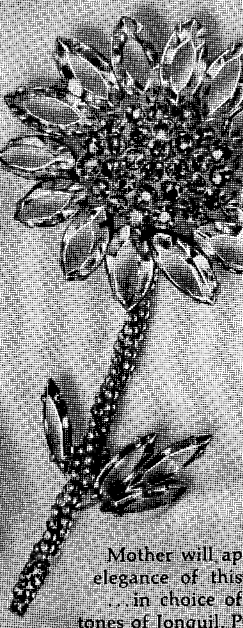

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LINCOLN
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THE THEATRE

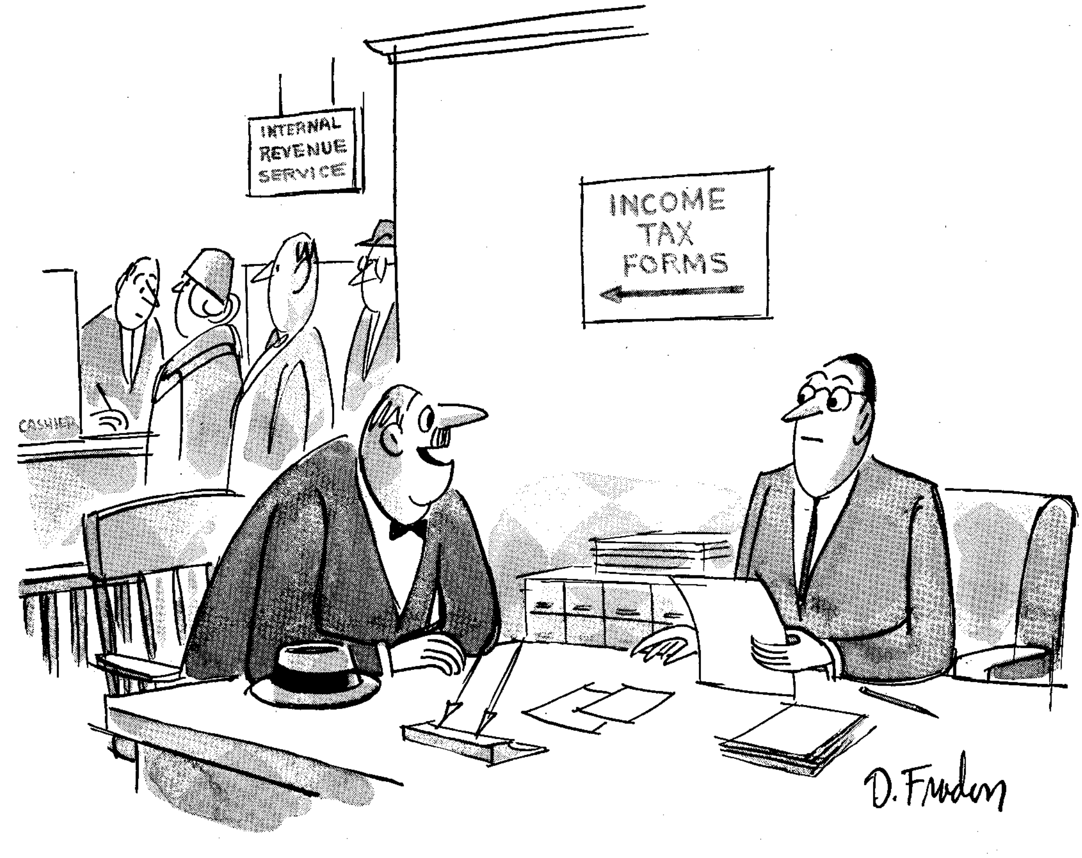
OFF BROADWAY

DESPITE its show of fangs, Jack Richardson's "Gallows Humor," a pair of closely related, fuguelike one-act plays at the Gramercy Arts, is a sheep in wolf's clothing. Moreover, it is pretty much the same old negative, noisy, romantic sheep that D. H. Lawrence used for warding off the evil spirits of industrialism. The only important difference between Richardson's animal and its progenitor is that it is meant to be comic rather than talismanic. At first sight, Richardson's plays are mad, dancing affairs. But, unlike Edward Albee, who also laughs a lot at modern man, Richardson tends to strain and posture. His jokes are long and thin, his inversions of reality are often merely bizarre, his symbolism is deafening, and in many ways he is crude. (Albee can be crude, too, but his crudeness is nearly always balanced by his perfect ear, by the deëmphasized *mot-juste* manner in which he expresses himself.) The results are a couple of harmless old-fashioned bedroom farces disguised as wicked up-to-date thrusts against the conformist, whose present curiosity value suggests that he is far deeper than is generally thought.

The first play is set in a death cell an hour or so before its occupant, a lawyer, is to be hanged. It turns on two grisly jokes: the lawyer's murder of his wife, and the efforts of a prostitute who is employed by the prison to perform a sort of last rites for its condemned. The lawyer is an apparent conformist whose imprisonment is indirectly caused by the hiccups of a client in court. The hiccups convulse both jury and judge, and the case—a clear-cut one in favor of the lawyer—goes against him. He starts drinking heavily, sleeps around, and, finding that he is enjoying himself immensely, accidentally does in his wife with a golf club. Prison restores him to his senses until the prostitute, her first advances indignantly repelled, overwhelms him. (The prostitute in the prison is a surrealistic comic device, and not a very sturdy one at that; the all-important hiccups are merely tired "Alice in Wonderland.") The second play takes place just afterward, in the prison executioner's kitchen while the lawyer and the prostitute are presumably copulating (an asphyxiating bit of counterpoint), and is centered on a conformist—the hangman—who only *thinks* he wants to escape from his life. Married for twenty years, he has recently been indicating to his wife that something is awry. He becomes disorderly, abandons his favorite chair for the floor, and considers wearing a black hood at work. On the morning of the execution, he goes upstairs to try on his hood after persuading the warden, who has dropped in for coffee, to allow him to wear it. On his return, he finds his wife and the warden fervently embracing. The executioner attempts to walk out of the house, forever, but can't get the door open, which crumples his resolve. Ten minutes later, he opens the door easily and is off to work, the hood forgotten.

When Richardson, who seems to be simply advocating a kind of beatnik helling around, relaxes, his comic sense comes off. Caught with the executioner's wife, the warden, an admirable sophist, immediately launches into a long, funny Rotarian speech based on the good-ship-of-life metaphor, which momentarily puts the executioner on the defensive and allows the warden to slip away, face intact. There is also a fine exchange between the warden and the wife, who attempt to set up a rendezvous, only to discover that their social calendars are so full of bridge parties and committee meetings that it is impossible. Moreover, the creditable jests scattered throughout remind one that this is the Richardson who wrote "The Prodigal," a light, witty, and sustained set of variations on the Orestes legend.

Three actors, two of them doubling in brass, handle the entire evening, and, all things considered, acquit themselves commendably. Vincent Gardenia, blessed with an Edward G. Robinson face, plays the warden; Julie Bovasso is the prostitute and the wife; and Gerald Hiken is the lawyer and the executioner. They are more successful in the first



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play; in the second, Hiken's timing is erratic, and Gardenia is inclined, particularly in the memorable sailing-ship speech, to blur some of his words. George L. Sherman directed, and the neat, semi-expressionistic sets are by William Ritman.

"THE SEVEN AT DAWN," a play extracted by Louis A. Lippa from a story by Leonid Andreyev and on view at the Actors Playhouse, is one of those creative efforts that begin precisely where they should end. Five Russian revolutionaries are polishing their plans for doing away with the Czarist Minister of State. There is a knock at the door, and soldiers, accompanied by the chief of secret police and the Minister, pour into the room. The jig is up, but Lippa has only begun. For the next two hours we are offered an interminable coda, in which the revolutionaries demonstrate how they will meet their Maker and incidentally reveal from whence they came (the proper substance of the play that should have just ended). The first theme is predominant, and deals predictably with uncertainty changing to cringing fear (one revolutionary), stoicism (three revolutionaries), and an indifference toward all that shifts to an altruistic involvement (the fifth revolutionary). The second theme, not much louder than a whisper, can be heard only here and there, but we learn that the father of one of the revolutionists is a Czarist officer who has been forced to resign his commission because of his son's indiscretions, that another is the pampered youngest child of a selfish family, and that another is a tough intellectual who sneers at death and laughs in the chief of police's face. The remaining revolutionists are blanks. Lippa has revealed just enough information about motives to make us wish that the play had begun five or ten years before; as it is, his ciphers—empty or partly shaded in—die as pointlessly as they live. The cast, like nature, appears to abhor this vacuum, but to little avail.

THERE are just three ways of handling a musical comedy set in a small American town circa 1900 and dealing with a fuddled young man bent on making his fortune, with his penniless widowed mother, with her old friend the lawyer, and with a blackguardly villain—do it as a stylistic exercise, do it as a satire, or, best of all, don't do it at all. "Smiling, the Boy Fell Dead," which is at the Cherry Lane and which has a book by Ira Wallach,

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music by David Baker, and lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, ignores all three treatments. Its sets alone are stylish (they are the work of the gifted Herbert Senn and Helen Pond), and its gestures toward satire are successful only in the person of the villain, played with swaggering aplomb by Phil Leeds. Beyond that, the lyrics are occasionally inspired, while the music is not. Since the hero eventually inherits a sizable fortune, the title isn't altogether apt, either. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

BACK HOME IN POMPEII

Back home in Pompeii
birds crunched underfoot,
stones flew away,
statues began to bow.

Government wrote
our clauses and conditions
then as now.
Egged in stone,
a saved worm curled alone
to hatch through our inscriptions.

Some thought to run, and were
the first down.
The weather laid a ton
on every breath.
I brought you water there
and watched it hiss away.
"It's an elaborate death,"
I heard you say.
And then the rafters broke.

Storms later, we awoke
and strolled among ourselves
in the excavated bed—
stone castings on stone shelves.

How had we fled,
leaving so neat a foot
cast in the mountain's soot,
these hands in a glass case,
and, like an artifact,
the fragment of a face?

One of us lay intact
for anyone to see
the stone-stored human form
curled like the stone-saved worm
in a last agony.

Well, that's that.
Settled down
and starting to get fat
in another town
oceans away,
we only come to see
a curiosity
on holiday.

—JOHN CIARDI

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THE RACE TRACK

Warming Up

WITH Globemaster making a runaway race of it from beginning to end, the Wood Memorial Stakes at Aqueduct last Saturday was a disappointment verging on farce—except, of course, to Leonard Sasso, who owns the colt, and to the lads and lasses who backed him at nearly 15–1. Globemaster rolled home more than three lengths ahead of Carry Back, and Ambiopoise was six lengths farther behind. Six lengths, by the bye, is the margin by which Ambiopoise beat Globemaster in the Gotham Stakes a fortnight before. That's just one more example of the form the three-year-old colts have been showing this season.

At saddling time for the Wood, the chief object of interest in the paddock was Carry Back, the odds-on favorite, who, I must say, looked very fit indeed. That shoe boil he developed last month, which didn't keep him from winning the Florida Derby, apparently wasn't bothering him, for he stepped out jauntily. As for Ambiopoise, I thought he was lighter in flesh and more fined down than he'd been when he won the Gotham. Globemaster, a big, showy colt, attracted attention, as he always does, but almost everybody's pick on condition (and mine, too, if you must know) was Garwol. Oh, well, handsome is . . . Garwol finished fifth. Dr. Miller was fourth, and the other starters, Hitting Away and Covered Bridge, were down the course. While Globemaster was quick at the start, Carry Back and Ambiopoise were away slowly and far behind him for the first three-quarters of the mile and a furlong, and although both moved up stoutly on the turn for home, neither threatened seriously. In fact, if the race had been at a furlong farther, the Kentucky Derby distance, Globemaster would have won anyhow. Needless to say, he'll run for the roses a week from Saturday.

MAX HIRSCH has had more than his share of bad luck with good horses. The most recent trick of fortune is that Bal Musette, winner of the Governor's Gold Cup at Bowie, has contracted a kidney ailment and is out of the Kentucky Derby. Jimmy Jones tells me that Beau Prince is out of it, too. If

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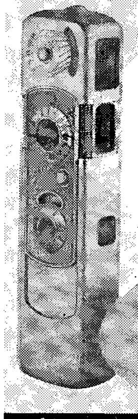

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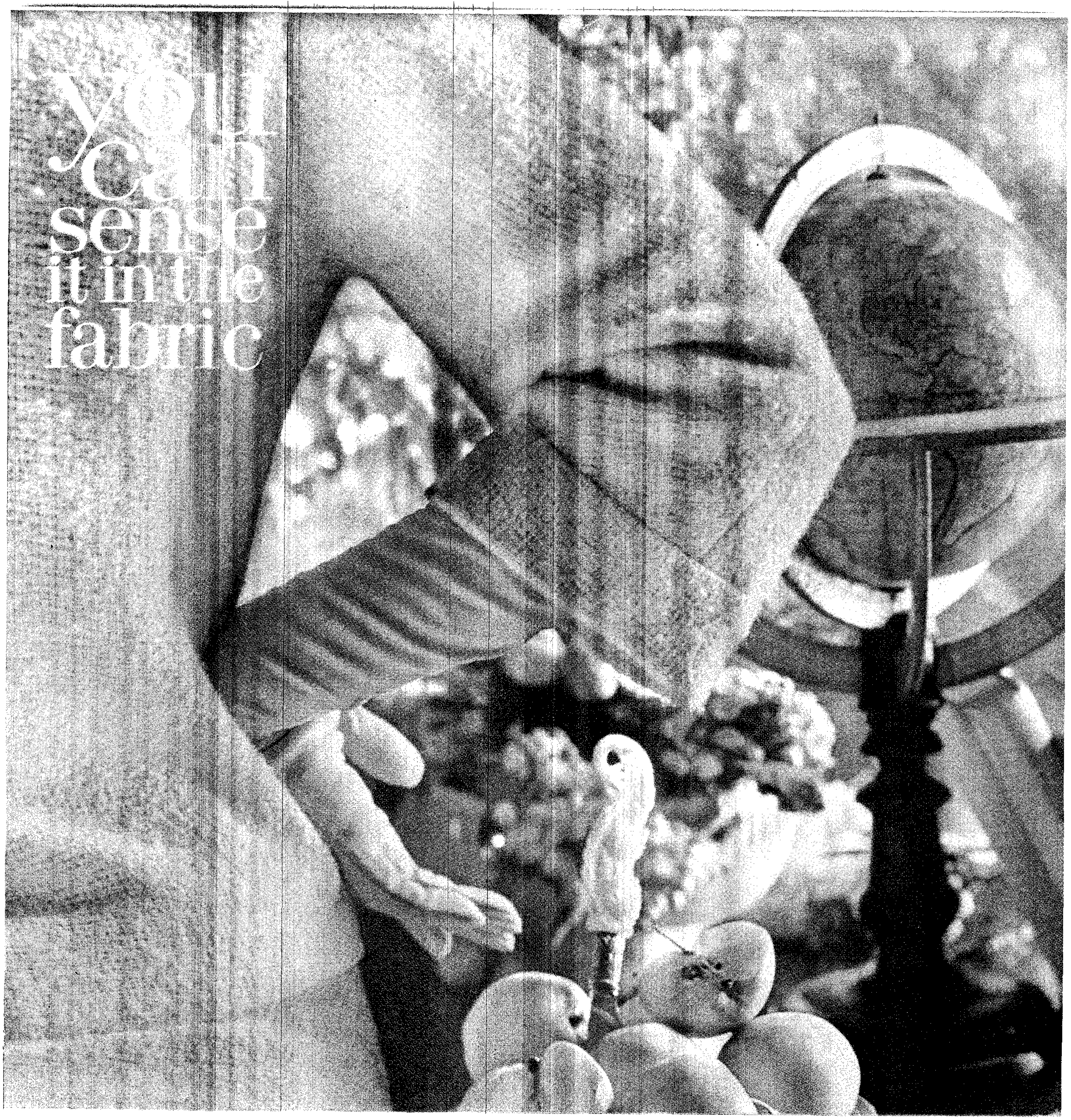
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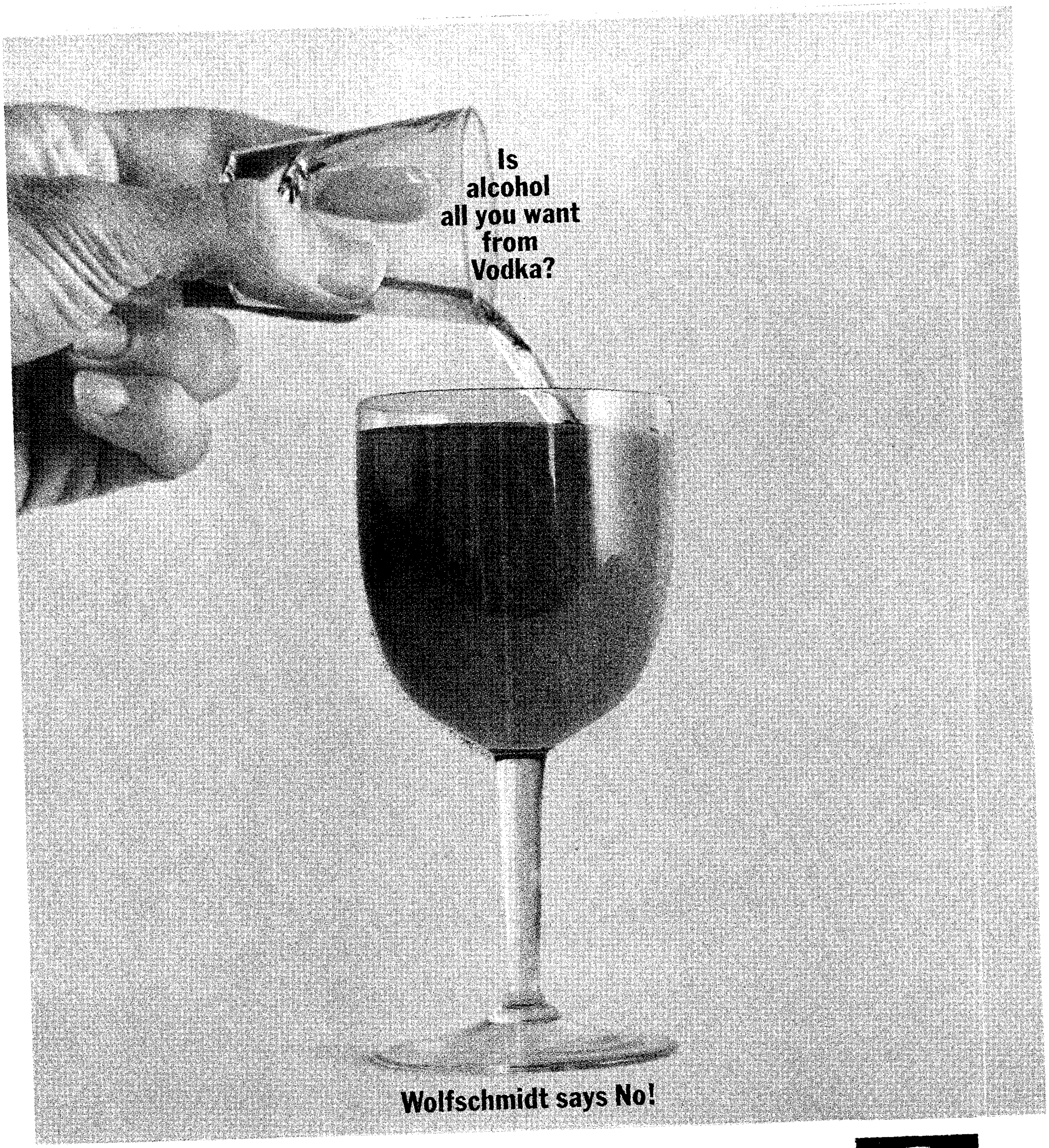
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Calumet has a starter at Churchill Downs, it will be Sho Lea, but that will depend on how well he runs in the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland this week. Incidentally, Four-and-Twenty turned in a tidy performance the other afternoon in the Forerunner Purse, a prep for the Blue Grass. Leading all the way, he did seven furlongs in 1:23 over a sloppy track. Crozier finished fourth; it seems that he swerved again.

WELL, Aqueduct finally had a five-million-dollar day last Saturday, with 57,109 fans pouring $5,134,636 into the mutuels. No doubt about it, horseplayers love the Big A. The afternoon the Distaff Handicap was run off, early in the week, the weather was hardly fit for man or beast, but the attendance was 24,123 and the handle $2,430,721.

AS one who has always thought that the saddling paddock in front of the stand was the most ill-contrived of all the innovations at Aqueduct, I was delighted the other day to hear that changes are going to be made. The plans are for the runners to be saddled in the stalls under the stand, which were designed for use in bad weather—and which, of course, have been used every day since the meeting opened. The grandstand paddock out front will be removed and the space used to enlarge the walking ring, thus giving the public a better view of the horses. Trainers have never liked the saddling setup at Aqueduct, and least of all this spring. They say that saddling under the stand and then bringing the horses up and putting them in the stalls facing the stand gets the animals all stirred up, and that it's a marvel there hasn't been a really serious accident. There was a distressing one last Saturday. A first-race entry named Father Christmas reared up, came down across one of the partitions dividing the stalls, and hung there for several minutes before he could be pulled off. He escaped with a few scratches, but I daresay that if he'd been a stakes horse, instead of a selling-plater, he'd have broken a couple of ribs, at least.

—AUDAX MINOR

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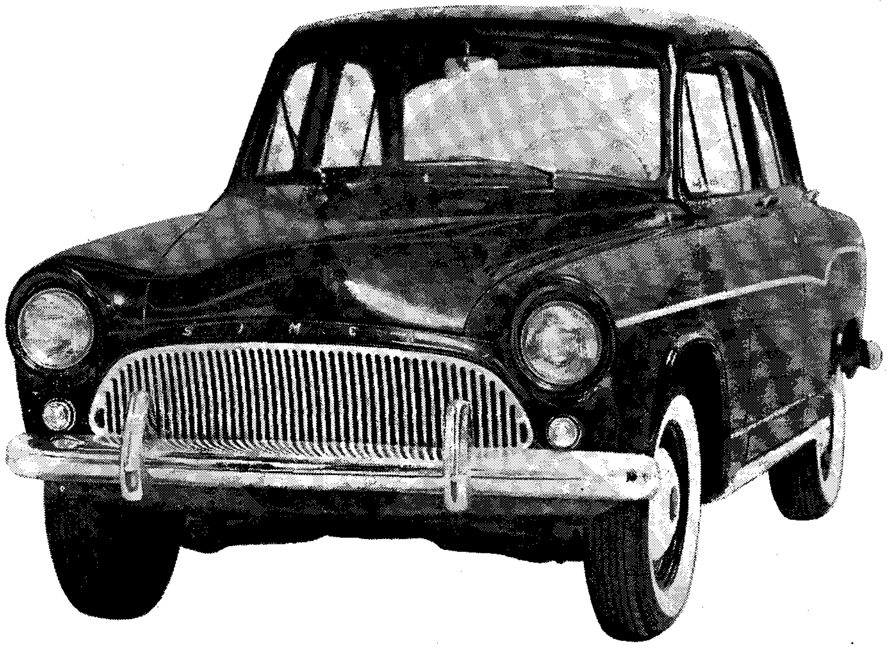

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MUSICAL EVENTS

A New Baton

LAST week, the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam made its second appearance of the season in Carnegie Hall, this time under the baton of Eugen Jochum, a German conductor known to us previously only through a number of excellent European recordings. Mr. Jochum turned out to be a tall man with white hair, large features, spectacles, and an air of mature authority, and under his direction the orchestra played with a finish and perception that it had not shown in its earlier concert. He is obviously a conductor of the methodical, rather than the inspirational, type, being a master of careful workmanship, calculated climaxes, and well-adjusted orchestral balance—a shade pedantic, perhaps, but a thoroughgoing craftsman of unquestionable stature. This was immediately evident in the performance of Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture that opened the program—a performance so soberly and painstakingly set forth that, despite the great familiarity of the work, Beethoven's conception was given a refreshing majesty and solidity of structure. The overture was followed by a new composition by the contemporary Dutchman Marius Flothuis, entitled simply "Symphonic Music," which was also very ably performed, though its intrinsic character was a little disappointing. On the whole, rather conservative in idiom, it revealed its composer as a technician of no mean ability, and, in fact, its beautifully constructed first movement led me to hope that I had come across a creative mind of some distinction. The other movements, however, did not live up to the promise of the first. They tended to wander and to lack any incisive physiognomy, and the last episode was so heavily burdened with the musical language of César Franck that it had no individuality whatever.

But all this was merely a prelude to the great event of the evening—a performance of Anton Bruckner's Fourth Symphony, for which Mr. Jochum evidently has a very special feeling and very special qualifications. The start

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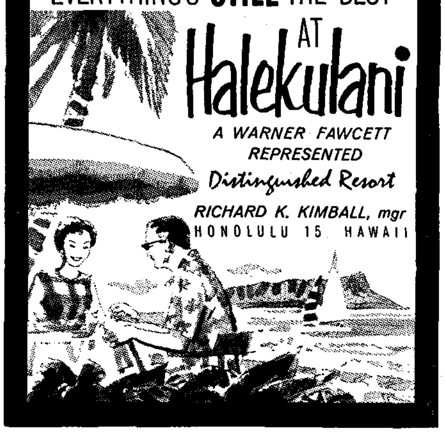
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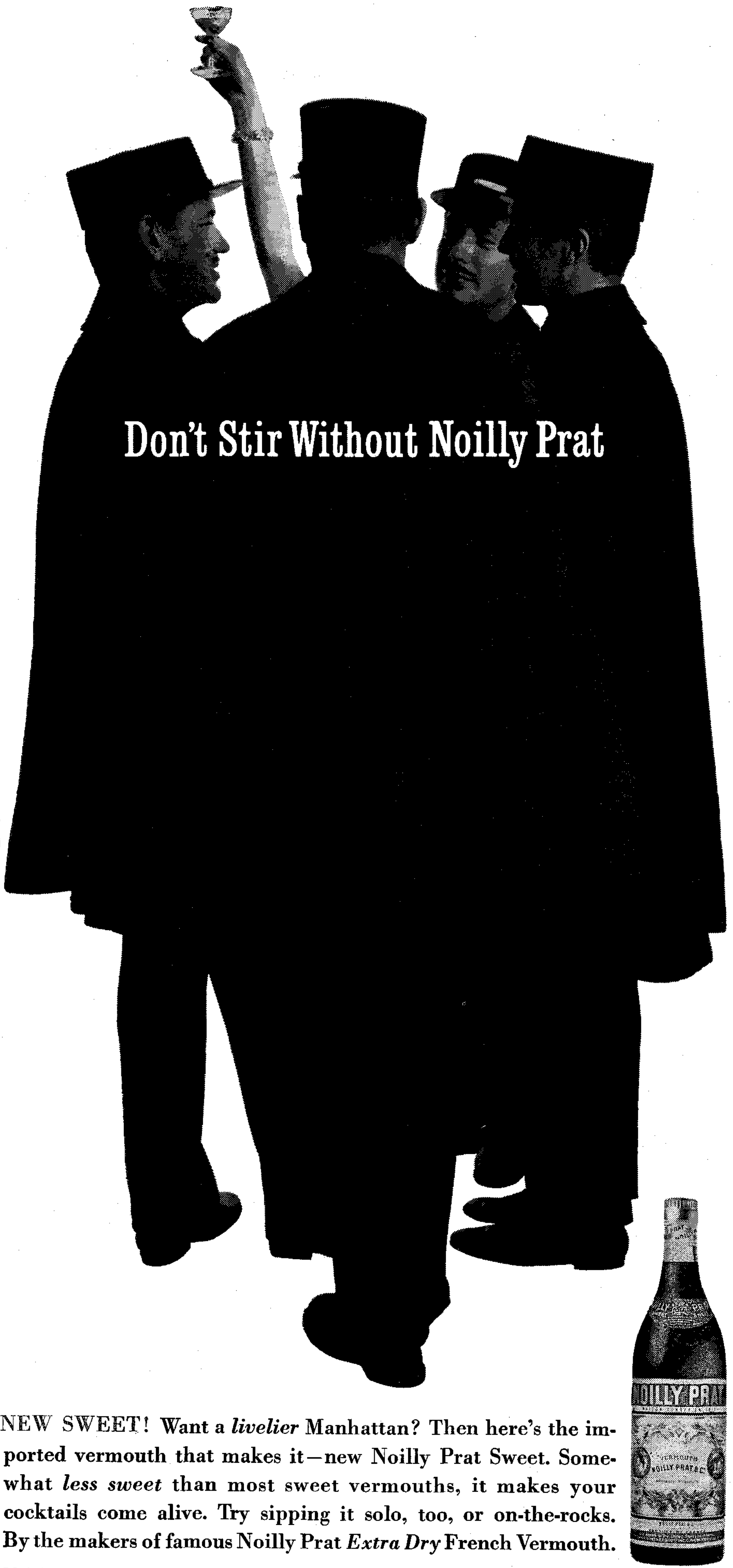
of it was slightly marred by some imperfect legatos in the horns and by a couple of passages in which the trumpets seemed unduly strident. These flaws, though, were small ones in view of the magnificence of the total interpretation. From the middle of the first movement onward, this turned out to be one of the finest Bruckner readings I have ever heard. The adagio (all Bruckner adagios can be placed among the noblest proclamations anywhere in music, and this one is particularly lovely) was done with superb control of its lengthy formal relationships and with a spirit of dedication that resulted in real magic. The scherzo was brilliant (there was nothing wrong with the horns here; their accented entrances were wonderfully precise), and the finale—which, because of the necessity for topping the effect of the previous movements and bringing the massive work to a ringing conclusion, is likely to be a revealing test for Bruckner conductors—was performed with a degree of insight that I have seldom encountered. At the close, the audience was wildly enthusiastic.

It is curious to note that while critics usually find something to carp about in Bruckner, audiences—in recent seasons, at any rate—have been inclined to accept him as one of the most inspired of all symphonists. I wonder how long we shall have to wait before conductors give us a reasonably comprehensive hearing of his total symphonic output. The Fourth, like the Seventh and the Eighth, is now fairly familiar hereabouts, but the Fifth and the Ninth are not often done, and, offhand, I can't remember a single performance of the Second, Third, or Sixth, or of the delightful little posthumous Symphony in D Minor, sometimes referred to as the Symphony No. 0, because it preceded the First. All these are impressive works, and in my opinion they are masterpieces. Surely they at least deserve a hearing, so that the public can make up its mind.

AT the Fifty-fourth Street Theatre, Martha Graham is now in the midst of a two-week season of her characteristic productions. I attended her opening-night performance, and found, as always, a great deal to interest me. There was a new dance drama, called "Visionary Recital," in which Miss Graham, as she has so often done in the past, subjected an ancient theme to a process of psychological fragmentation, coming up with a striking, if rather mysterious, theatrical spectacle. In this case, the theme was the Samson and Delilah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story, fragmented in such a way that three different dancers portrayed a facet of each of the two principal characters. To me, the result was a little confusing, though I know from past experience with her work that it tends to become clearer with repeated encounters. The legendary material seemed only to mask a contemporary comment on the relation between the sexes, which in Miss Graham's view (if I am not mistaken) can be summed up in the statement that men and women really like each other but that this liking often leads to extreme complications—not exactly a novel idea, perhaps, but one that provides her with a springboard for no end of rather abstruse symbolic suggestion.

The evening's two other numbers were familiar, one being the satire on the dancer's life called "Acrobats of God," which first appeared last season, and the other being the symbolic drama on the Joan of Arc theme known as "Seraphic Dialogue," which for several reasons I consider one of Miss Graham's masterpieces. Its choreography is not only striking but reverent, touching, and beautiful. Its score, by Norman Dello Joio, is among the finest pieces of contemporary ballet music I have come across, and is certainly far superior in quality to the music that Miss Graham customarily uses. Its décor, by Isamu Noguchi, is a superb example of modern abstract stage design (and one that might well be studied by Rudolf Bing, of the Metropolitan, if he is really interested in original modern sets, instead of such unimaginative imitations of them as we have had this season in "Nabucco" and "Alceste"). And the work as a whole is, like many Graham productions, a mine of theatrical ideas, some of which will undoubtedly make their way, as such ideas have done before, into other branches of the theatrical art. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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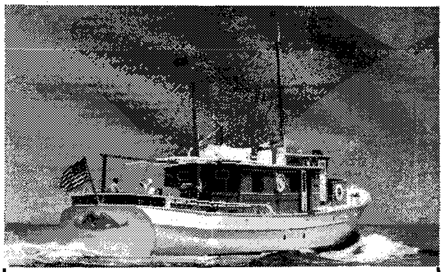

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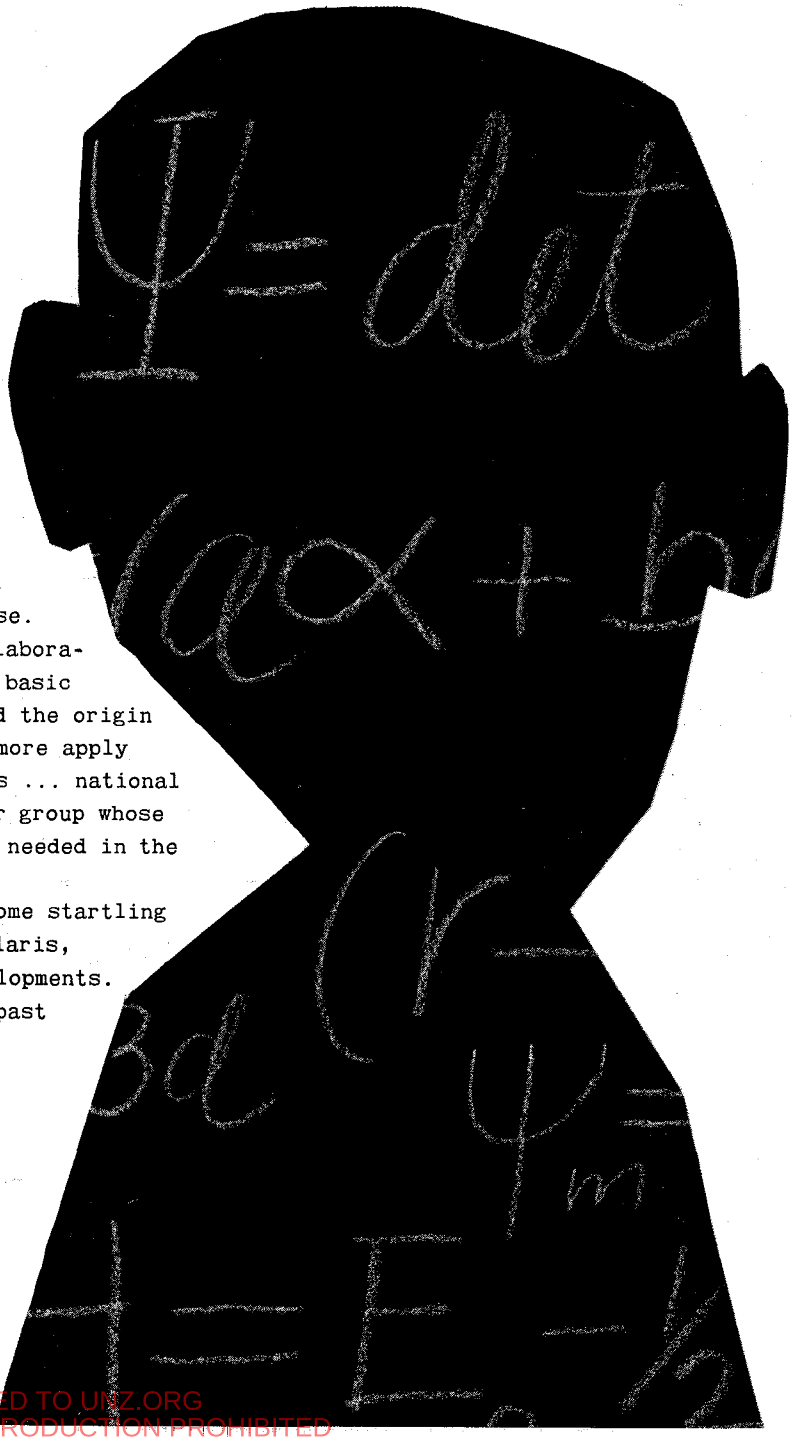

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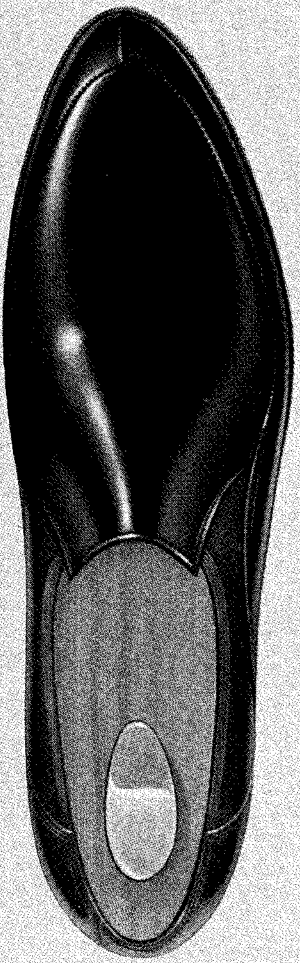

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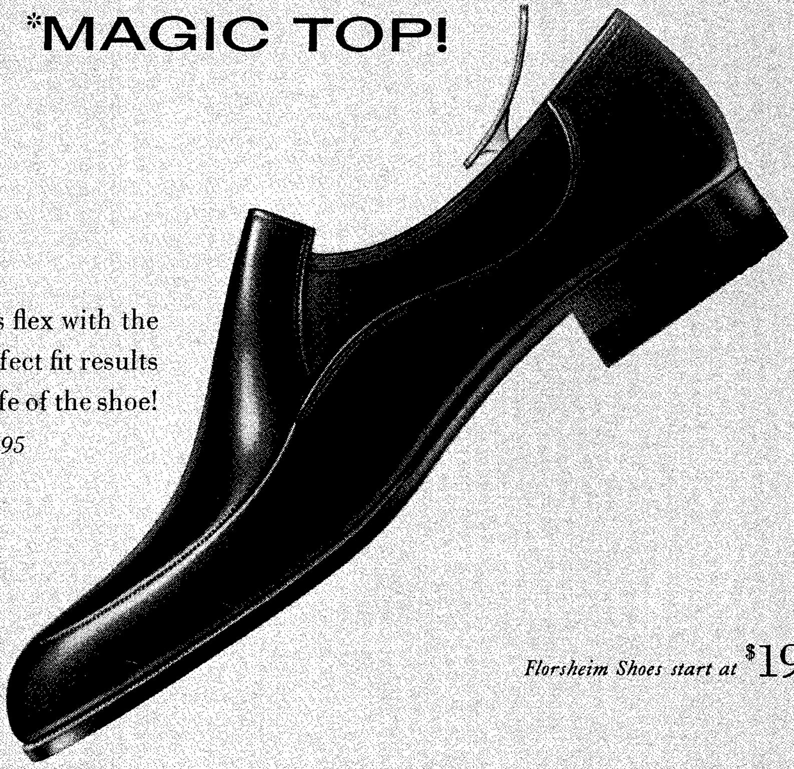

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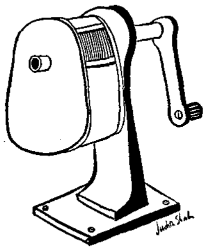
O SAISONS, O CHATEAUX!

MY wife and I were paying guests in central France last summer; I'll call our hostess Mme. Lecam and her house the Château de Folmont. It was a picturesque late-medieval castle, with pepper-pot towers and a dry moat, built high on a hill with a vast view over the Dordogne River and the surrounding countryside. For centuries, it had been the summer residence of the bishops of the river town that we saw far below us from our bedroom windows. Only a few of Folmont's many rooms were kept in livable repair. Ours was enormous, and had the coat of arms of one of the bishops in painted plaster over the door, a life-size copy of Guido Reni's "Archangel Michael Vanquishing Satan" over the mammoth fireplace, and a tremendous gilded rococo bed.

Mme. Lecam was charming, petite, efficient. Folmont had come down to her from the ancestor who bought it from the nation as confiscated church property, at the time of the French Revolution. Her husband, a Paris doctor, had died in a German prison camp during the war; her two sons, both of whom were young doctors just beginning practice in Paris, could seldom come to visit her with their families, so every summer she took in a few guests, like us. The rest of the year, she lived in Paris.



During the periods of Mme. Lecam's residence, Folmont renewed one link with the local bishops, whose predecessors had been its proprietors. Once a week, all summer—Thursday mornings, as I recall—the current bishop or one of his assistants came up the hill, at Mme. Lecam's invitation, and said Mass for her and her few guests, if they cared to attend, in the château chapel.

We spent several weeks at Folmont—longer than most guests, some of whom made it merely an overnight stop on the road from Paris to the Pyrenees—and we became friendly with Mme. Lecam. She took us for rides in her tiny Citroën *deux-chevaux*. We went with her to the fishery, whence she brought home, in a metal tank, the trout that subsequently appeared on the menu as *truites au bleu;* to the country baker who provisioned the château with a special kind of bread for breakfast toast; to ruined castles; to prehistoric caves; to a field she owned where the sorrel grew especially flavorsome for soup. We enjoyed these rides. The Citroën *deux-chevaux* has a very personal, soothing kind of motion, rather like a rocking chair, and the excursions Mme. Lecam took us on made us associate that motion with the gentle Dordogne country through which we drove. One day, we told her we would never be able to think of that countryside without recalling her and her little car. "Oh, yes," she said. "Now that there are no more horses and carriages, this is strictly a *deux-chevaux* part of the world. A big car would dwarf all the nice old things in it." We were always accompanied on our excursions by Mme. Lecam's little fox terrier, Foxette. (In France, a fox terrier is called *un fox.*) She was a gay, bright little dog, friendly, with an occasional sharp bark that was merry and not annoying.

From our window at Folmont we could see another old château. This one looked handsome, too, and, like Folmont, it had pepper-pot towers, but it was down on the floor of the valley, nestled among a grove of trees not far from the river. We asked Mme. Lecam about it. "Oh, Mestrières," she said. "We'll drive over there some afternoon. It's a lovely old place, in its way." She told us it was owned by a friend of hers, a Mme. Simon, who lived there alone the year round. Unlike Folmont, which had always been "just a summer retreat," Mestrières was a self-supporting estate, with much rich farmland. "Of course, its location implies a disadvantage," she said. "It has no view. Being used to Folmont, I always feel stifled there. I could never live at Mestrières."

ONE morning, Mme. Lecam asked us if we'd like to go to Mestrières that day for tea, and when we said we would, she telephoned Mme. Simon and made the appointment. About four o'clock, we set out. We drove through the town and along the valley, much of it planted with grain and with fruit trees. "These fields we're crossing now," Mme. Lecam said after a while, "are already part of the domain of Mestrières. By the way, I think I should tell you that you may find Mme. Simon a little emotional. The poor lady lost her husband recently. She hasn't had time yet to profit from what consolation the years can give, as I have. He was a farmer, maintaining Mestrières as his ancestors did before him. The Simons had no children, and when my friend dies the place will go to some distant

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relations of her husband's, to keep it in the family. Meanwhile, she's managing everything singlehanded."

We turned up a tree-lined drive, and as soon as we reached the château courtyard we saw that Mestrières was far more exquisite in its architecture than Folmont. Folmont was noble and imposing on its hill, and there was beauty in its severity. But on Mestrières someone had lavished detailed artistry. During the early Renaissance, the medieval door and window frames had been replaced with carved lintels and pediments. The stone was of a warm yellow color, unlike the colder gray of Folmont, and it seemed almost alive—curling and twisting in tendrils, vines, leaves, buds, and flowers, all carved in low relief. There were even a few carved birds and animals, making one think of the sculptured Renaissance salamanders on the châteaux of the Loire. Mme. Lecam saw the admiration on our faces. "Isn't it delightful?" she said. "It makes poor Folmont look like a barracks. Of course, there are some connoisseurs who find the mixture of styles not exactly—"

She broke off as our hostess appeared in the doorway. Mme. Simon was large and dowdily dressed, and rather rustic in appearance—unlike Mme. Lecam, who always looked as trim as though she were stepping out of her apartment near the Parc Monceau. The two friends greeted each other affectionately; my wife and I were introduced and made welcome. Mme. Lecam had carefully left Foxette in the *deux-chevaux*, its windows open sufficiently to give her air. But just as Mme. Simon was saying "It does me good to see new faces," we heard a strange, raucous cry, and immediately, as though in answer, there was a bark from the Citroën, and we turned just in time to see Foxette wriggle through one of the window openings, leap to the ground, and disappear in a flash around the corner of the house. "The peacock! The peacock!" cried the two friends, and, with them in the lead, we all went in pursuit.

On the other side of the château, we came to a terrace giving on a formal garden of boxwood parterres. There, among outdoor furniture, close to a table already partially set for tea, Foxette was standing planted, every hair on her little body abristle and her legs braced well apart, growling at a peacock. The bird was standing in as stiff and menacing a pose as Foxette, his long neck thrust forward, his beak a few feet from Foxette's nose, and he was hissing. But instead of the gorgeous fantail he should have raised as his

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banner of defiance, only two long, ragged tail feathers stuck ludicrously straight up. "*Oh, le pauvre grotesque bonhomme!*" cried Mme. Lecam. "What in the world has happened to him? Surely Foxette hasn't had time to do that much damage to him already!"

"It's molting time, alas," said Mme. Simon ruefully. "Poor Beau! He's so self-conscious. He knows all about it. Especially at night, when he hops up to the tree branch he sleeps on and looks down and *sees* what his tail looks like. He cries so sadly in the twilight, and I go over and comfort him, and then he falls asleep. This is his period of humiliation. It won't last much longer, though. The new feathers are beginning."

We could see some shoots, or quills, like sprouting plants, where the new tail would be. Mme. Lecam had distracted Foxette and was now holding her, squirming, in her arms. Beau slowly raised his head and lowered what was left of his tail. Then he turned and stalked away from us. "His withdrawal would be so beautiful at any other time of the year," said Mme. Simon wistfully.

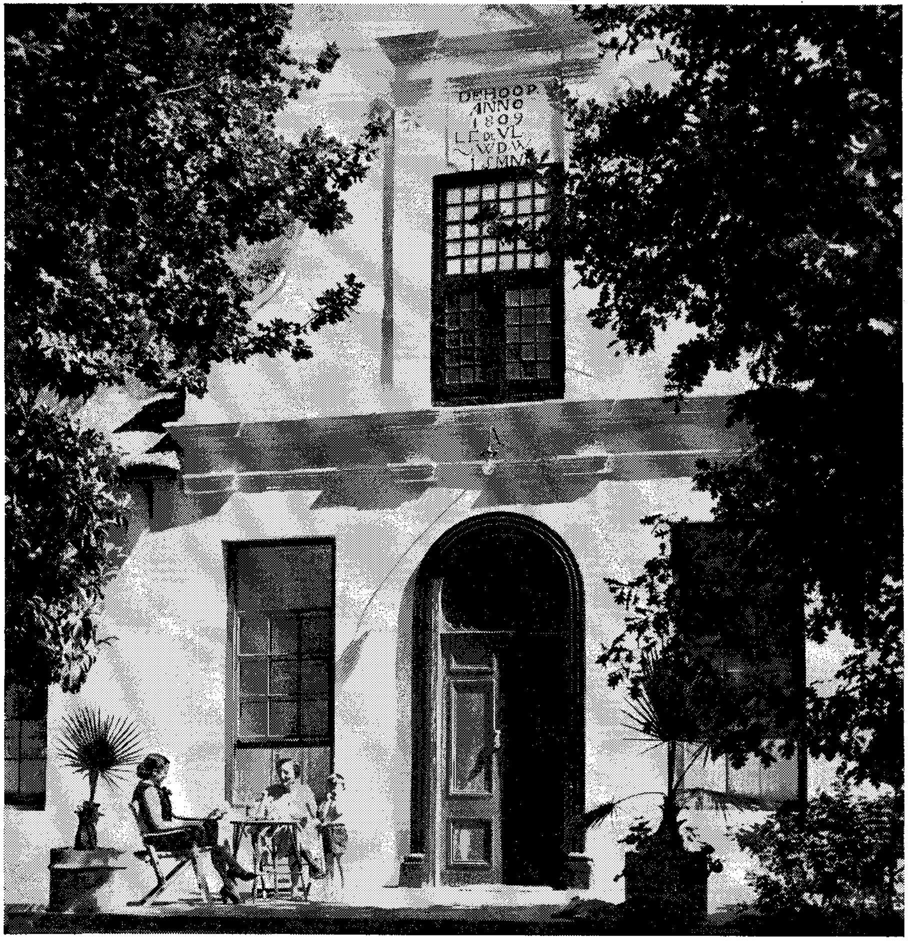
"You are going to get him a wife, aren't you?" asked Mme. Lecam. "He must be lonely. He'll become neurotic."

"Yes, I have a wife on order," said Mme. Simon. "But I wrote last week and told the bird farm to delay sending her. I don't want her to meet Beau just yet, for a while. *Il ne plairait pas!* And that would depress him still further."

While Mme. Lecam took Foxette back to the car, Mme. Simon showed us the beauties of this, the garden, façade of her château. Here, too, there was Renaissance ornament around the doors and windows. "My husband's ancestors were patrons of the arts," she said. "They built this château. It has never left the family. I've always thought it so charming of Mme. Lecam to invite the bishop to say Mass at Folmont. She is so fine-feeling. She does it as a retribution, of course. But I could never bear to live in a house that I knew had been stolen from somebody else. *Ce n'était pas élégant* the way France treated the Church in 1789."

WHEN Mme. Lecam reappeared, Mme. Simon suggested that we make a tour of the château before tea. In the entrance hall, she took up a flashlight from a table and led us down winding stone stairs to the cellar. The vaulted ceiling rested on solid round columns standing on a hard earthen floor, and the air was heady with the fragrance of the wine that was stored

EXPLORE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in casks around the walls. It came, Mme. Simon told us, from Mestrières' own vineyards. She struck a match and lit a candle that was in a holder on a rough wooden table. A few crude stools and benches were set around it. "Will you ever forget our parties down here?" she said to Mme. Lecam. "The two of you and the two of us—and everybody else? The wine, and the gramophone, and the dancing? I can hardly bear to come down here any more. It was so gay. *He* was so gay! We had our own little *caveau existentialiste Saint-Germain-des-Prés* before such things were ever heard of!" Her voice broke. Mme. Lecam embraced her and kissed her. "*Je m'excuse*," Mme. Simon said after a moment, wiping her eyes. "Come along. There's more to see."

She took us upstairs and through several large living rooms and a dining room, all with hooded fireplaces. In the kitchen, there were three fireplaces, and a few modern fixtures incongruously installed in a corner. Then we climbed a flight of shallow, winding stone stairs, and emerged into an enormous room on the second floor. The ceiling was several times as high as most New York ceilings, but seemed low because of the room's great dimensions. There was just one piece of furniture—a dust-covered ping-pong table in the center of the floor. Several windows looked over the garden. "My husband and I used to have fun here, too," said Mme. Simon. "I never come here any more. But I want you to see the overmantel."

Like the exterior of the doorways and windows of the château, the slanting stone chimney breast was richly carved. But here, in addition to plants, animals, and birds, there were human figures. The scene showed a building, a landscape, and a procession. Women in medieval costume were waving handkerchiefs from tower windows to knights on horseback. The knights' shields and the horses' saddlecloths were adorned with crosses. A monk led the procession, holding a cross high. "It's the ladies of Mestrières bidding farewell to the men as they left for one of the Crusades," said Mme. Simon to my wife and me. "Of course, the carving was done later than the actual event. It's early Renaissance, like all the rest. It's as though a modern decorative artist were to depict a scene that's old-fashioned to us—an episode from your Civil War, for instance. I've always meant to ask you," she said, turning to Mme. Lecam, "whether you've ever found any trace of the Crusades at Folmont. In fact, is there any indication

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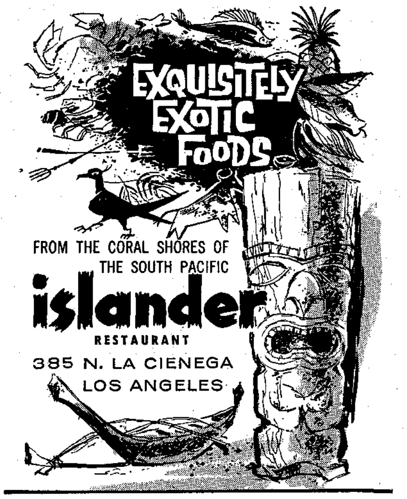

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that there *was* a Folmont quite as early as the Crusades?"

Mme. Lecam good-naturedly admitted that there was not, and then she said, "What an extraordinary period the Crusades must have been in the châteaux of France. It seems there was terrific fervor, especially among the women. They *sent* their husbands away. It was shameful for a man not to go. I've seen several accounts of how women in this very region made presents of distaffs, as symbols of scorn, to men who stayed home."

"A fervor to send men away certainly strikes me as extraordinary," said Mme. Simon. "But I find it all too easy to imagine what life must have been like after they left. Don't you, *chère amie*? All those women living alone? What did they do? They ran the places themselves. They had to. Doesn't that sound familiar to you? They embroidered. Don't you embroider? I do. And they kept pets. Look." Pointing to a corner of the carving, Mme. Simon showed us a peacock standing in a garden. "That's what gave me the idea of inviting Beau to live here and keep me company," she said. "What company can we lonely women have except our—"

She broke off. She had plainly been about to say "except our pets"—referring, of course, to Beau and Foxette—and I wondered why she left the sentence unfinished.

I understood in just about half a minute. I suddenly became aware that both ladies were looking at my wife and me. Then they glanced at each other. And all at once I had a vision of my wife and myself riding through the Dordogne in Mme. Lecam's little car, riding out here to Mestrières to see Mme. Simon. And in the flash vision we were both of us still paying guests, but transformed—transformed into a nice little terrier and a slightly moldy peacock that perhaps dated from the Crusades. What were we—both within the vision and without—but two pets to help two lonely French ladies pass the time?

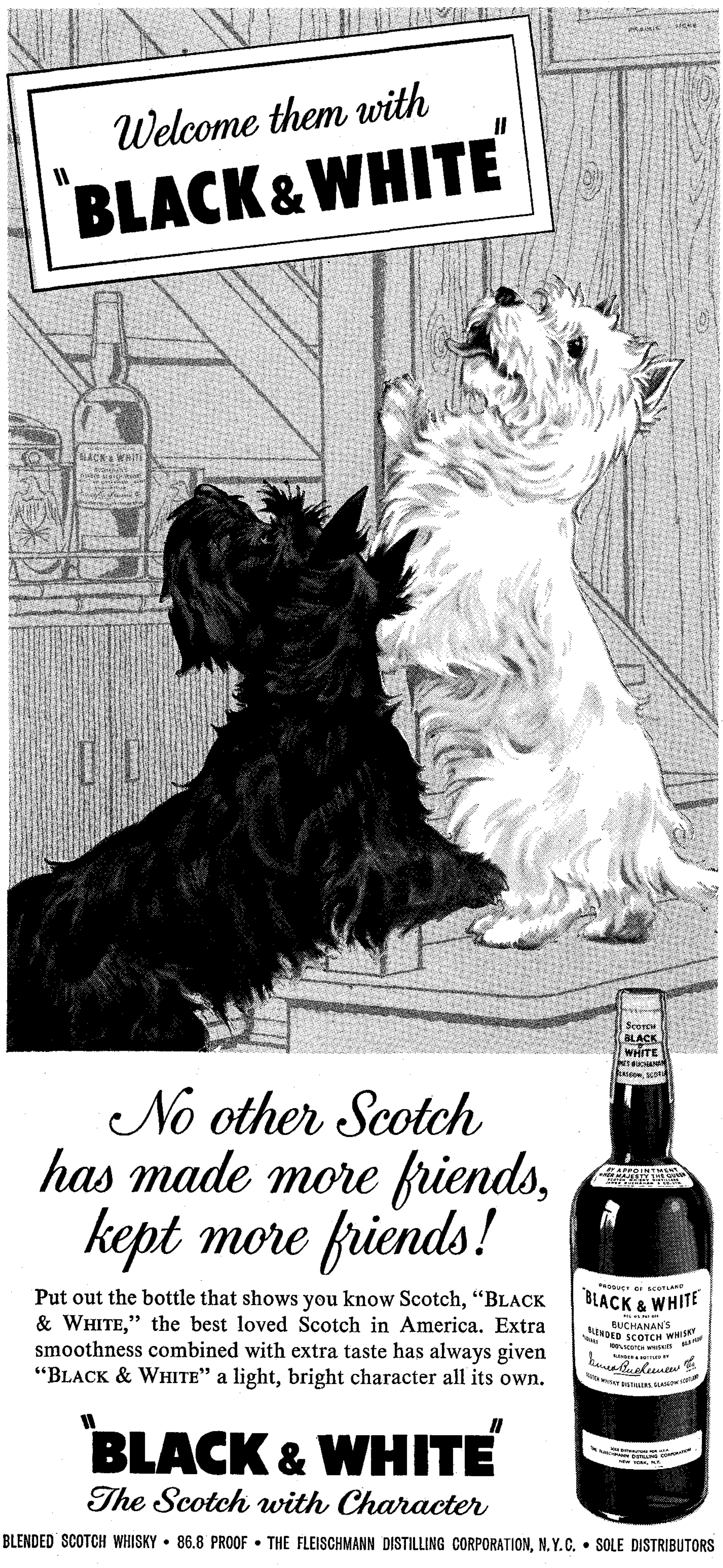
"*Eh bien*," said Mme. Simon, briskly rephrasing. "I mean, of course, what can we do except distract ourselves with whatever comes to hand? Shall we go down now, and have some tea?"

—FRANCIS STEEGMULLER

•

Or, as Blake put it, "Every harlot was a virgin once." To respect only those that have "arrived" is heartless and snobbish. —*Letter in Writer's Digest.*

Sure, but it's human just the same.



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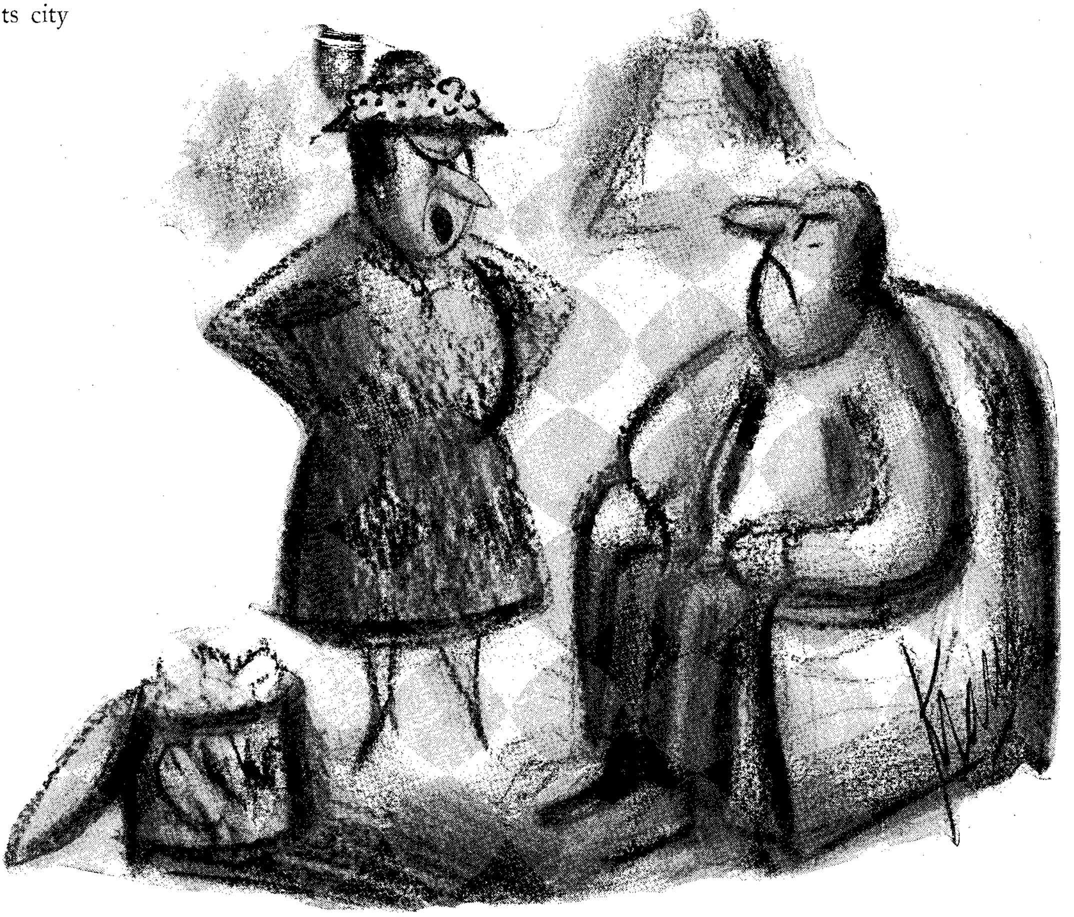
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

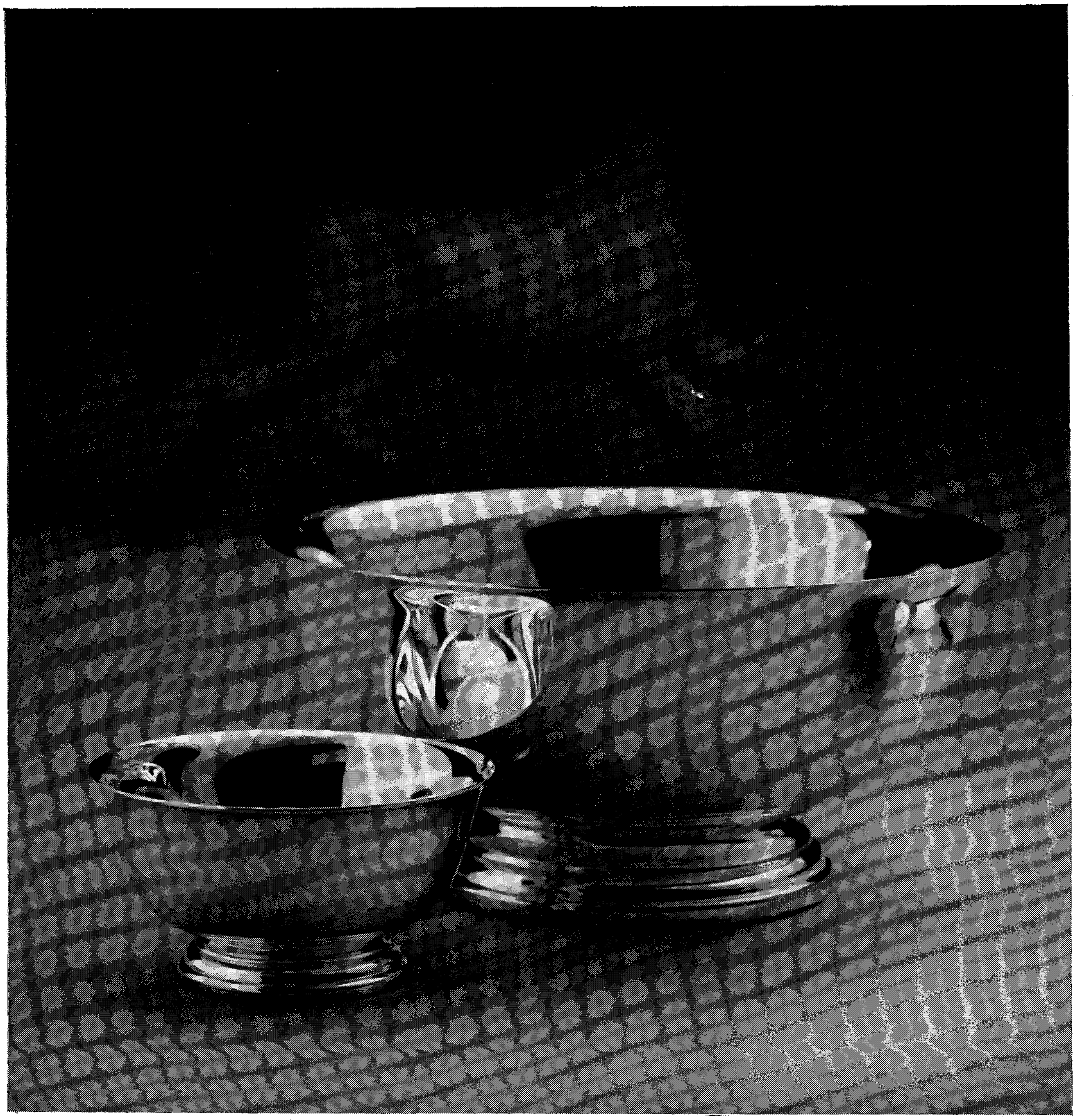
WAY back in 1952, I reported rather casually in these columns on the prefabricated house, little suspecting that I was monkeying with something that would become a full-fledged trend, almost comparable to the coming of the automobile—or was it the covered wagon that first stimulated Americans to get on the move? Now, with the ready-built houses of today making those of 1952 seem as antiquated as some project of the Pharaohs, it is surely time to have another look at what's going on in the field. I hasten to explain, however, that I shall attempt to report only on that limited variety of prefabricated construction known as the vacation house—a cheerful development that offers, at a very moderate price, all the features housewives have come to consider necessary to their comfort (if not to their salvation), along with a simplicity of arrangement that makes for easy upkeep. The American family is thus enabled, on weekends and prolonged holidays, to whisk itself out of its city or suburban home and set up more aesthetic housekeeping by the sea or on a mountaintop or in the woods. The way things have been going with our famous standard of living, it was inevitable that we should proceed from the modest Hoover-era proposal of two chickens in every pot, via two cars in every garage, to the goal of two homes for every householder. It seems only yesterday that a family's dreams centered on adding a wing to the old homestead and doing over the living room, but dreams, like everything else, have gone up in the world, and today one would be hard put to it to find a householder who, if he doesn't actually own a second home, isn't toying with the idea of acquiring one.

The Home Manufacturers Association, with headquarters in Washington, D.C., has estimated that a hundred and twenty-seven thousand prefabricated houses, produced by companies all over the country, were sold in 1960, and the figures for 1961 are expected to be even higher. Out of all these dwellings, I have, rather arbitrarily, chosen to investigate a model called the Nesika Hogan, one of the few vacation houses equipped for year-round living that are manufactured on a national, mass-market scale, and also, as far as I know, the only fully assembled vacation house at hand in Manhattan, right up there in a second-floor showroom at 986 Third Avenue (59th), for all to see and for all—even people who, like me, have an unfortunate inability to grasp the technical jargon that contractors put down on specification sheets—to understand. The Nesika Hogan is a bungalow with a rectangular floor plan and a low-pitched roof; it consists of a big living room walled with glass on two sides, two bedrooms, a well-appointed kitchen, a well-appointed bathroom, and an outdoor deck, or terrace; and its price, with the carpentry completed, a heating unit in place, and practically nothing left for the owner to do before moving in except have the plumbing hooked up and the wiring installed (community ordinances almost everywhere require that locally licensed workmen do these jobs), is $6,595. The customer provides the lot and the foundation piers (the concrete work for the latter usually comes to around $125), and the manufacturer—represented here by the Spencer Company, whose offices are at 163 Bleecker Street, near Sullivan Street, in the Village—does the rest.

The Nesika offers 624 square feet of living space plus 240 square feet of semi-covered terrace, which the Spencer people, who seem never to miss a chance for a fancy name, call a *lanai.* The living room is fifteen and a half feet long and thirteen feet two inches wide; each of the bedrooms is eleven and a half feet long and nine and a half feet wide, each has a good-sized closet with Yale & Towne hardware on the door; the bathroom is seven and a half feet by five; and there is an area, ten feet two inches long and ten feet wide, that can be considered the kitchen or an extension of the living room, according to the taste of the occupant. The framework of the house is of No. 1 grade



"Admit it. It's not the hat you hate, it's me!"



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West Coast timber, and the flooring throughout is five-eighths-inch plywood sheathed underneath with a new aluminum insulation and topped with Masonite—all set to receive the tiling or whatever other covering the owner wants. (The owner buys the tiling, and Spencer lays it, at no extra cost.) The roof is also heavily insulated, under Flintkote asphalt roofing, and so are the walls, which are finished outside with Masonite ridge-groove siding, painted gray with charcoal trim, and inside with half-inch white U. S. Gypsum sheathing. As for the glass walls in the living room, they are of Pittsburgh Plate, and should be more than enough to satisfy the American compulsion to live in glass houses. One of these walls has two large sliding doors, themselves of glass, and Owens-Corning Fiberglas screens are provided for the doors and also for the windows, which are of the jalousie type.

The heart of the Nesika is a so-called plumbing wall, of copper, which is set up between kitchen and bathroom, and contains, in one compact unit, outlets not only for all the bathroom and kitchen equipment but for a hot-water heater. In winter, when the house is left unheated except on weekends, this whole unit can be drained (or put into operation again) by the turning of one valve, which is more than can be said for the plumbing in most of the weekend quarters I am familiar with. A surprising number of what might ordinarily be considered "extras" come along with the house. Besides the necessary electric cord and wire, a choice of a stall shower or a bathtub with a shower head, chromium bathroom and kitchen fixtures, a stainless-steel kitchen sink, and an overhead kitchen cabinet, all of which the buyer might reasonably expect would be included in the price, there are such windfalls as a seven-and-four-tenths-cubic-foot refrigerator, a four-burner electric range, a forty-gallon instant hot-water heater with a ten-year guarantee (all of these by Hotpoint), a choice of two electric heaters or one of those very modern-looking fireplaces that sit out in the middle of the room, an infrared ceiling heater for the bathroom, *and* four beds with foam-rubber mattresses.

To the layman, the changes that Spencer is or is not prepared to make in the plan of the house without increasing the price may seem rather capricious. For example, the living room can be considerably enlarged at no extra cost by pushing back its rear wall to reduce the size of the bedroom behind it. On

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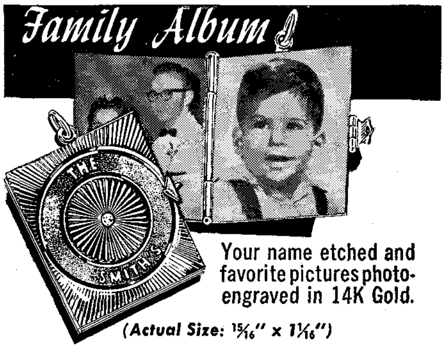

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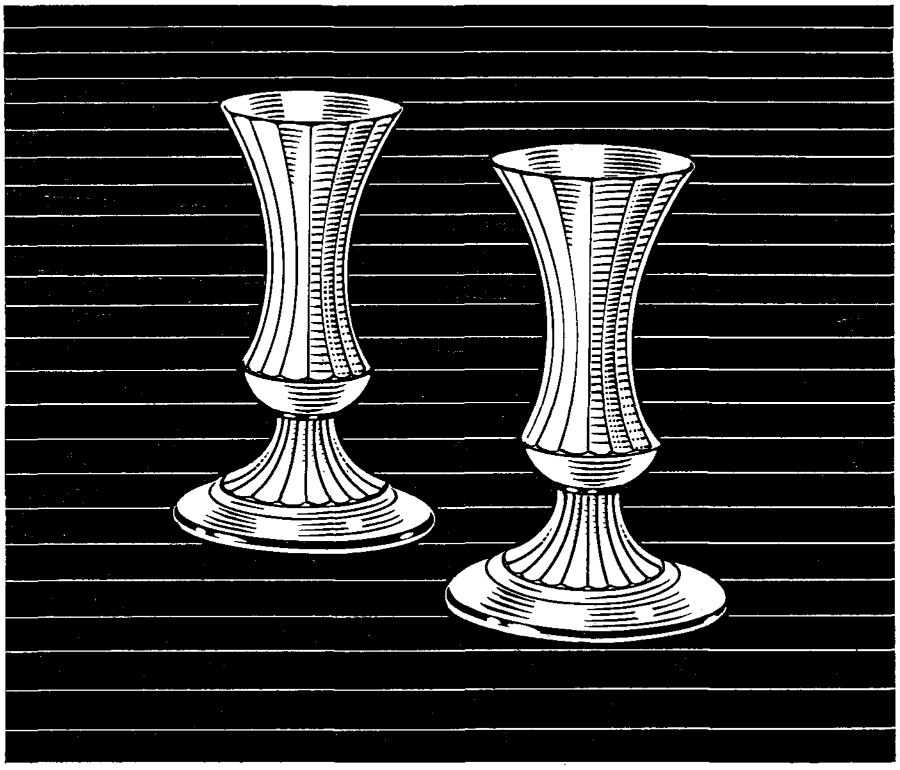
the other hand, if all that glass is too overpowering for the customer, the living room can be walled in, but there's a charge of $20 per window for the replacement; to cut a door between the bathroom and the adjoining bedroom costs $29.95; and the same charge is made to turn the kitchen window into a door—an essential change, it seems to me, since the only back entrance to the house in the present plan is through the bathroom, an arrangement in which the architect probably had in mind less the convenience of the butcher's delivery boy than that of a dripping swimmer. However, generous allowances are made if the buyer decides against some of the standard equipment. If he wants to install his own, larger refrigerator (for which there is room in the kitchen), the price of the one that comes with the house will be subtracted; the same goes if the customer holds out for a gas range instead of the electric one, or wants to put in his own heating system.

The Spencer people won't make any positive guarantees about how long it will take them to put up a Nesika once it is ordered, but they do say that, given reasonable weather, they will have the house ready from seven to ten days after the materials arrive at the owner's prepared site. Delivery is free within a hundred miles of the fabricating plant (the one serving this area is in Blackwood, New Jersey, which is ninety miles from Times Square), and beyond that distance the charge is a dollar a mile.

Although I have spoken only of the house I saw at the showroom on Third Avenue, there are actually two other versions of the Nesika Hogan. One is the shell of the identical house, including doors, windows, screens, hardware, and copper plumbing wall but no fixtures, which costs $3,895 delivered to the building site, along with specifications for its erection by the owner; the other is the same package delivered *and* erected by Spencer, for $4,519.

I trust that prospective purchasers bent on investigating the Third Avenue model will not be put off by the determined way the very worst foot of the house has been put foremost. Instead of leaving the rooms bare and letting the customer imagine his own structural and decorative arrangements, the promoters have bedizened the house within an inch of its life, omitting not one single vulgarity of department-store decoration. If, though, you look at the model with any kind of creative imagination, and if you examine the first-rate materials used and the quite sound



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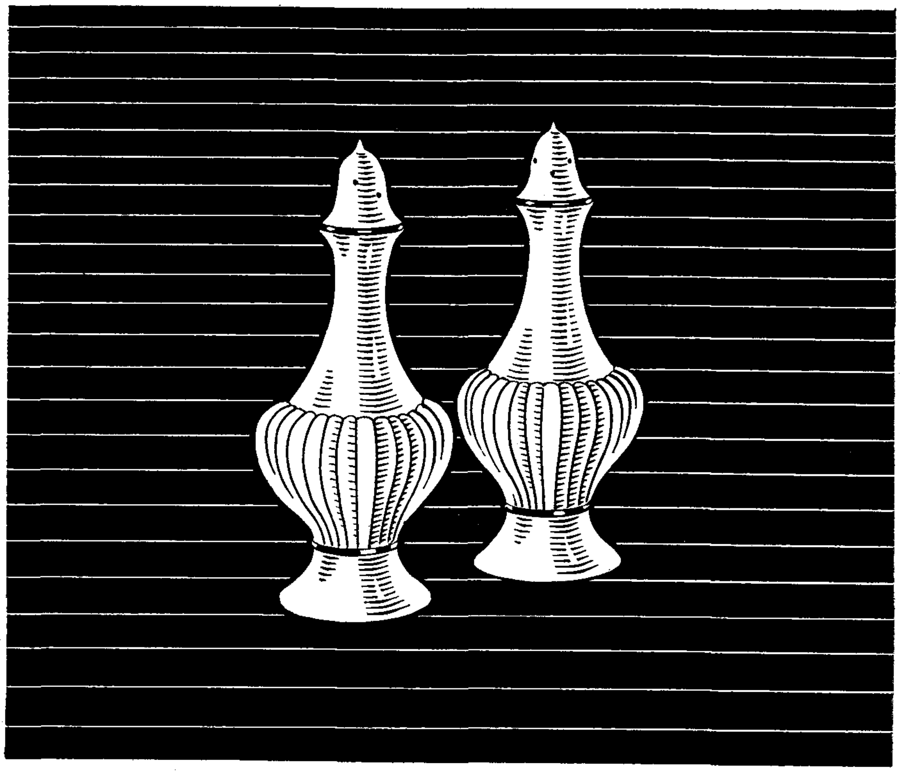

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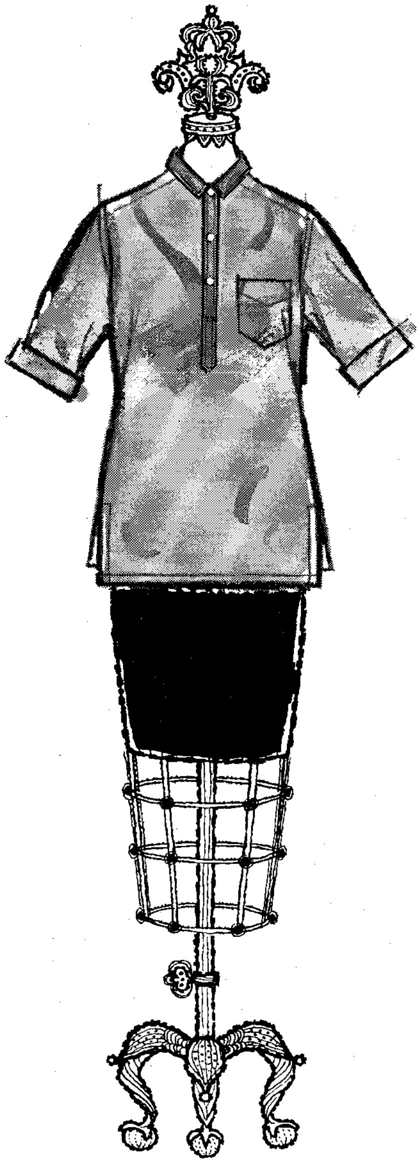

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details of construction, I think you will conclude that here is a very desirable little house at an exceedingly reasonable price.

IN brooding over how the customer is going to cope with the Nesika's inside walls, which struck me as being rather bleak, I remembered that I had recently heard a lot about Katzenbach & Warren's new vinyl-treated wall coverings and vinyl-latex paints, which only a weak-minded resistance to any more vinyl in our already vinyl-impregnated existence had kept me from investigating earlier. Well, as a lesson to all those who are afflicted with unreasonable prejudices, let me hasten to say that K. & W., working together with the Owens-Corning Fiberglas Company, has brought off some minor miracles in a medium that I had thought must by this time have had all the miraculous wrung out of it. The new wall covering, called Cariba (there's a new paint with the same name, and also a set of decorative wall panels), is a combination of vinyl and Fiberglas, and was originally produced to overcome the many difficulties that arise in decorating walls in the tropics—specifically, at the three elegant new hotels that Laurance Rockefeller has built in Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands. Since the Caribbean offers a particularly lavish assortment of difficulties, Katzenbach & Warren and Owens-Corning, in solving them satisfactorily, have licked just about all the problems that a wall covering can present *anywhere*. So now the Cariba on walls in Maine or Arizona or Alaska, or anywhere else in the world, will not mildew or mold, or stretch or shrink, or fade or stain, or peel, or burst into flames, or succumb to any of the other disasters that ordinary wall coverings are heir to. The stuff—textured in a small pattern like that of a fine piqué—comes in fourteen ravishing colors, among them some very unusual shades of blue and blue-green; a palish red; various subtle tones of yellow, brown, and gray; and a clear pure white, which will surely delight cautious housewives who, with fingerprints and other stains in mind, have never dared risk white walls. This white, like all the Cariba colors, is almost completely resistant to dirt and stains of any kind, and if any such do appear, they can be scrubbed off without damage to the fabric. The material, which is fifty-two inches wide, costs $6 a yard for less than thirty yards, and $5.25 a yard for more than that quantity. It is sold only through decorators.

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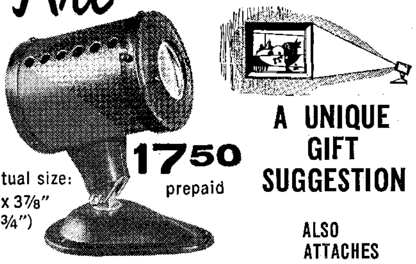

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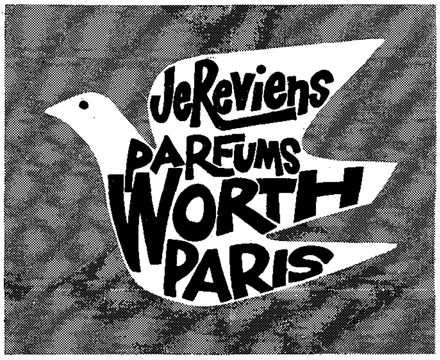


FOR A PACKET OF SCENTED BLOTTING PAPER
WRITE TO: WORTH, DEPT. B, 5 EAST 57TH ST., N. Y. C.

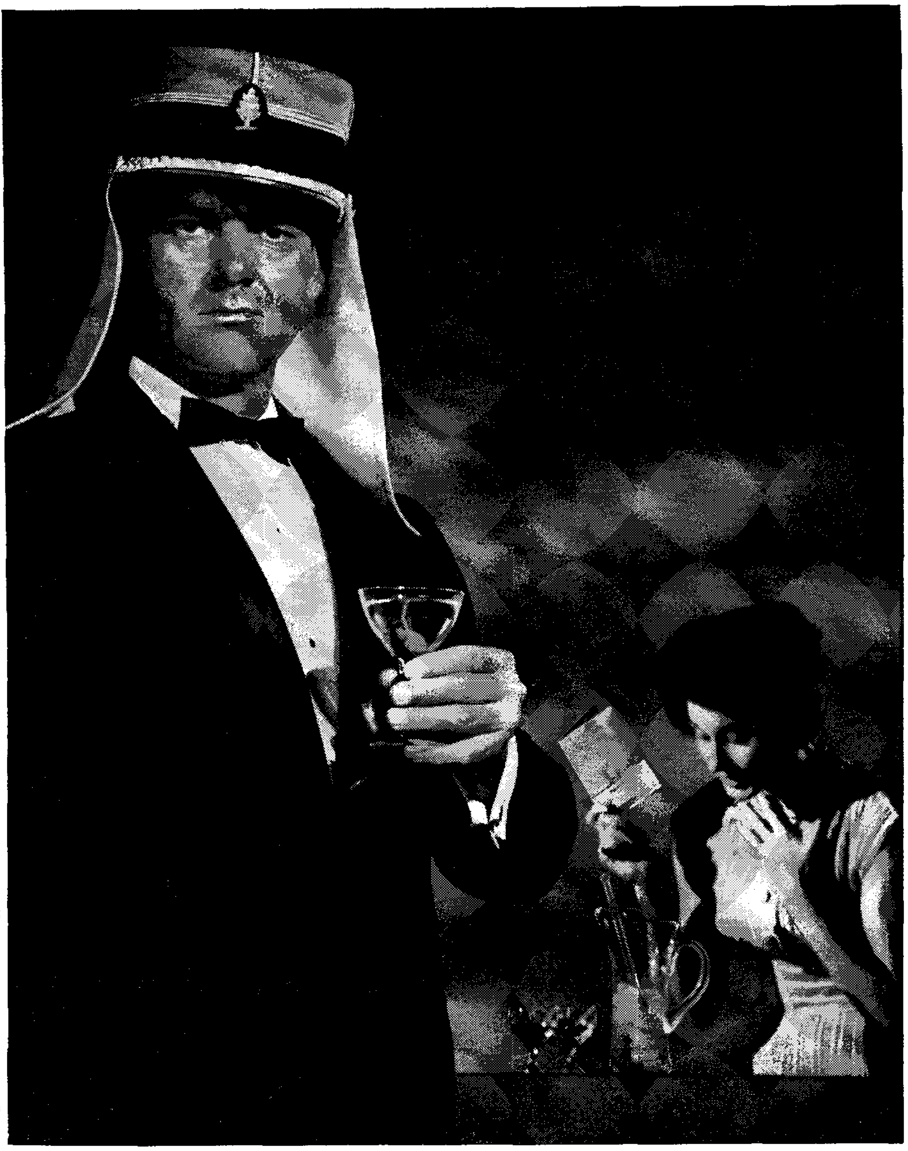
The same beautiful colors appear again in Katzenbach & Warren's new vinyl-latex water-base paint, which has most of the practical advantages of the Cariba wall covering plus the beauty of a peculiarly velvety finish that gives the colors something of the charm of sun-baked tropical houses. This remarkable paint can be easily applied, even by an amateur house painter, to practically any surface (primed wood, wallboard, stucco, plaster, brick, masonry, and so on), and, moreover, it is fade-resistant and washable (not to say scrubbable), and it won't peel. It costs $7.30 a gallon, through decorators, and the minimum quantity sold is five gallons.

The third impressive item in the Cariba group is a series of three panels printed, in any color that is wanted, on one or another of the solid-color Cariba wall coverings. Each panel shows a single striking decoration typical of the Caribbean, one being an oversized, highly stylized pineapple; another a slender, infinitely graceful leaf of a palm indigenous to that region; and the third a dramatically arranged collection of sea shells and coral, which succeeds even better than the others in evoking a feeling of the lovely Caribbean shores. The pineapple panels are forty-eight inches high and twenty-two inches wide, and cost $98.25 each; the sea-shell panels are twenty-two inches high and forty-eight inches wide, and also cost $98.25 each; and the palm design, which is twenty-five inches square, costs $89.25. The same patterns can also be had printed on plain wallpaper, at a much lower price—$30 each for the pineapple and the sea shells, and $24 for the palm. —S. H.

THIS AND THAT

Fair and Warmer

SOMEONE unpacking crates in Macy's basement has been singing "Come into the garden, Maud," and investigation unearths the fact that Macy's Little Shop, secure in the knowledge that spring isn't far behind the times even this year, has been making preparations for the great outdoors. In the crates, it happens, are bundles of good-weather clothes made for Macy in Italy, France, Switzerland, Spain, Japan, and so forth. Some of them, two-piece outfits that would be ideal for a picnic lunch, are (a) tailored blouses of white cotton print—yellow and gold squares—with stand-away button-down collars and four-in-hand neckties of gold linen, plus (b) skirts of the same linen slit into six panels, which but part-



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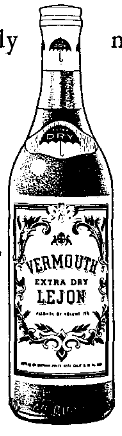
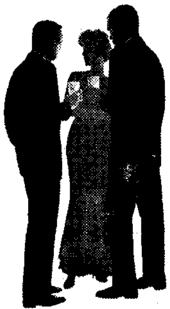


BELL'S
SCOTCH



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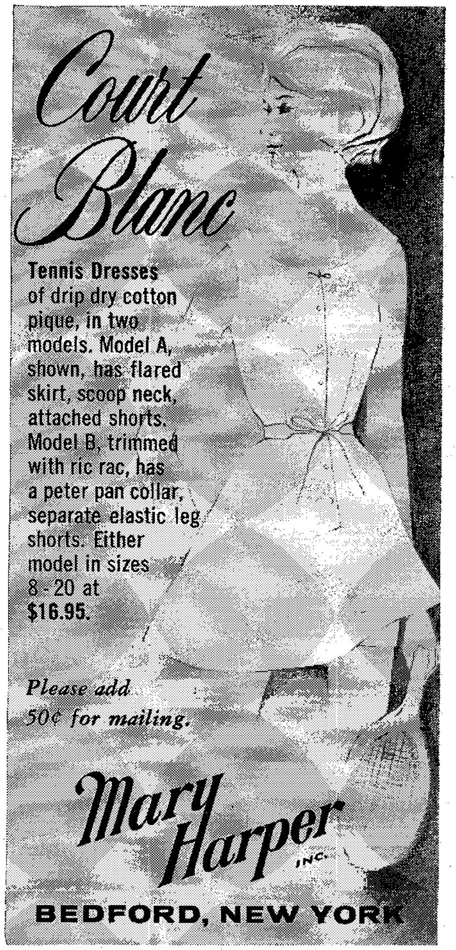
86 PROOF. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. ©HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN., 1961, SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.

ly conceal slim knee-length culottes of the cotton print. Dressier, and for boardwalks and such, are the wide, below-the-knee culottes of diagonally ribbed white cotton; they look like skirts when the wearer is standing still. With these go blouses of beet-red chambray with rolled collars whose long ends knot on the chest; the cummerbunds are of green chambray. One-piece dresses of iridescent red-and-navy French denim, which is stiffer than our domestic output, go into one-shoulder-bare décolletages, which may be best for moonlight nights, when there's no danger of a one-sided tan. Fetching sheaths that have bateau necks and no sleeves are of cotton with a vast Paisley pattern in stained-glass colors, and are thoughtfully provided with two cummerbunds—of the cotton for what-ho! occasions, of purple chiffon for evening. Two-piece dresses with narrow skirts and buttoned-in-back overblouses drawn in by narrow self sashes at the low hipline are of a spectacular hand-screened surah print—a tropical sunset in a burst of gray-blue shooting stars. (For the Fourth of July?) A quiet but knowing suit of nubbly linen in pale mauve includes a box jacket trimmed along its turnover collar, its breast pockets, and its opening with white-and-mauve fagoting; double bands of openwork run along the hem of both the jacket and the narrow skirt. Tailored sheaths, for forays into or out of town, are of hyacinth-blue linen, and matching inserts of ribbed cotton knit studded with blue buttons troop down the sides from the shoulders to the hips. No buttonholes, though. And summer dance dresses of white dotted Swiss have Bristol-blue asters imprinted on them. Their scalloped apron overskirts are lined with white organdie for stability and poise. Sizes here are 8 to 16.

BENDEL'S new Smaller Than Small Shop has assembled adult clothes for young women, and recent graduates of the class, who wear junior and misses' sizes 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7. A few are of Bendel's own design. In this category are hipbone-length jackets of pale-yellow linen fastening below three fat self bows (and covering dresses with matching long-waisted bodices) and skirts of black linen with three gores in front and four gores in back. Dresses of pale-yellow linen that are slim through the body and flippant at the hem have a single bulbous bow below their round, collarless necks; sleeveless dresses of gray linen are piped with purple linen down the sides and along the low belts, which



Court Blanc

Tennis Dresses of drip dry cotton pique, in two models. Model A, shown, has flared skirt, scoop neck, attached shorts. Model B, trimmed with ric rac, has a peter pan collar, separate elastic leg shorts. Either model in sizes 8-20 at $16.95.

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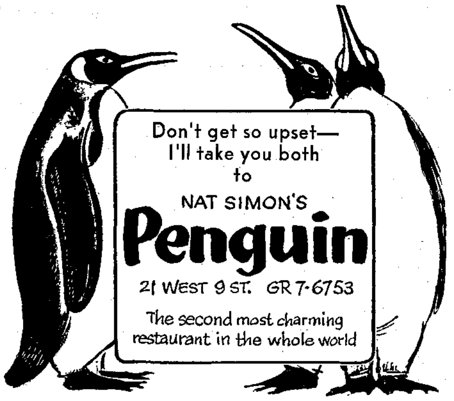

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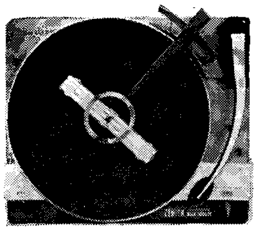
operate only at the center front and back; enormous black tigers with bristling whiskers romp over presumably cool shifts of putty pongee. Afternoon dresses with elongated tops and shirred skirts, all of multicolored striped-and-speckled India silk, can be indented at the natural waist by the sashes that are part of the deal. Similar dresses of black batiste in a print of creamy camellias and irises have an unobtrusive chest pocket piped with black cotton. For cocktails and later, there are bias rayon crêpes, as simple as tennis dresses, with bateau necks, widely slashed armholes, and drawstring waists. In pale peach, ice blue, black, or white, and $35, where prices begin in this assortment. They stop at $160.

IN Lord & Taylor's fourth-floor lingerie department reposes a vast supply of inexpensive warm-weather finery, among it short, bias nightgowns of white synthetic batiste. These are edged along the scoop necks, the flared-at-the-elbows sleeves, and the sloping hip pockets with narrow rickrack braid in crocus colors—lavender and yellow—to match the stripes of some cotton broadcloth pinafore dresses that cover them up for breakfast or even lunch; $12 a set. Sleeping coats that can do double duty as short robes are of white drip-dry cotton on which purple and Shocking-pink cabbage roses, gold-orange-and-purple anemones, and bottle-green leaves are visible. These garments fasten with a vertical column of white pearl buttons set between borders of purple stripes. White nylon tricot that is a mass of yellow and turquoise Shasta daisies and purple carnations, tulips, and crocuses goes into the making of two-piece pajamas (scoop-neck pullovers and three-quarter tapered trousers), half slips, and briefs. Long nightgowns (fitted bodices, swirling skirts) and half slips of Antron, a new synthetic on the order of silk tricot, present blue, orange, and white daisies, plus orange ranunculus, on a murky-green ground. Vegetarian is the attitude of two-piece pajamas (thigh-length tops and brief pants) and shirt coats with masculine button-down collars, for the white Dacron print that is their substance has a kitchen garden full of string-beans, tomatoes, turquoise pea pods, and purple carrots. Ensembles handsome enough for a trousseau, at $39.95, are of white nylon tricot over lime tricot. The waltz-length nightgowns in this group are encircled at their Empire waists by sashes of green nylon ribbon caught with nosegays of lilies of the val-

QUALITY

IN STEREO HIGH FIDELITY



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The new "Stereo Professional" record changer reflects the uncompromising standards of quality set by Zenith. *Here is the world's finest home console record changer*—precision designed to end the "rumble," the "wow" and "flutter" that plague ordinary changers. It brings you the brilliant beauty of *pure stereo* sound just as it was *meant* to sound. And with Zenith's exclusive *Extended* Stereo, the sources of sound seem to come from *beyond the sides* of the cabinet. It's the widest stereo sound separation you ever heard in a single instrument! Zenith quality is reflected, too, in stereo's most distinguished fine furniture cabinetry. Every popular style is represented, to match your interior decor. See and hear new Zenith high fidelity stereo now—at your Zenith dealer's.

Pictured below is the Zenith Rachmaninoff, with FM/AM radio. Elegant French Provincial styling. From Zenith's famous fine furniture Decorator Group. In genuine cherry fruitwood veneers and solids. Model SFF 2585, $875*. Zenith quality high fidelity stereo starts as low as $179.95*.

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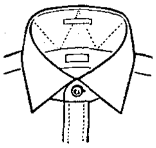
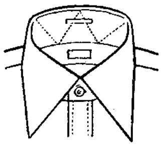
Each hand cutting of all Wendley shirts is impeccably tailored. Meticulous detailing graces the polished luxury of their fine pima cottons and imported batistes. And they launder true, returning time after time with indomitable elegance.

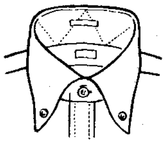


The **HI-CUT** in 100% finest pima cotton. Blue, white. **9.85**

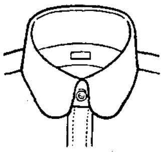
In imported batiste cotton, blue, white, aztec gold. **7.95**



The **ROLLO** in 100% finest pima cotton. White. **9.85**



The **ROLLO BUTTON-DOWN** in imported batiste cotton. White. **7.95**



The **HI-BOY** in 100% finest pima cotton. White. **9.85**

All with french cuffs, the batistes with breast pocket.

Also, a most extensive collection of distinctive neckwear by the originators of the "Wendley Slim" Tie.

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ley; the petalled collars of the accompanying peignoirs are layers on layers of ruffled white nylon lace.

MANY of the current pumps in the I. Miller establishment at 689 Fifth Avenue (54th) could easily have been planned by the Museum of Modern Art. Distinct implications of Mondrian are apparent in some shoes of white calf with towering heels, for on the right shoe there's a patch of red calf at the base of the vamp, and on the left shoe a sliver of yellow calf on the outside of the vamp. Both pumps are also decorated vertically and horizontally here and there by strips of black patent leather. Mondrian watches, too, over shoes of calf with angular slices of apricot on the outside of the pale-beige toes and café-au-lait bandings at the base of the vamps, not to mention the beige inside quarters and the putty outer quarters and heels. The stripes this time are of white calf. What Miller calls a calico collage, although it is more like a patchwork quilt, is the decoration—light, dark, and bright calico overlaid with black patent leather—of shoes on a similar last. In an entirely different mood are the stark and stately classic pumps of white, greige, or black ostrich leather. They're $49.95, but lots of other shoes here are down at $29.95. Pumps of embroidered nylon in a miniature caning pattern arrive in a variety of plaids—black, beige, greige, and white with black leather collars and heels; brown, beige, and tan with brown leather collars and heels; pink, red, and white with strawberry leather collars and heels; and parrot colors with lavender leather collars and heels. Then there are linen pumps with Madeira embroidery. Those in white or écru, and mounted on high or medium heels, are embroidered across the toes with matching small posies and scallops, and they look as though they had been made from teacloths. Those of black linen are embroidered with red roses and green leaves on the vamps and at the backs of the high heels; red and green embroidered blossoms scarcely larger than pin dots trail down the sides.

BLOOMINGDALE'S Maternity Shop offers sane, simple, good-looking clothes, mostly for sports, and in sizes 6 to 14, that represent John Weitz's first venture into this field of design. His three-piece outfits, all made up of separates, include short-sleeved jackets, flared skirts, and tapered trousers. The jackets of those in wide-waffle piqué (black or white) have cuffed stand-

"Man is the hunter; woman is his game . . ."
—Alfred Lord Tennyson

"The Essence for a Man"
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away necks and sailor pockets; the jackets of those in strawberry rayon sharkskin with a print of red dice are collarless and have vents in back. The jackets are $10.95, and the skirts and slacks $8.98 each. Two-piece dresses of grass-green Dacron-and-rayon linen have collarless tops that fasten with white pearl buttons, and the yokes run from shoulder to shoulder. Coat dresses with the same detail are on hand in blue, turquoise, grass-green, or cream cotton homespun, and they fasten with smoked-pearl buttons. These are around $20. For the beach, Mr. W. does below-hip capes in Shocking-pink cotton with slits for the arms. They're lined with white terry cloth to match the tapered slacks beneath them.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE'S children's floor has acquired a lighthearted and excellent assemblage of Helen Lee's clothes for little girls size 2 to 12. Pinafore dresses with low pockets and separate rompers are what the shop calls Somersault Suits, and white piqué in a print of poppies, wild roses, and royal-blue lilies of the valley is the stuff. These are $12.95, complete, in sizes 3 to 6. Other rompers, of blue cotton with a print of white polka dots, tie at the sides with white piqué bows. The floppy hats of white piqué that are shown with them might shade adults, too, for the head sizes go up to 22. Cotton in broad diagonal stripes of fuchsia, orange, pistachio green, lilac, red, and gold is also used for rompers, and for the ruffles on the flared hems or the attached half aprons of dresses of pecan piqué. "Best dresses" for small and bigger girls combine bodices of tobacco linen, billowy skirts of white silk organza, and narrow sashes of gold linen; sizes 3 to 6X are $10.95, and sizes 7 to 12 are $12.95. As a final touch, there are daisy wreaths for young queens of the May to wear in their hair. —M. M.

•

A proposed funeral home to serve the needs of the Hi-Desert has been announced this week.

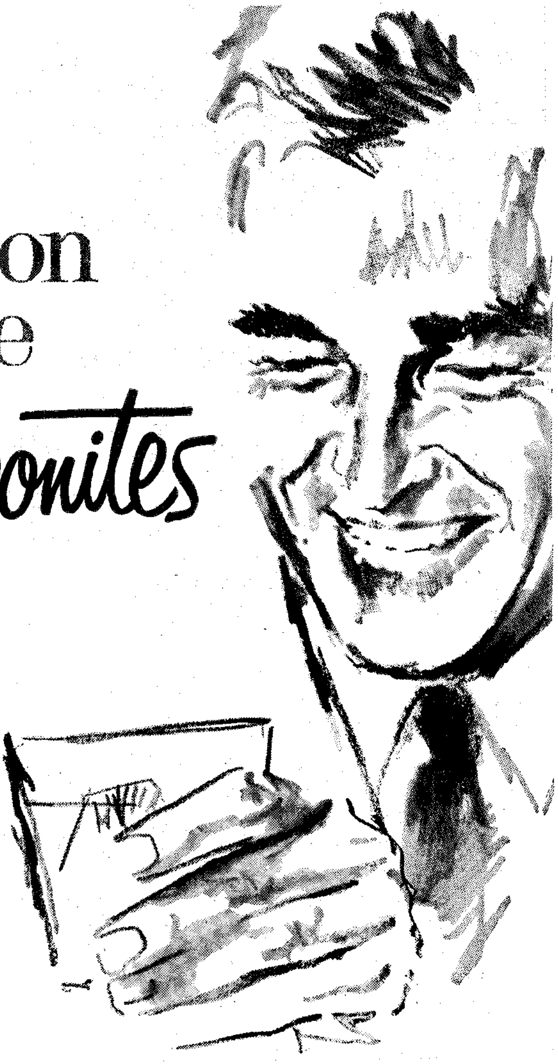
The property of Mr. and Mrs. Charley Anderson has been purchased by Dewey E. Stroup of Long Beach. Stroup has been associated with a funeral home in Long Beach....

Yucca Valley's good fortune in gaining a funeral home is only exceeded by its misfortune in losing its good neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Charley Anderson. The couple have planned an extended tour for pleasure and relaxation.—*Joshua Tree (Calif.) Desert Journal.*

Yucca Valley will just have to take the bitter with the sweet.

Bellows Club Bourbon

the bourbon of the Bourbonites



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STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
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The secret behind the growing popularity of straight Kentucky bourbon, as the Bourbonites will tell you, is *satisfying lightness.* And the choice of these wise folk is Bellows Club Bourbon. Make it *your* choice, too. Discover its rewarding taste and gentle mildness—tonight, at home or tavern.

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Mother's Day is May 14th...

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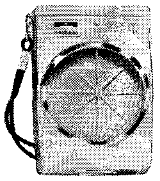
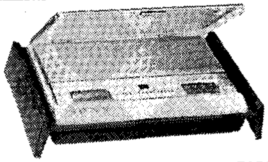
Thirty years ago, when you celebrated Mother's Day would you have dreamed that there would be a cordless radio like the Sony TR-712? Here is a table model radio with nothing to plug in . . . no unsightly wires . . . operates for months on three standard flashlight batteries . . . and weighs only 3⅓ pounds. The TR-712 is miniaturization at its finest. Superb tonal quality and excellent reception. Operates both indoors and outdoors . . . in the kitchen, in the living room, on the patio, wherever good music or news is desired. The perfect gift for Mother . . . She'll use it 365 days a year. Ask for a demonstration at your favorite radio or department store.

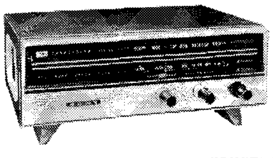
SONY TR-712 7-Transistor Cordless Radio. Features decorator styled cabinet . . . performs amazingly for months on 3 standard flashlight batteries. Size 11½ x 4 x 5¾ inches. Cream colored or Teal Blue. Complete with batteries and earphone. *List:* **$44.95**



SONY TR-620 PALM-SIZED, 6-TRANSISTOR POCKETABLE Mightiest masterpiece of miniatures. Remarkable tonal quality through inverted cone speaker. Weighs 6 ounces. In black, cream, coral or blue. Complete with battery, earphone and carrying case. List: **$29.95**



SONY TR-624 FINGERTIP CONTROL, TABLE RADIO Beautiful accessory for coffee, desk or night table. Complete with batteries, earphone and carrying case. List:**$39.95**



SONY TR-711 7-TRANSISTOR SUPERHETRODYNE 2 Band (standard and short wave) reception plus 2-speaker high fidelity. Complete with batteries. List: **$79.95**

Civil Defense recommends a battery-operated radio in every home. Every SONY radio clearly shows the two Conelrad frequencies.

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THE WAYWARD PRESS

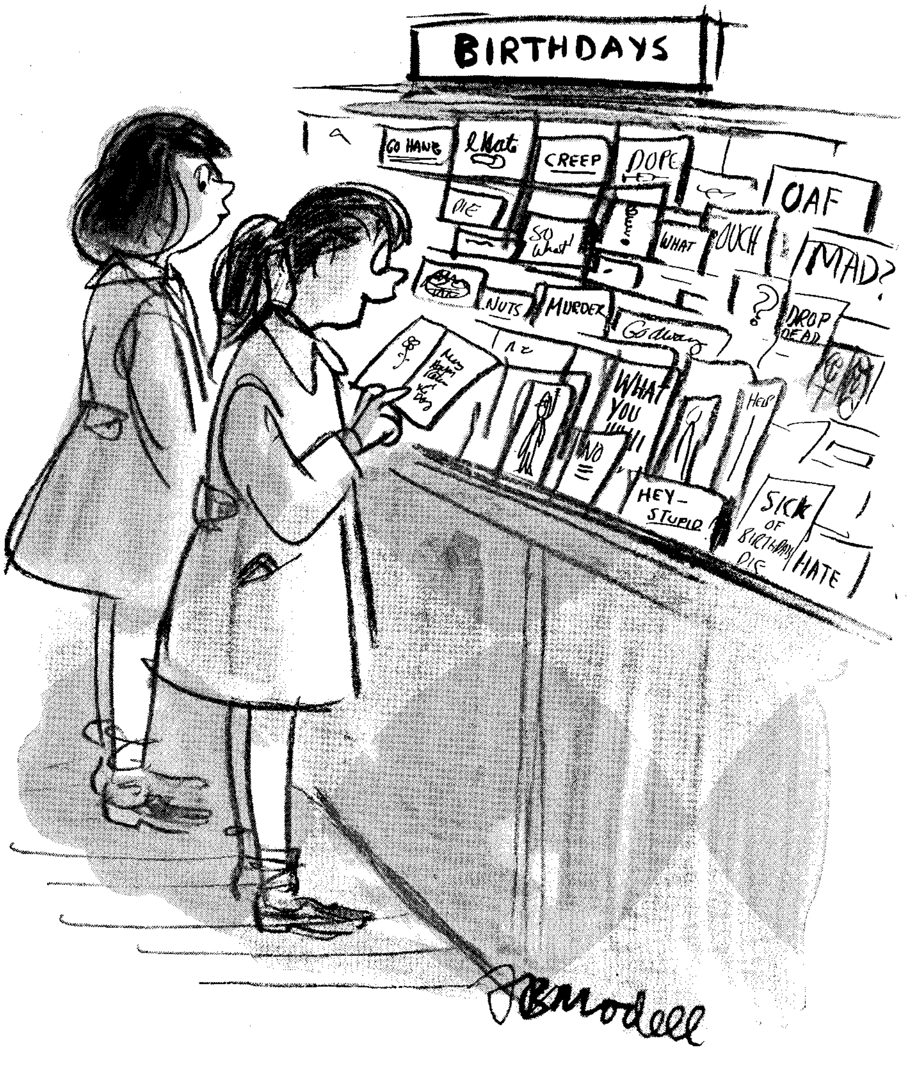
POTEMKIN RIDES AGAIN

I WAS put wise only recently—by the "Blue Book" of the John Birch Society—to the true purpose of the first Soviet sputnik, in 1957. "The most important ultimate effect of Sputnik, as planned by the Soviets," according to the "Blue Book," which is the Society's Koran, was to scare us into "getting rid of ever larger sums of American money, as wastefully as possible," for defense and education, which would bring a rise in taxes, which would bust down the economy and lead to federal control of education, which *is* Communism. Despite this warning, though, I must admit I was taken in by the newspaper headlines that on April 12th celebrated Major Yuri Gagarin's voyage into space, for they made me think that it would be mighty nice if we could get somebody up there who could describe his experiences in English, and this, of course, was precisely the kind of reaction that the Russians were aiming at. My first misgivings were aroused by a story in the *Daily News* on April 13th, headed:

SPACE IDOL UNMASKED
AS THE SON OF CZARIST

"Russia's greatest hero since Lenin, spaceman Yuri (George) Gagarin, who according to the Commies is the son of a humble Russian carpenter and a product of the superior Soviet state schools, is actually the grandson of a Russian prince who was shot by the Bolsheviks," the story said. "Gagarin, whose father was also a prince, was ostracized by the Communist Party because of his blue blood. He was chosen for the space flight because he was not too highly regarded as an officer and if he did not make it he would not be missed, the *News* was informed on high authority yesterday." The high authority turned out to be a White Russian who lived on East Eighty-first Street and had left Russia in the thirties, but the story bore every evidence of truth, because it illustrated the fiendish efficiency of the Commie demons: If they were going to lose a costly space capsule anyway, they would at least salvage the price of the bullet that they would otherwise have had to fire into the back of the Czarist rat's neck. Little economies like that are what build financial empires. I could not help reflecting for a moment that with a blue-blooded Gagarin now ensconced as Russia's greatest hero since Lenin, the leaders of the world conspiracy to raise the level of education in the United States might have outsmarted themselves. Orphaned and grandorphaned by the firing squad, and barely escaped himself from an ostensible plot to get rid of him, the Prince might turn against them. He would make an attractive head of a Back to the Freedom of Ivan the Terrible Society, and it might have proved cheaper to dispose of him the old way, even if the bullet had cost a kopeck. A couple of days later, all the newspapers carried the unmasked Czarist's denial of his identity, but his very insistence, as quoted by the *Times*, confirmed his terror: "My parents were poor peasants before the revolution, and the older generation, my grandfather and grandmother, were also poor peasants." Wouldn't a man at ease in his mind have admitted to at least a fourth-class postmaster somewhere in his ancestry? The parents attributed to him by captions on news photos taken during his official reception looked to me suspiciously like character actors I have been seeing in Soviet films since 1929. In the photographed clinches, they were clutching him hard, like Honored Plainclothes Operatives of the Soviet Union keeping him under twenty-four-hour surveillance.

DESPITE my pessimism about the Prince's future after the unmasking, knowing who he was helped me identify with him and share the pleasures he described so enchantingly in the newspapers of April 14th. Aware that he was a clean American-oriented boy, like the U-2 pilot, I did not feel the same compunctions as William V. Shannon, who wrote in the *Post*, "Mankind can draw no pride and no solace from the achievement of a totalitarian system that dwarfs and enslaves man." It occurred to me that mankind has been getting a lot of fun for the last ten thousand years out of the wheel, which was invented in totalitarian Assyria, and beer, which was first made in totalitari-



"Here's a cute one. It says, 'Many happy returns of the day!'"

an Babylonia. Actually, a "first," in the long run, means only that somebody else has done your homework for you. Nobody remembers the name of the first poet, but his work opened the way for Allen Ginsberg. "Fate has made us the trustee of mankind's freedom," Mr. Shannon wrote, but, leaving my share of it with the proprietor of the Palace Bar & Grill to hold for me while I was away, I travelled vicariously with Yuri in his spaceship as happily as ever I travelled with Tom Sawyer in his balloon:

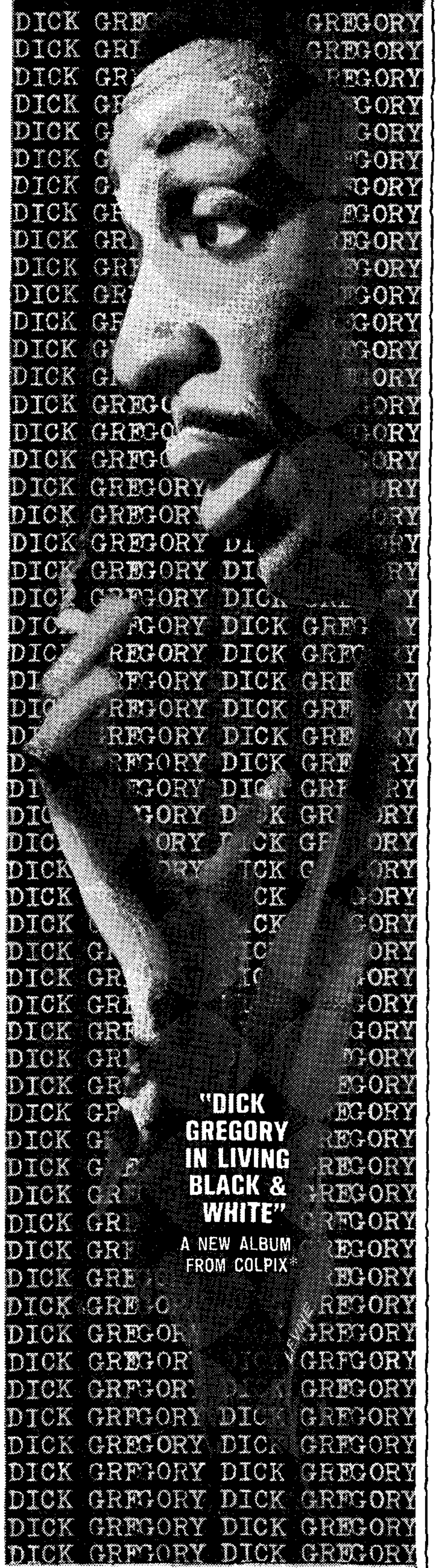
"When you go orbiting around the earth, says Yuri A. Gagarin, you float above your chair in the spaceship. The sun blazes 'tens of times brighter than here on earth.' The earth's sunny face is separated from the black void by a band of delicate blue." This was from an A.P. story by Preston Grover, in Moscow. Elsewhere I read, "One's legs, arms, weigh nothing. Objects float in the cabin. Neither did I myself sit in the chair . . . but hung in midair. While in the state of weightlessness, I ate and drank [eat and grow weightless], and everything occurred just as it does here on earth. I even worked in that condition, jotting down my observations. My handwriting did not change, although the hand does not weigh anything. Only I had to hold the notebook. Otherwise it would float away. I maintained communications over different channels and tapped the telegraph key." This has the grip of Gulliver or Crusoe, plus Tom Swift. It is the magic-carpet dream that the airplane, with its noises and ghastly lunch trays, has never more than partially gratified. It recalled Penrod Schofield's reverie of floating weightlessly above the parade while Marjorie Jones, like Mrs. Gagarin, remained at ground level and suffered. Penrod, in his dream, had eliminated the capsule—he just floated. But science will catch up to him someday.

Then the return to weight, with the return to earth. The teacher's voice tells Penrod where he is. "The transition from weightlessness to gravitation, to the appearance of the force of gravity, is smooth. One's legs and arms feel as before, as during weightlessness, but again acquire weight. And I no longer hovered over the chair, but eased myself into it."

And here, for the color, I quote from poor Prince Gagarin as reported in the *Times*. They could execute him, he seemed to me to be saying, but they could never take away the glory he had seen:

> I could see the daytime side of the earth very well. . . . The shores of the

"I sat at the counter in a restaurant in Alabama for nine months. When they finally integrated and I saw the menu, they didn't have what I wanted."
DICK GREGORY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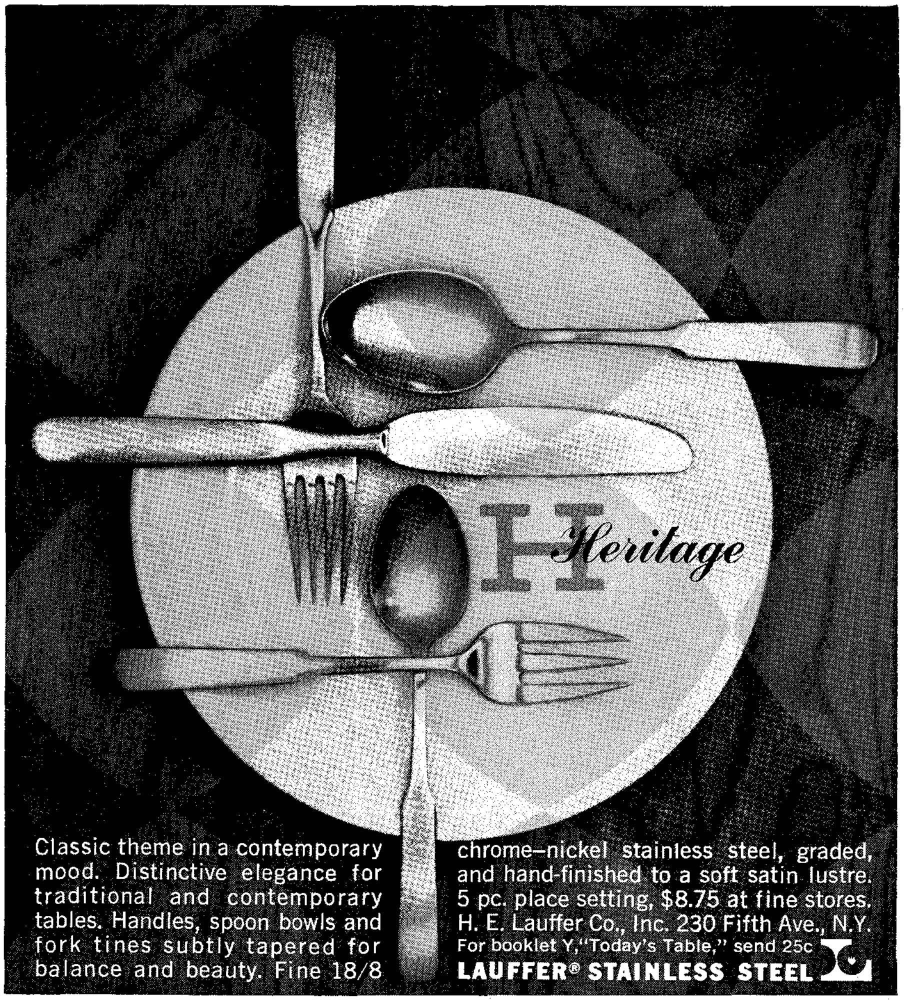
continents, islands, important rivers, great water surfaces, wrinkles and localities were clearly distinguishable. While flying over Soviet territory, I saw perfectly great squares of collective farms. It was possible to distinguish between plowed land and grassland. From a spaceship, visibility is, of course, not so good as from a plane, but it is still good, and even very good. During the flight, I was able, for the first time, to see with my own eyes the spherical shape of the earth. You can see it when you look at the horizon. The view of the horizon was different up there and very beautiful. You can see a beautiful transition from the bright surface of the earth to the completely dark sky, in which the stars are visible. This transition is very subtle. It is as though a film ringed the earth. It is of a delicate blue color. This change from the blue to the dark is very gradual and lovely. It is difficult to render it in words. And when I emerged from the shadow of the earth, the horizon looked different. There was a bright orange strip along it, which again passed into a blue hue and once again into a dense black color. I did not see the moon. In space the sun is shining tens of times brighter than on earth. I could see the stars very well. They were bright and distinct. The whole picture of the sky had more contrast than when it is seen from the earth.

BY the time I came down from space with Yuri, I had contracted an invincible homesickness for it. It was indispensable to me, and I sympathized with Shannon and others like him, who wanted to do something about it, at whatever cost. (Shannon, falling into the Soviet trap, wound up his piece with an adjuration to President Kennedy to start spending in order to close the space gap right away. He has apparently not read the "Blue Book." First thing he knows, his children will be victims of free higher education.) When I read, in the *Herald Tribune* on Saturday morning, a United Press story headed

$40 BILLION
COULD SPEED
US TO MOON

I felt the price was moderate. The *Trib* said that a top space official had made the estimate: "He said the nation must decide whether the results would justify the costs." The forty billion, I thought, might be raised in the form of a graduated surtax, with the graduation based on patriotism as well as income; that is, a fellow who asserted his patriotism every day would have to pay more than one who just left it to be inferred, and a fellow who was always blowing about it, like William Randolph Hearst, Jr., for example, would have to pay still more. I had forgotten, in my *engouement*, the John Birch doctrine that a true patriot is a man who does not want to see the country wrecked, that taxes wreck the country, and that the best patriot of all, therefore, is the one who



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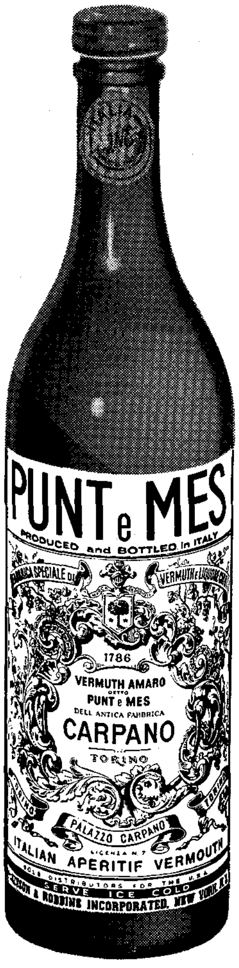
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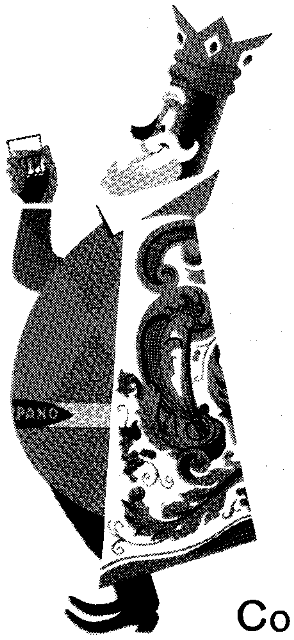

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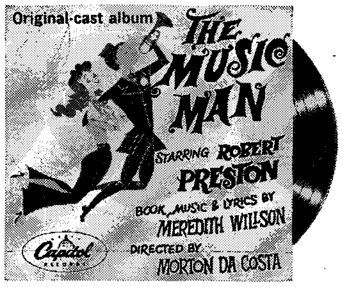
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wants to pay the least taxes. When I remembered, I found myself in a quandary. I certainly didn't want us to collapse economically, so that Mr. Welch would have to go back to the candy business, but I did want to get a rocket-railway going, so that I could hitch a ride.

My dilemma was solved by an elder statesman of journalism whose intelligence and reliability I have never underestimated—David Lawrence. In his syndicated column, "Today in World Affairs," in last Monday's *Herald Tribune*, Mr. Lawrence got to the nub with the headline

REDS' SECRECY RAISES QUERY:
DID GAGARIN REALLY ORBIT?

"Was the Soviet stunt in outer space, as announced officially from Moscow, a hoax?" Mr. Lawrence demanded. "Granted that something went around the earth, was a man really in it, or did the astronaut merely make a separate flight similar to that which an American airman, Joseph Albert Walker, recently made in an X-15 rocket plane at an altitude of 32 miles? These questions are being asked by scientists because there are some obvious discrepancies in the boastful account of his trip given by Major Yuri Gagarin."

From anybody but Mr. Lawrence I would have considered the question captious and perhaps niggling, suggestive of a sore loser, but I saw that the elder statesman had just saved his country. If the Russians had never got a man into space, we would save forty billion dollars, because there would be nothing to catch up to. That would save our civilization from collapsing, and us from having to get educated.

"It probably is true that the Russians sent a satellite around the earth in ninety minutes," Mr. Lawrence went on. "America has done this too. It is also probably true that Maj. Gagarin went high into the air. But whether he traveled around the earth as claimed, or merely achieved a high altitude in the air, remains an unsolved mystery."

"Potemkin rides again!" I exclaimed when I finished this, and, looking back with a fresh eye on the news stories and photographs from Moscow in the past five days, I remembered that the "ecstatic crowds" had looked highly balletistic. As for Major Gagarin's putative parents, they looked to me more than ever like cops, and the early pictures of the Major, in his flying helmet, were pretty obviously 1927 shots of Charles Lindbergh—who, come to think of it, may not have flown to Paris, either, but just waited on top of the Eiffel Tower on a

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dark night and then slid down a slack wire in a toy airplane.

The only one of the "obvious discrepancies" Mr. Lawrence cites that I'd like to quibble with him about is his objection to the False Yuri's visual claims. "Can the human eye really see 200 miles away through portholes or 'slits'?" Mr. Lawrence challenges. "It might distinguish large formations such as the lines on the moon, but it seems incredible that Maj. Gagarin could have seen anything as relatively small as meadows or fields such as he described." I would remind Mr. Lawrence, first, that the glass in the portholes may have been ground to a prescription, like a Texas windshield, and, second, that last year, during the fuss over the U-2 reconnaissance flight, he himself said that the Air Force had a camera that could take a photograph of a golf ball from a height of six miles, which I said was a long way to go for the purpose. You can get roughly forty-nine golf balls into a square foot. A one-acre plowed (or unplowed) field has 43,560 square feet. It is therefore 2,134,440 times as visible as a golf ball, while the Major was a mere 31.17 times as far away as the golf-ball photographer.

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[*From "The Lotus Eaters," by Gerald Green*]

For all this, they were marvelously free of envy. In her mother's case, a prim and stolid past served as a blockade against the forays of hedonism, the incursions of jealousy.—*Page 70.*

Her mother had to fight a continual battle against envy.—*Page 72.*

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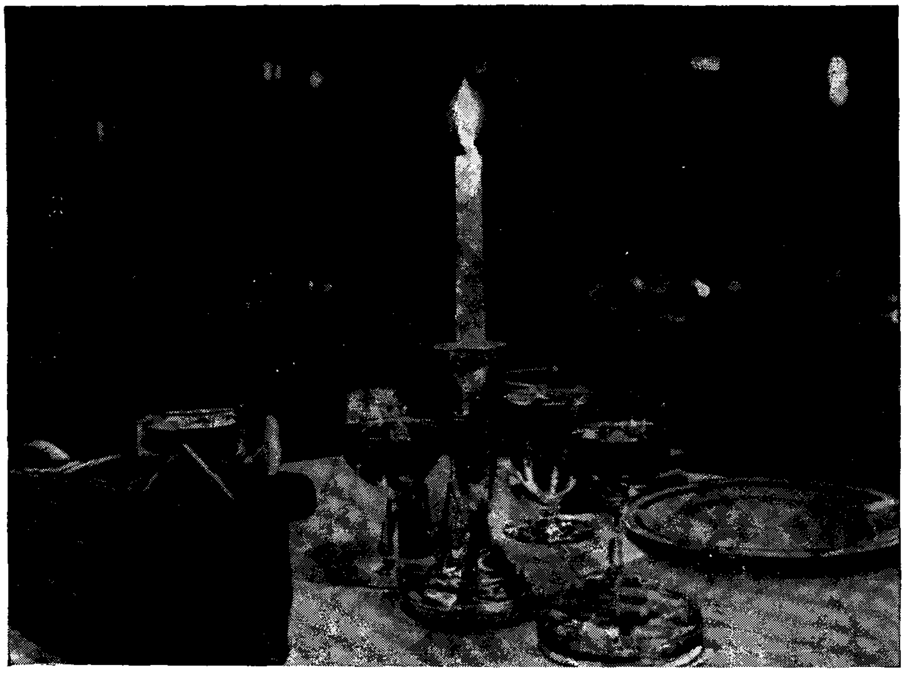

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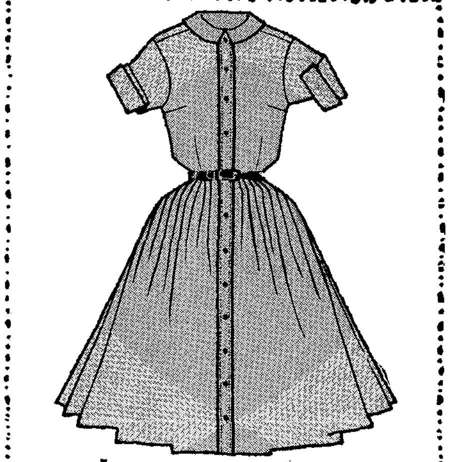

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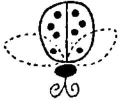

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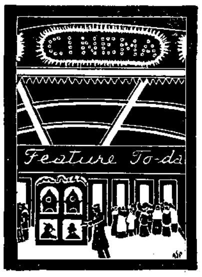

CONSIDERED as a portrait of contemporary Roman life, "La Dolce Vita" is absolutely dazzling in its richness of detail, its variety, and its swift, sure movement; considered as a sermon against Roman wickedness, it is sometimes heavy-handed and fuzzy. For, on the evidence presented here, I think it is safe to assume that Federico Fellini, who wrote and directed it, is more interested in recording or ridiculing human behavior than he is in reforming it. My suggestion, then, is just to ignore the forced irony and fumbling symbolism, and take the movie as it comes. What difference does it make if the shadow cast by a statue of Christ that is suspended from a helicopter falls on a terrace where some pretty girls are sunbathing in bikinis? What's wrong with sunbathing in bikinis? What difference does it make if the night-club act of a clown called Polidor, who kicks balloons and blows them around with a trumpet, is meant to underscore the predicament of a nice old man at a table there, whose evening on the town eventually almost kills him?

"La Dolce Vita" is broken up into around a dozen sequences, each as complete as a one-act play, each revealing some aspect of Roman society, and each involving, as spectator and participant, a young reporter who writes sensational stories for a scandal sheet. Along with him go a group of press photographers, a mocking chorus that seems to embody all the cruelty on earth. It is through the eyes of the reporter, as we follow him in and out of apartments, night clubs, slums, street cafés, churches, and villas, in and out of parties and orgies, and in and out of the arms and beds of countless Roman beauties, that we see everyone going bad, tainted by crookedness or self-indulgence. There is nothing cheap about the reporter, however, though his behavior is frequently terrible, and that is what sets him apart from most of the people he runs into. As a character (played with the greatest verve and intelligence by Marcello Mastroianni), he is the spirit of satire itself, and even though, at the end, we are meant to believe that he has surrendered

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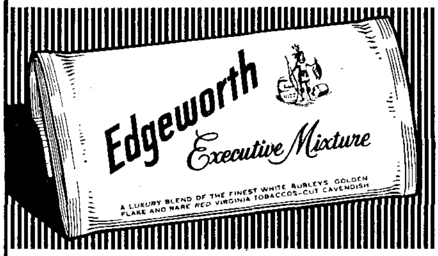
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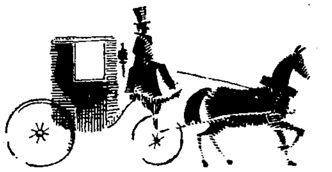

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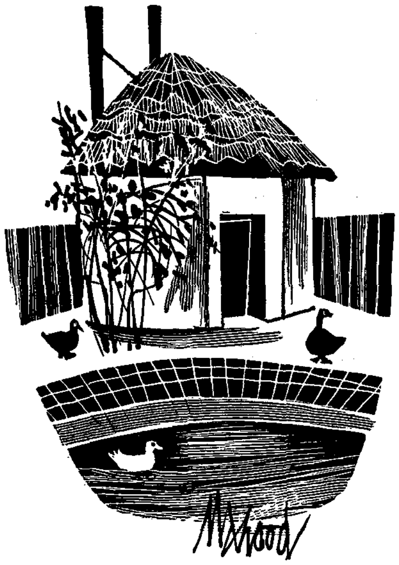
to the forces of callousness, I didn't for a minute—just a temporary lapse, is my guess.

The three hours the picture runs is a long time to sit still. It is overblown, and there are several sequences, I think, that could legitimately have been cut. I soon got fed up, for example, with the didos of Anita Ekberg as a visiting Hollywood star, and orgies that may be fascinating or horrifying to begin with soon grow dull. Perhaps it is the preacher in Fellini that emphasizes and elaborates the points he is making long after they have registered; as an inventor, he is subtle, and he is also endlessly opportunistic. Nothing that could be of the slightest use, theatrically or cinematically, gets by him. (Piero Gheradi and Otello Martelli, who are responsible for the beautiful settings and the photography, respectively, can be considered his collaborators.) The work of the actors under his direction is extraordinary. Some of them—notably Annibale Ninchi, as the nice old man, who is also the reporter's father; Alain Cuny, as a sensitive intellectual; Anouk Aimée, as a wealthy nymphomaniac; and Yvonne Furneaux, as the reporter's importunate and out-of-luck mistress—are obviously experienced and gifted performers, but a girl named Valeria Ciangottini, who plays a gentle waitress with lovely simplicity, and many other members of the huge cast are just as obviously either new to acting or amateurs. All of them seemed right to me.

Once the excitement of the movie has boiled away and its narratives have been forgotten, I think you will remember it as an amalgam of impressions that just brush by (now you see it, now you don't) and of brief, unrelated scenes. A prostitute carefully places a plank across her wet basement floor to spare the



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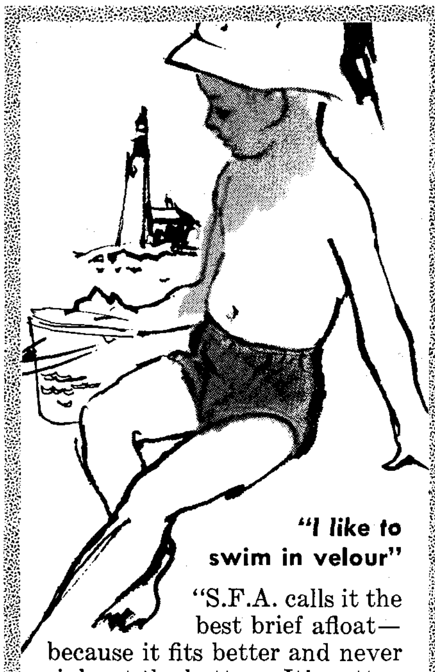

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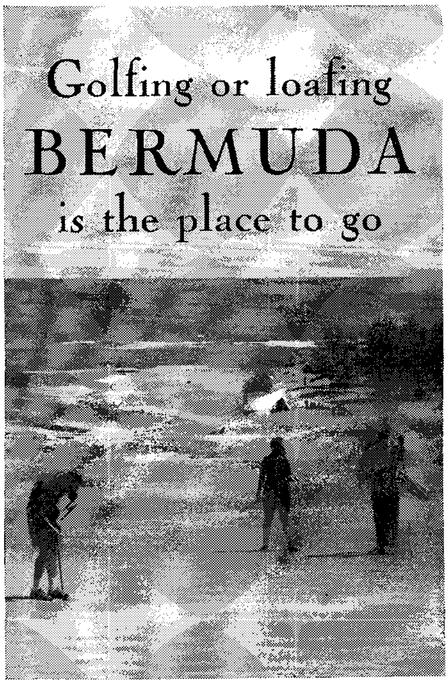

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shoes of the reporter and the nymphomaniac; a shy young nobleman, with unpracticed charm, introduces the reporter to the guests at his family's palace; a startled priest smiles as the intellectual warms up on a church organ with a few bars of jazz; a mob stampedes to tear apart a bush beside which some children falsely claim to have seen a vision of the Madonna; the press photographers raucously close in on a woman who is about to be told tragic news; another woman goes into a sexual frenzy at a drunken séance. Much of "La Dolce Vita" is almost unbearably shocking. I doubt, though, that you will find it vulgar, unless you find Daumier or Rowlandson or Hogarth vulgar, for the real irony of Mr. Fellini's picture is the irony implicit in theirs—all this exuberance to portray decadence, all this delicacy to portray brutality.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*From the New York Herald, January 7, 1900*]

That automobiles will decrease the death rate in American cities is the newest word as to the horseless vehicle. It is the theory of a New York doctor, Dr. James J. Walsh, of No. 1,971 Seventh Avenue, and he brings many facts and figures and much argument in proof. Not the motor carriage or wagon itself, but the absence of horses from the cities in the coming horseless age, is what will so work for the benefit of humanity. A reduction in typhoid fever will follow, in choleraic diseases, in tetanus, and there will be far less danger of general infection.

Dr. Walsh takes much interest in bacteriological research, and this feature of automobilism has struck him forcibly. He has already written a most able paper upon the subject, which is being much talked about among scientists. In conversation he is enthusiastic over the benefits that are to come with the horseless age.

"What seems likely to be almost the complete absence of flies in our cities is one of the chief blessings that will result," the Doctor says. "Because the common housefly is so disagreeable we have got into the way of thinking that he is useful. There is no certainty that he is really the scavenger we call him. What is more certain is that he carries diseases with him—that he spreads bacteria.

"Now, insects have their favorite places for lighting, their places for laying eggs. These places are carefully chosen. The butterfly seems to circle around and light on any flower. As a matter of fact, he goes to one particular flower. These things are never the result of chance. It is a scientific fact that the common house fly lays his eggs in horse manure, and in this the eggs flourish prodigiously. With the horse off our streets the fly must follow him. It will not be where the horse is not. Thus what has been proved a serious channel of infection will be done away with."

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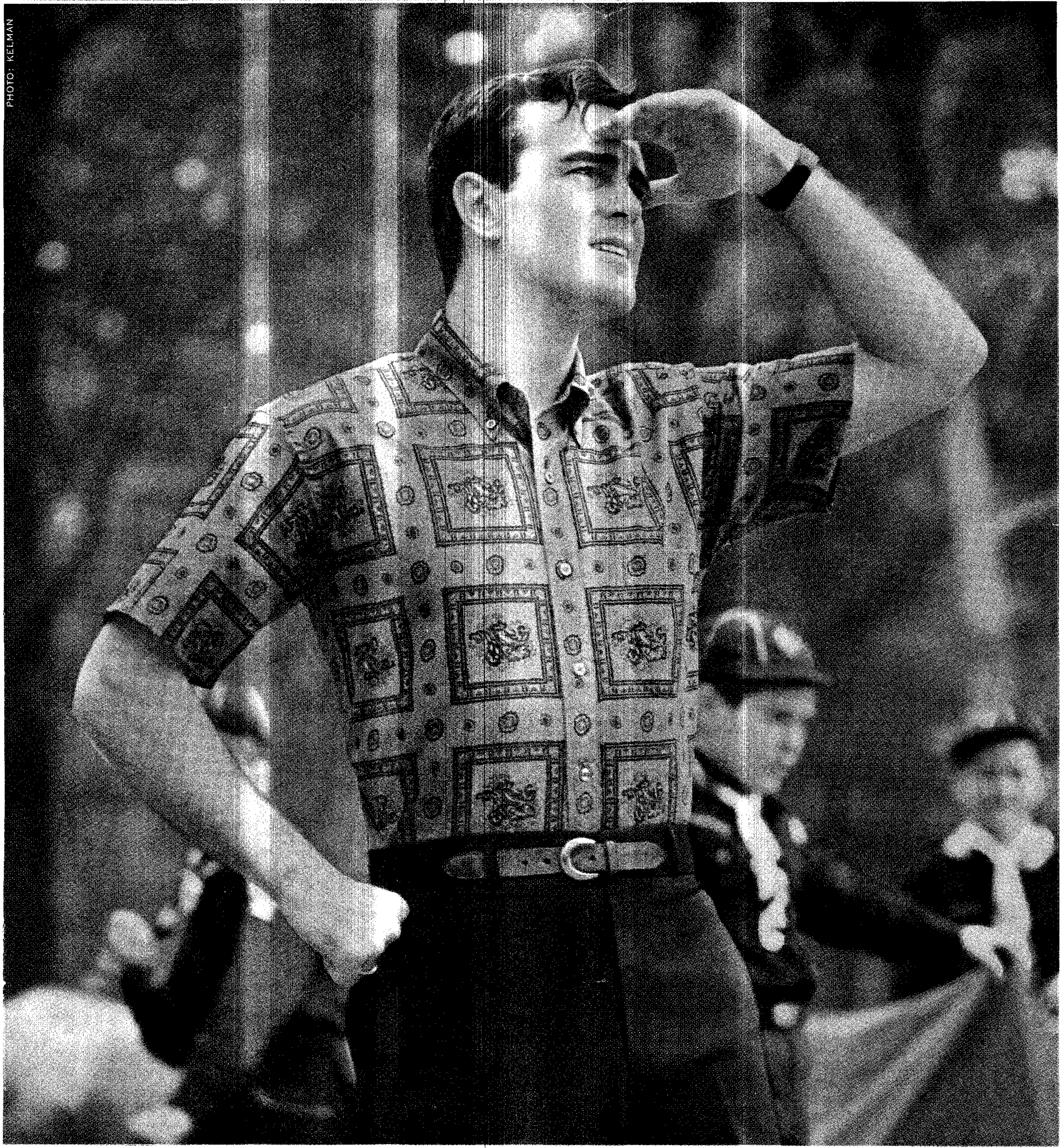

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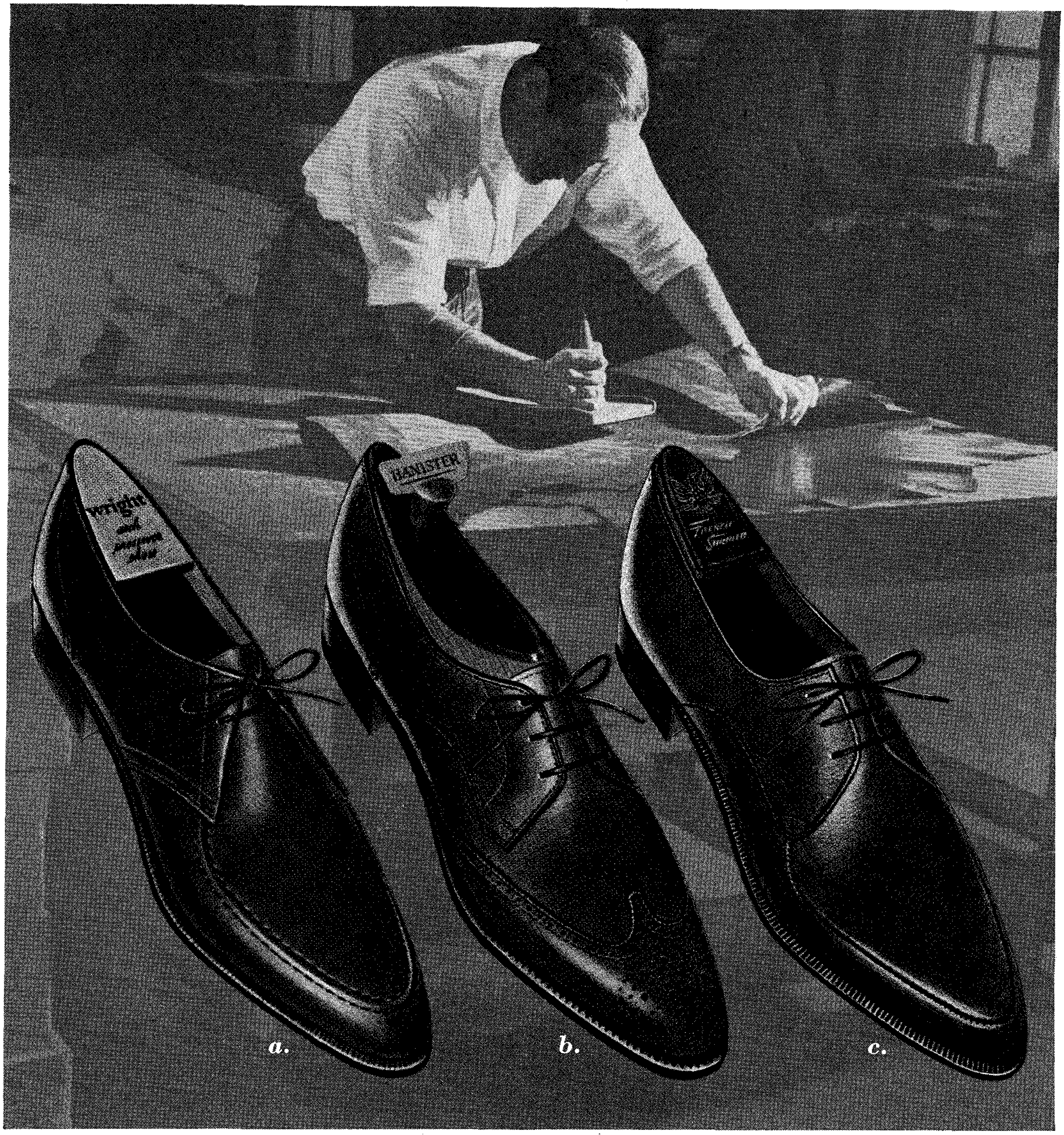

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LIFE IN JUNCTION CITY

[*From the Junction City* (*Kan.*) *Republic*]

The "whackiest" bridge party of them all occurred at 106 N. Jackson last Thursday, when Mrs. Howard Harper entertained her bridge club.

Perhaps it was in mild rebellion against the pomp and ceremony Kate has been experiencing this past winter while her husband served in the Senate in Topeka . . . but whatever the reason, she tossed propriety to the winds, and invited members of her bridge club to come to a "poor taste" party.

In the first place, the invitations were scrawled in pencil on the back of a post card. They read:

"For Bridge Club I'm having a Poor Taste Party. Please Dress Accordingly. One o'clock luncheon. (free) R. S. V. P. (if you want to) 106 N. Jackson, Junction City, Ks. U. S. A.

In the second place, guests were greeted at the front door by a door barricaded with porch furniture and a sign which read: "Go to the back door! Think I want to get my rug dirty?"

However, even getting in the back door was not the easiest feat, in view of the fact that the hostess had hung up her laundry to dry in the back porch, and in order to get to the back hall one had to dodge under wet clothes.

Kate's guests (who incidently, did get into the spirit of things by dressing accordingly), walked into a living room littered with books, papers, pictures and venetian blinds askew.

Yet the hostess seemed most concerned over the condition of her carpet, and frequently during the course of the afternoon ran the sweeper under and around her guest's feet, accusing them of dropping "something" on her rug.

The tables were centered with celery in coffee cans, while the deadest, saddest flowers we've ever seen graced the dining room. We tried to get Kate to reveal where she purchased these, but she refused to tell, probably having been sworn to secrecy by the florist!

Conversation by the guests was a bit difficult, in the beginning, as both the TV and radio were on, and Kate and her cohort, Alma Hornbaker, kept asking if their favorite program was on yet.

The luncheon was served backwards, beginning with dessert and ending with the entree. The meal was served on Christmas plastic plates, and the guests drank out of tin cups. The tables were covered with tattered clothes held together with scotch tape, and Kate gave each guest half of a napkin, explaining that this was all she could afford on the salary the voters of Kansas agreed should be paid a legislator.

All throughout the afternoon the guests were treated with further examples of "poor taste," such as Kate dragging out her ironing board and doing her ironing while the guests played bridge.

The prizes defy description, ranging all the way from burnt out light bulbs, to a golf ball upon which is printed the name of a well known businessman. (The recepient of this prize plans to cover the name with nail polish and use it anyway).

At any rate, if you're puzzling over an idea that's different to entertain with, Mrs. Howard Harper can give you plenty of tips on how to entertain with poor taste.

It was fun, Kate.

And so we plough along, as the fly said to the ox.—Longfellow.

Ben Jonson said:
"be drest!"
(Epicoene: or the silent woman Act I Sc. I)

By this, of course, old Ben probably meant "Be *well* drest!" And we agree. Essential to the well-dressed man is a good oxford shirt. Here it is. Priced for value you can't afford to miss. The Jayson Streetfield $4.50.

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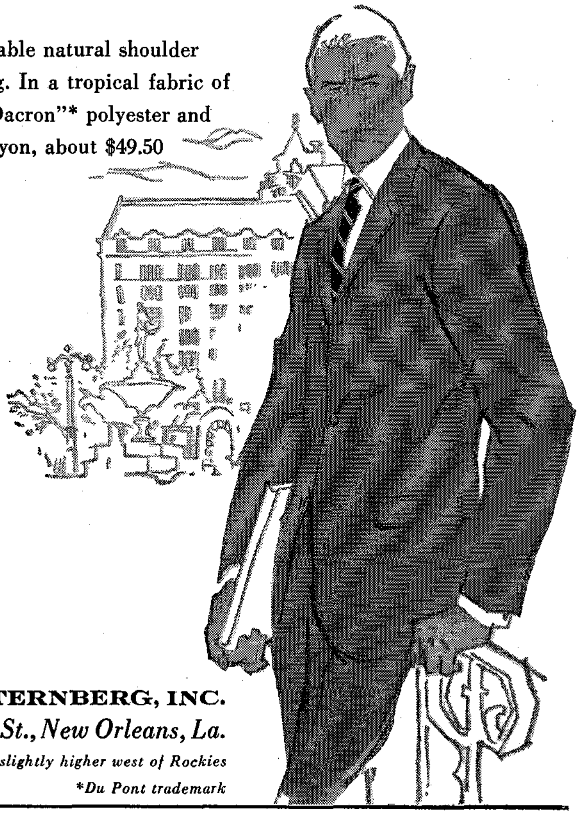

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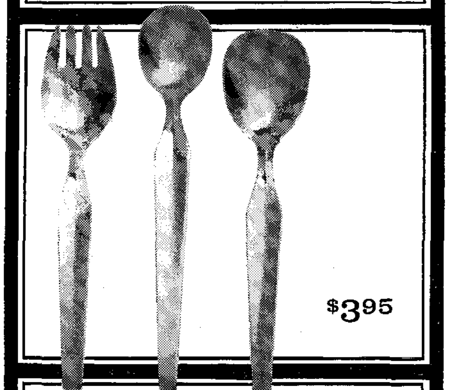

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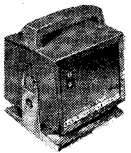
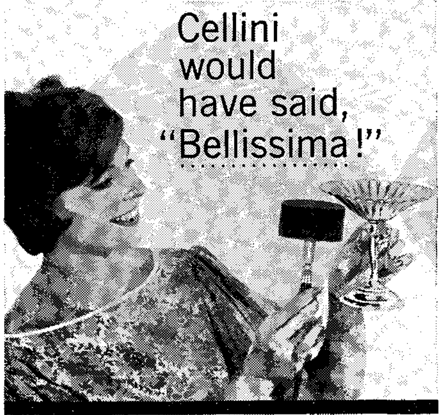


Cellini would have said, "Bellissima!"



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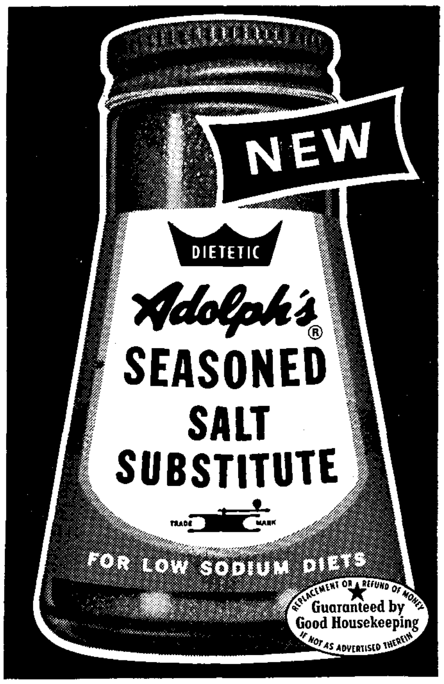
LETTER FROM PARIS

April 18

THE front page of the French Communist Party morning paper, *Humanité*, was the only one in Paris that in headlining astronaut Yuri Gagarin's epochal earth-girdling exploit gave him simply a political identity. Its headline read, "UN SOVIETIQUE A OUVERT POUR L'HOMME L'ERE DU COSMOS." It also printed a really astonishing political-minded free-verse poem on the first traveller in space, which said, in part, "In the cosmos, is there not someone besides us who thinks? Yes. Does he look like us? Perhaps he is handsomer. Perhaps he looks like a bison, graceful as grass; perhaps he looks like a reflection of moving water. Is he perhaps uglier than we are? Perhaps he looks like an ant that is larger than a tractor." One thing, however, the poet was sure of—that if his muse, Gagarin, could address this other space man on his star, he would say, "I have not come to your star to establish a military base or to buy an oil-well concession, and I have no intention of selling Coca-Cola. I have come only to greet you in the name of the world's hope, in the name of free bread, of free carnations [*sic*], of happiness, work, and leisure, of the sharing of all good things except the cheek of the beloved; in the name of the brotherhood of houses, of countries, of worlds; in the name of the cosmos." Many of us Americans who hurried to our newspaper kiosks to get the earliest editions carrying this greatest story were politely consoled there by French acquaintances, who lowered their voices to murmur, almost as if referring to a death, "What a disappointment for you! What a pity it was not an American who did it."

AT the doors of the Palais de l'Elysée's vast Salle des Fêtes, where President de Gaulle held his eventful, crowded press conference last Tuesday afternoon (present were an estimated eight hundred journalists, French and foreign, from pretty much all over the world), a smiling plainclothes agent courteously apologized to the lady journalists for asking permission to look into their handbags, presumably for a plastic bomb, and also inspected the few briefcases carried by the men. This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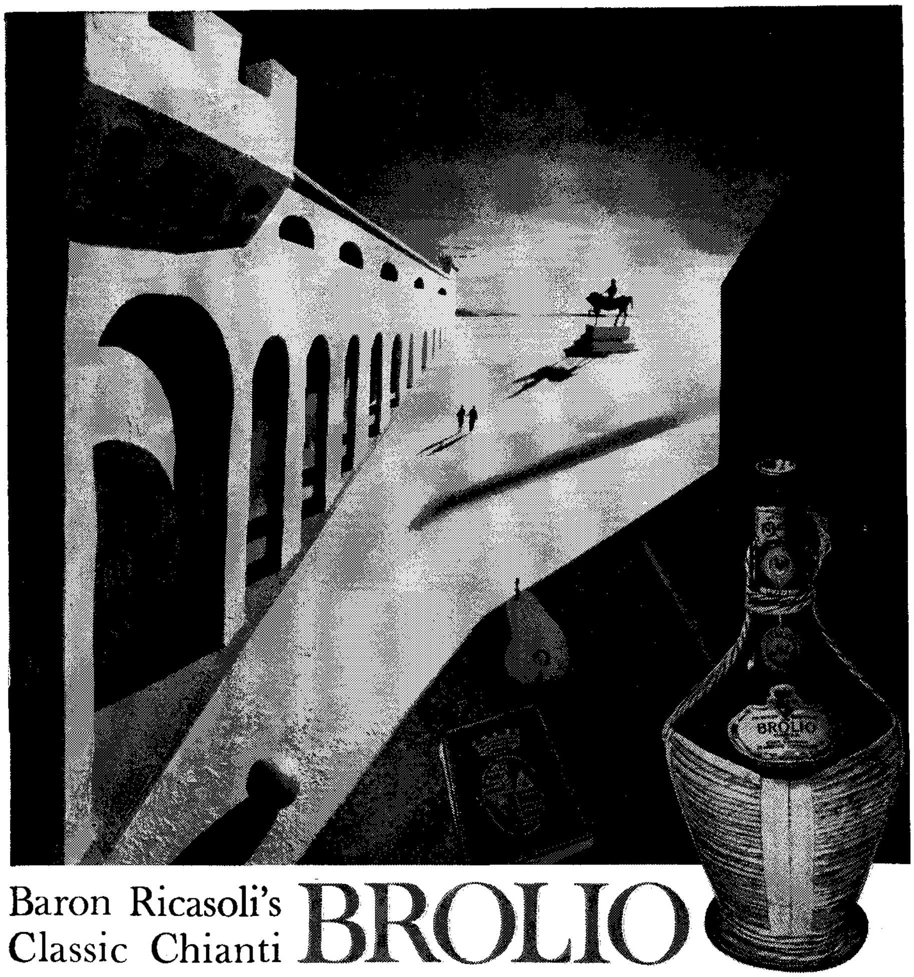
was because a small plastic bomb had harmlessly exploded that morning catercorner across the street from the President's Palace and just a few paces from the headquarters of La Sûreté Nationale, the hated and also dreaded French secret police, one of whose present jobs is precisely to catch these terrorist *plastiqueurs*, as they are now nicknamed—the only bomb explosion among the many we have had here lately that gave Parisians a hearty laugh.

These de Gaulle press conferences are rare, important, impressive, with all his Ministers present. This was only the fourth he has held since coming to power in 1958, and was the first sight and sound of him we journalists have had in all the gravely important months since January. As usual, his carefully memorized speech to us economically served, via television, as an address to his nation as well. Tuesday's conference was, as always, faultlessly staged beneath the Salle des Fêtes' gilded and painted ceiling and its huge pendent crystal chandeliers, scintillating with light; its small musicians' stage, once used to fiddle soft music, was crammed with clacking movie cameras. And in perfect focus for them on the opposite wall, between a pair of pale tapestries, was hung a red brocade curtain, which, on the dot of 3 P.M., was parted for the General's punctual entry. Everybody rose, and as we all sat down, he at his microphone table, most of us who were close enough stared intently at his face and the color of his skin like amateur medicos, trying to make a political diagnosis of his state of health, upon which the length of life of this French Republic depends. In January, he had looked like the wax of a half-used church candle, whereas now, with far more Algerian troubles to bear, he looked reshaped and renewed.

Expectation, hope, and a sense of impatience, too, were centered in advance on what de Gaulle might say on the Algerian problem—the inescapable main topic for his Tuesday speech. The French people are palpably weary of hearing peace constantly referred to but never coming to pass, and it is an open secret that France's allies are tired of the whole subject; with so many new troubles and events going on in today's agitated world, both the Algerian war and the peace now sound démodé. The Algerian rebel leaders having refused last week to attend the scheduled Evian peace talks, it was naturally supposed that de Gaulle's aim would be to lift the Evian negotiations back into



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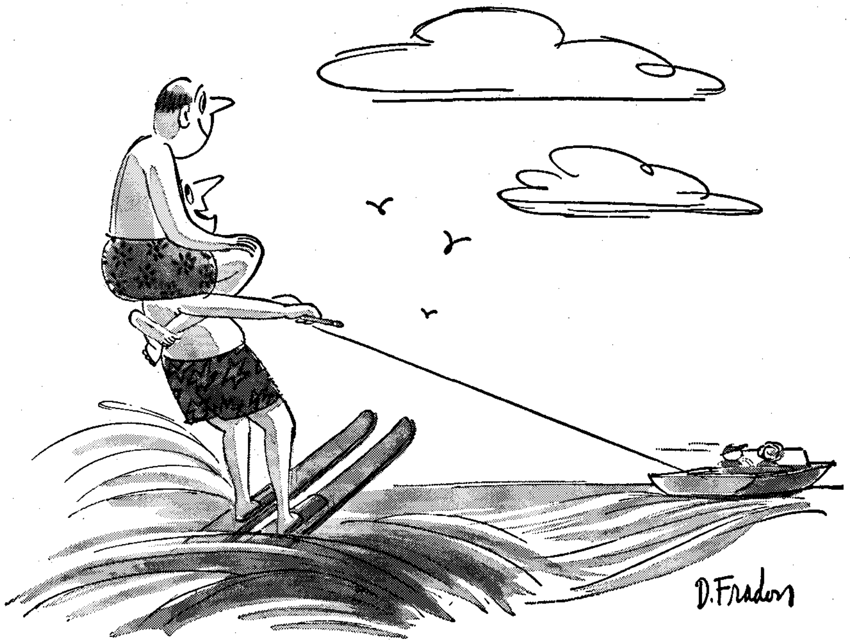

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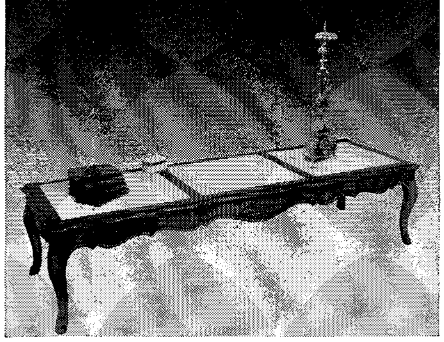

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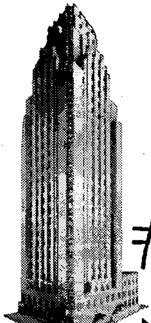

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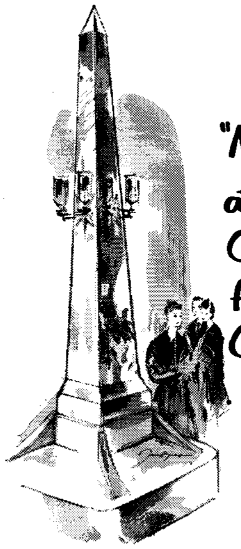
orbit by some new genial propulsive idea. That he did just the opposite to attain the same end may well have been a too farsighted master stroke. In his talk, he seemed for the first time to thrust the Algerians' independence on them like an unavoidable conclusion, and then, with the cold mathematics of history, he totted up what it could cost them if the sovereign liberty that they have been fighting for—and will certainly get, he insisted—failed to include their coöperative association with France. It was this performance of perfectly logical addition and subtraction that, as you may know, caused the main political and psychological shock given by his speech in Paris and elsewhere. Briefly, what he laid down was the following (and he said it briefly, too, for once): Algeria has always cost France more money than it brought in. Once it has no more links with France, France will naturally stop sinking her money and men into it. French nationals living in Algeria, who would be running too great a risk if they remained amid Algerian independence without France's association, will be repatriated to France, or perhaps to an enclave in a partitioned Algeria. (Listeners and commentators were not sure which he meant, both ideas being so startling.) The three hundred and fifty thousand Algerian workers in France, being no longer French citizens, will be sent back home. (These workers, he did not add, furnish the only, and invaluable, cheap unskilled labor that France now enjoys.) "It is asked what will happen to these territories in case France withdraws," he went on. "Will they not fall at once into misery, into chaos, while awaiting Communism, which will come upon them? Without doubt. Yet we will have no further duty toward them except to pity them. It is also said that you will see the Soviet Union and America, in turn, try to take France's place in these regions France will have departed from. My answer to both is that I wish them the joy of it in advance." His harsh sally was so unexpected that we all laughed, but only briefly.

This was probably the only important postwar speech General de Gaulle has ever made that contributed nothing to the anthology of his majestic or magnetic style of language and thought. In printing the text of it, *Le Monde* prefaced it with the stiff comment "As for the tone he set, behind a sort of fatalism that passed easily from haughtiness to flat-footed common sense, he seemed



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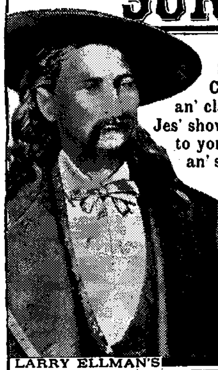

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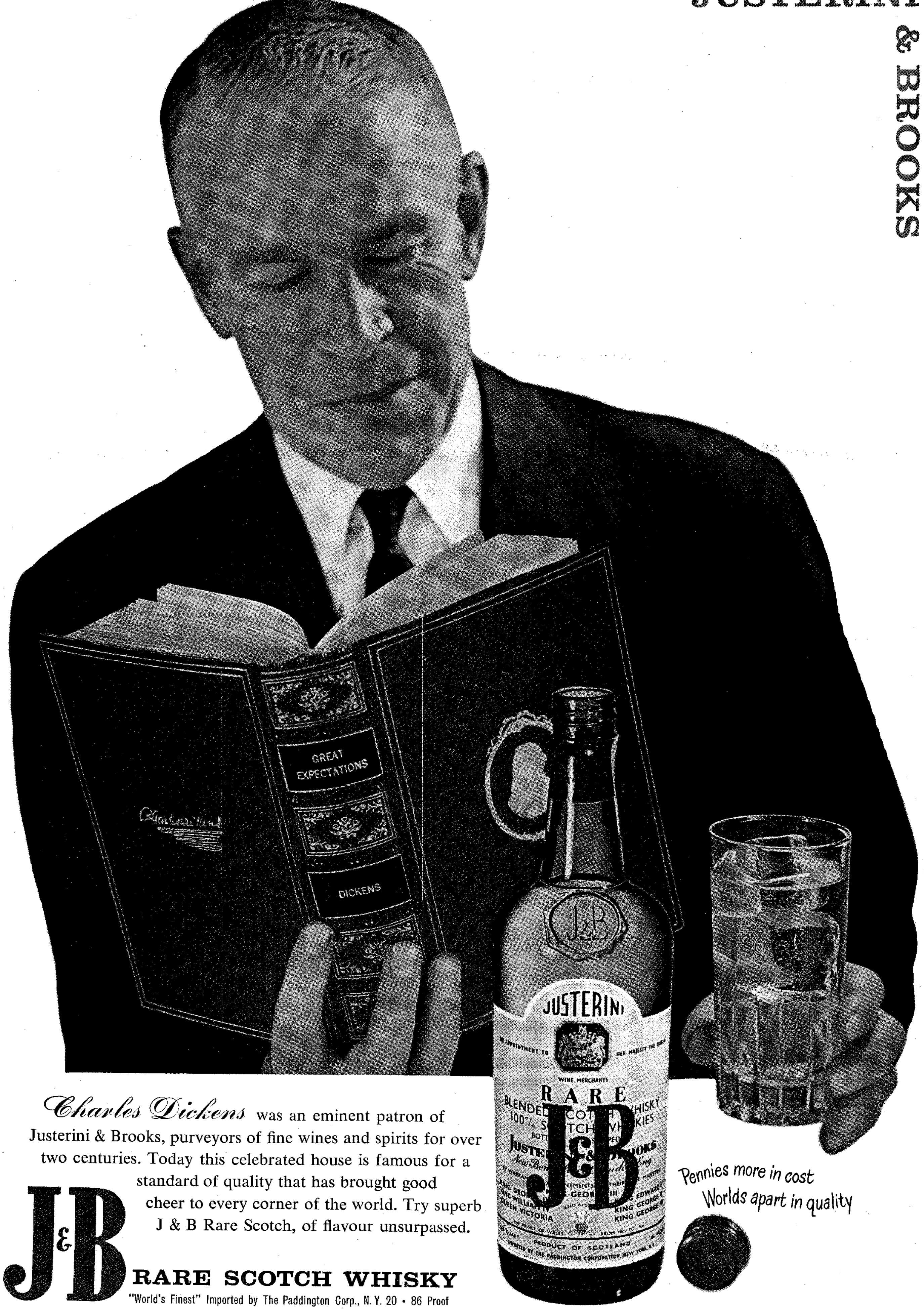
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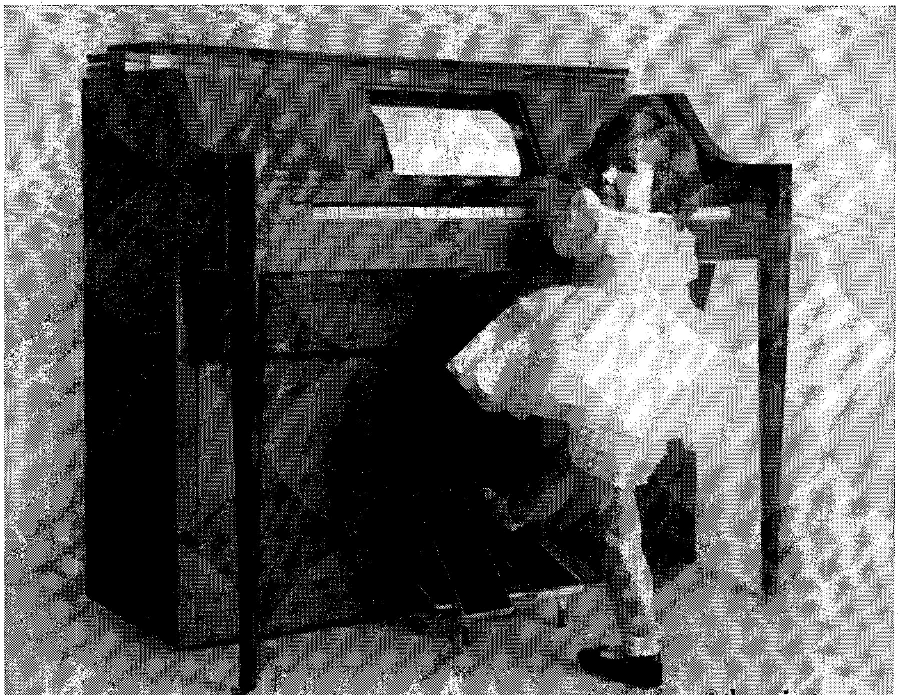
often bitter, disillusioned, indeed jeering, even going so far as to make a pun"—puns being considered less than undignified in France. This last critical fling of *Le Monde's* was aimed at his disobliging reference to the United Nations as "this organization—or this disorganization." In a following, weightier front-page analysis of his speech, *Le Monde* declared, in part, "The brutal and cynical manner in which the General posed the problem is regrettable for many reasons; one does not make great political policies without generosity. The hard choice given to the Algerians is shocking. Yet this surgical operation was perhaps necessary." Then *Le Monde* noted, from its own fund of cynicism, "That there was a certain blackmail in the Gaullist strategy cannot be doubted. But all diplomatic negotiations have always rested upon procedures of this kind. What is done is done." It added that his brutality helped to make it clear that if the French government and the Algerian rebel government failed to come to an understanding, both would be thrown back on a solution as unfavorable for one as for the other—"and this is true even if such a solution should not have the exact shape intended by the President of the Republic."

This speech caused a dramatic rupture between two of the best-known and most utterly unalike writers in France—the elderly François Mauriac, devoted to God, the Catholic Church, and de Gaulle, noted novelist, Académicien, and for the last seven years the vastly enriching weekly commentator of *L'Express* in his column "Bloc-Notes," which has covered the back page of that leftist gazette, edited and presumably owned by the writer Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, who is Mauriac's adversary in the present quarrel. Servan-Schreiber, who points the way for his stimulating weekly paper with his own front-page editorial, represents the intelligentsia of the youngish French left, who are so typical of this country and so difficult to describe, because they themselves are always describing what they are against today, rather than saying precisely what they would, if they had the opportunity, set up tomorrow as their ideal non-Communist-left French Republic. Since de Gaulle's return to power, the divergence of these two writing men—one old, one well under ripe middle age—has been so wide in respect to values or losses in de Gaulle's Fifth Republic that one could read anti-de Gaulle Servan-Schreiber on *L'Express's* front page and apostolically pro-de Gaulle Mauriac on its back page,



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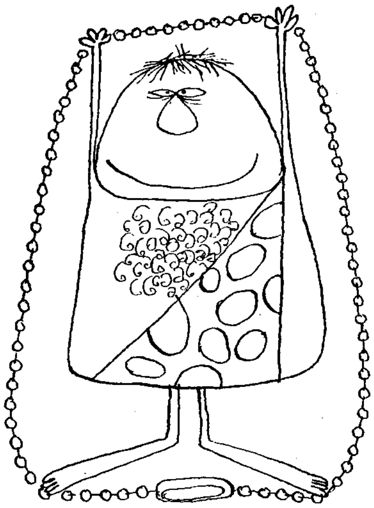

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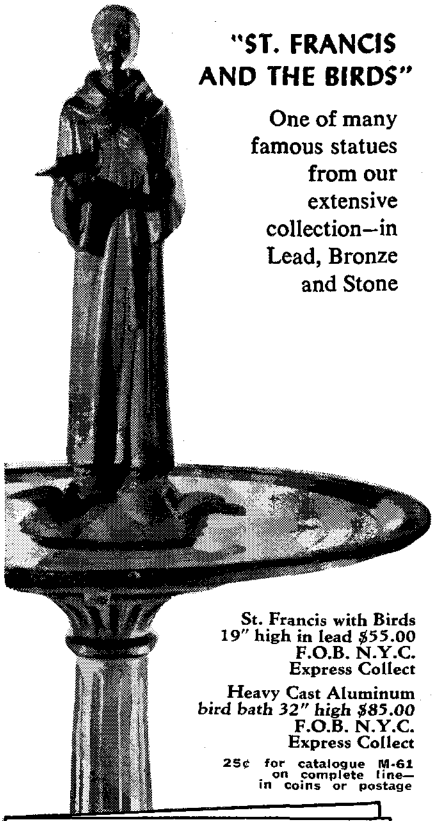

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plus occasional front-and-back-page personal arguments between them—"seven years of collaboration and two years of polemics," as one observer phrased it. Last December, Mauriac candidly discussed in his "Bloc-Notes" whether his position was not unbecoming, and even an impediment, to the paper, "though I love writing the 'Bloc-Notes' and love *L'Express's* public, which is so vital and which remains the best in France, the least enslaved by money and intellectually the most honest." Now he has just resigned from *L'Express* because of last week's excessively anti-de Gaulle front page by Servan-Schreiber, sarcastically entitled "A Man in Space," and based on his reaction to the General's press-conference speech. This editorial's violence and discourtesy of phrase, rather than its critical ideas or the sincerity of Servan-Schreiber's fury, made it seem sensational, dubious, and shocking to many of his paper's regular readers. He opened by declaring, "I make my excuses for saying this, because it concerns the President of the Republic, approved and upheld by three-quarters of the nation. But since I felt ashamed while listening to de Gaulle, I say it: I was ashamed." Then he said that the General talked, variously, "like a grocery bookkeeper," "like a huckster," "like a rug merchant." He said that however the peace negotiations might turn out now, "the Gaullist terms will have reduced it to a deal—a barter without appeal, endurance, or future," adding, "The General has taken France along a heartbreaking path—one of haggling, narcissism, isolation, and bitterness. The portrait he gives of France is too depressing, too crafty, too archaic. Doubtless I am excessive. I admit it, and that is what I wish to be. I am writing under the shock dealt me by his speech. De Gaulle will give Algeria its independence, then he will liberate France—the day he leaves it."

Quarrels between writer friends about stylistic matters or about differing political loyalties have been commonplace in the history of French literature and print, and are called literary "*scandales*," as this one will be called while it is remembered—"*le scandale Mauriac-Express*." But in this century such an editorial as "Un Homme dans l'Espace" against the French chief of state would appear to be unique.

THE Théâtre des Nations' fifth annual season opened here, in a loyally fashionable first night at the

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Champs-Elysées, with Schoenberg's unfinished Old Testament opera-cum-ballet "Moses and Aaron," a gigantic undertaking never seen or heard in Paris before, with five hundred singers, dancers, and chorus members, and grandiose décor—a kind of baroque treatment of the Hebrew alphabet—all brought intact from the West Berlin Municipal Opera. This long evening (under conductor Hermann Scherchen) of an unfamiliar score of twelve-tone music by the inventor of dodecaphony himself was bound to be more of an event than a popular pleasure, though the opening sonorities were thrilling, imposing, informative. To maintain the mathematical manner, the Israelites looked as if they had been dressed by the Bauhaus out of Cubist Léger, except in the lascivious, rather embarrassing, Mammon-worship ballet, done in sunburned skin tights, before the golden calf. Then, over at the less recherché Sarah-Bernhardt, the West Berlin Opera Studio obliged with two programs consisting of three ballets and four brief modern chamber-music operettes, including one based on Gogol's "Diary of a Madman," who ends up singing in a straitjacket. For this, electronic music was furnished by the Englishman Humphrey Searle, a pupil of Webern. It has an impressive morbid novelty. "Abstract Opera No. 1," with music by Boris Blacher and a libretto based on an idea (by composer Werner Egk) of having psychological states of mind serve as operatic characters, would have been better if sung as a satiric farce, for laughs, which the troupe got anyhow, even when singing of that human state called Anguish. In the section called "Love," they sang the syllables "koo-ro"—imitating doves, maybe—and in "Conversation" a tenor kept singing, in English, "The weather is permanent." "Hin and Zurück" ("There and Back"), a sketch by Hindemith with wonderful gay two-piano interpolations, was delicious. It is a conjugal melodrama in which the jealous husband shoots his wife and leaps to death from the window; then, on the metaphysical notion that time goes backward as well as forward, the dead husband leaps back up into the room, the shot wife sits up alive, and there we are at the beginning again—pure *aria da capo*, and delightful fun it was. Of the ballets, "Hamlet," with Blacher music, was easily the worst. When Ophelia lay on her back on the stage floor, as if floating downstream, some gallery gods catcalled, "Keep swimming, *chérie!*" During scenes from

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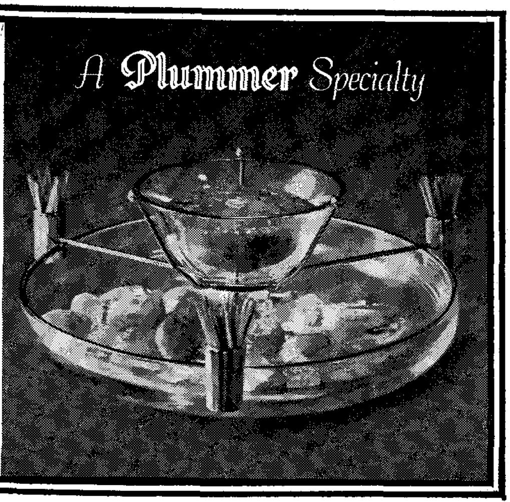
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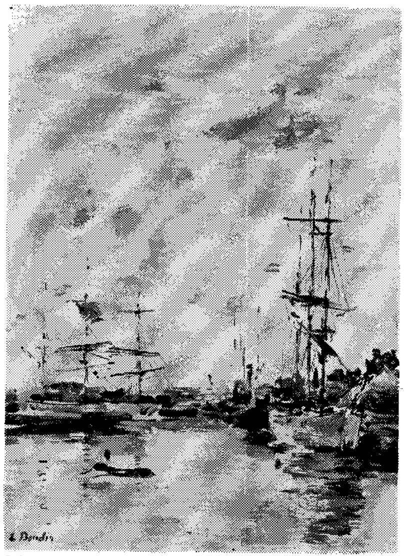

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Prokofieff's "Romeo and Juliet," they shouted "Go home!" at the local French guest star, Yvette Chauviré, who danced Juliet—meaning that she should go back to the Paris Opéra, where she belongs, as its most radiant star. If you are coming to Paris this summer and like taking chances on entertainment importations from all around the globe, be sure to look over the International Theatre Festival's current offerings.

ANOTHER spring has come to Paris, for we have had the two annual major signs of it. On Wednesday of this week, a hundred thousand civil servants of various sorts struck for better pay, about half of them parading up the Avenue de l'Opéra shouting *"Des sous, Charlot!"* ("More pennies, Charlie!")—a demand to de Gaulle that they have been making each spring now. And the chestnut trees in the Tuileries Gardens are in flower, extra full, with their annunciatory white waving blossoms. So spring is with us.

—GENÊT

•

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[*From the Digest of Opinions, Judge Advocate General of the Armed Forces, Vol. IX*]

CONDUCT, ETC. SECTION 29.9 Evidence, Sufficiency.

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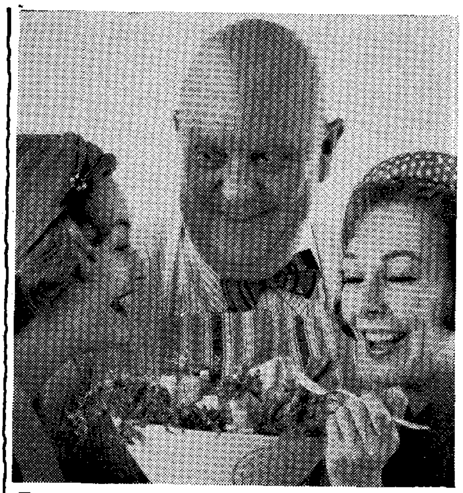
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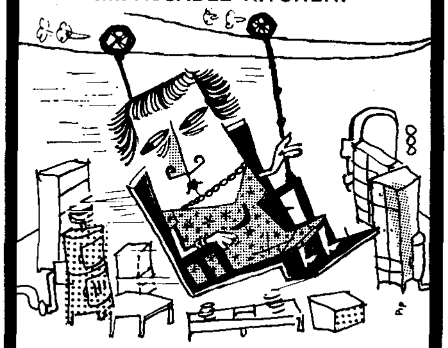

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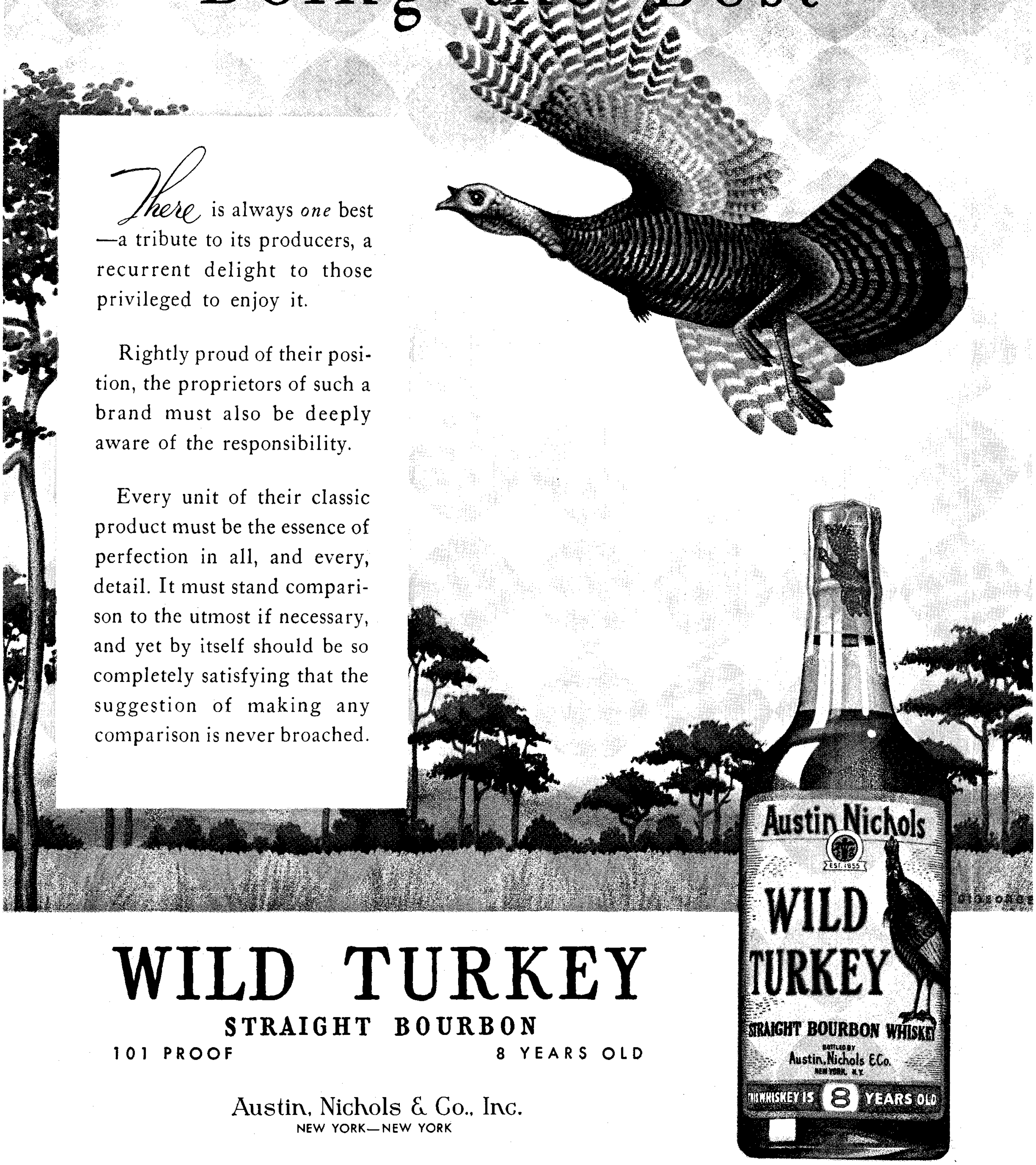
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BOOKS

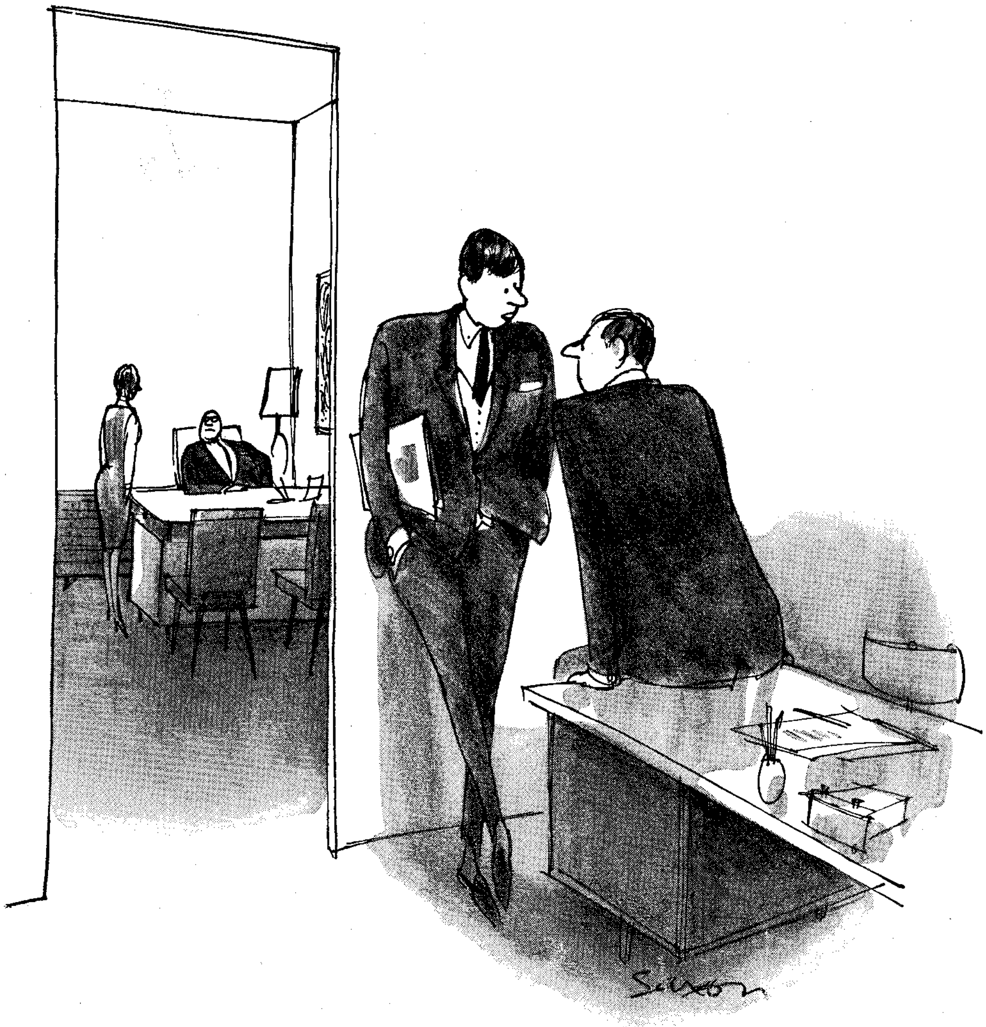
The Don Flows On, and On . . .

“Harvest on the Don” (Knopf) is another installment of the long novel—about the Cossack village of Gremyachy Log and the adventures of its citizens in the new times—which Mikhail Sholokhov began so dashingly and brilliantly with “And Quiet Flows the Don.” That novel and its sequel, “The Don Flows Home to the Sea,” covering the early years of the revolution, were actually two volumes of a double-decker called “The Silent Don,” which in turn was only the first part of a supernovel, whose second part, also in two volumes, went on to cover the period of revolutionary consolidation and Socialist development under the general title of “Virgin Soil Upturned.” The first volume of this second part, “Seeds of Tomorrow,” which was published here in 1935, began the story of the collectivization of Gremyachy Log with an account of the initial stages of experiment and error. In the second volume, “Harvest on the Don,” the resistance of the small farmers is broken and collectivization is brought within sight of acceptance and success. At the end, a lot of work is still being done in and around Gremyachy Log by ox teams, and there is a possibility, not lightly to be dismissed, that two volumes on the mechanization of the collective may have to be gone through before the two volumes on Gremyachy Log and the Great Patriotic War on which the Master is said to be at work. If all this sounds dull, the impression is as nothing to the reality: with every twenty thousand words Sholokhov’s Don becomes a little wider, flatter, and slower. The fate that has always threatened this impressively gifted writer must have been evident to every reader of “Seeds of Tomorrow.” No great acuteness was needed, and it was hardly necessary to look further than the chapter headings (a feature prudently omitted from the present volume) to get the picture. A typical sequence is: “Appointing the Manager,” “Wholesale Slaughter,” “Caught in the Act,” “A Painful Operation,” “Clothing Distribution,” “Troubles of the Farm,” “A District Bureaucrat,” “Plans for the Spring,” “Propaganda Column,” “A Wrecker at Work,” “Going Too Far,” “Youth Shows the Way,” “A Well-Earned Reward.”

Chapter 17, “A Painful Operation,” has nothing to do with surgery: “Next day at a private meeting of the Gremyachy Party nucleus it was unanimously decided to socialize all the animals, whether large or small, belonging to the members of the Gremyachy Stalin Collective Farm. It was also decided to socialize the fowls, in addition to the livestock.” A very little of this goes a long way, and there is an exceedingly long way to go as one follows the efforts of Siemion Davidov, the metalworker from the Putilov works, to collectivize Gremyachy Log. The road is not brightened by the frequent loose bundles of nature notes with a strong indoor flavor. It is, in justice to Sholokhov, possible to suspect that there are double doors, those of the translator’s study as well as his own, between what has been written and anything seen, smelled, and in any sense known—as opposed to known about—in the following passage, but even so, it is null, dead, and automatic, the writing of a man bored with what he is doing:

> But then from the steppe ridge the wind brings the bitter breath of the frost-burnt wormwood into the orchards, the scents and sounds of the day are engulfed, and over the mugwort, over the brushwood, over the dew grass withered in the stable, over the rolling fields of the ploughed land the night comes silently on from the east like a grey wolf leaving the lengthening evening shadows behind her like tracks across the steppe.

To judge by such collections of representative short fiction as “Such a Simple Thing” and “Twenty-five Stories from the Soviet Republics” (to which Sholokhov has contributed), both put forth by the Foreign Languages Publishing House, in Moscow, it is standard practice among established Soviet fiction writers to throw in a passage about nature’s marvels now and again and to coast for a bit without



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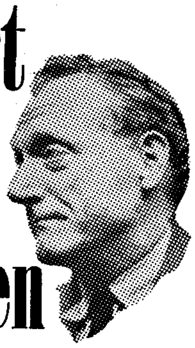
bothering too much with what is being said, presumably to give the tone of literature to the product:

> Vultures and buzzards nest on the walls. At the sound of a footfall ringing out beneath the walls, the birds screech wildly as they fly up from their nests to wheel in huge circles above the fort. Then the mountain eagle takes wing, its beak curved like a scimitar, its talons spear-sharp, its feathers steely as armor.
>
> The only flower that grows at the height of Kaqavaberd is the cyclamen, its stalk as red as the foot of a partridge, its blossom crimson. It sprouts on the rocky ground beneath the walls. When clouds enwrap the grim walls the cyclamen droops its head on the rock warmed by the sun. To the bright-colored beetle steeped in pollen the cyclamen seems like a cradle and the world like a crimson flower garden.

This insect comes from a story by the late Aksel Bakounts, one of the collection of twenty-five, but because of its automatic generalized observation and its imprecisions it might have come from almost any piece of contemporary Russian fiction. And the description below could have been written by someone who had never been nearer the countryside than the neighborhood movie theatre, for Yury Nagibin's birds are as approximate and as lifeless as Bakounts' bright-colored beetle.

> The Pra at this point was not in the least like a river. It spread out in a broad lake, with flat green islets and rushy creeks where the canoes of anglers showed darkly among the reeds. Gulls skimmed the water, wild duck plied aloft, alone and in flocks. A kite that had been hovering just below the clouds swooped to the water, touched it for a second with its hooked legs, and soared up with a roach in its claws. Then a crow flapped away from the top of a pine in pursuit. It quickly overtook the kite and snatched away its prey. On returning to its lookout post, it gobbled up the roach and resumed waiting for the hard-working kite to catch it another.

This story is in "Such a Simple Thing," a volume of work by, for the most part, men of standing in the Soviet Union, but only once, in "The Stovemaker," by Alexander Tvardovsky, does the book rise above the level of a very average college literary magazine. It is all too clear in "Harvest on the Don" that Sholokhov's gifts have been eroded by a lifetime in a literary world ruled by the inevitably second-rate utilitarian aesthetics that fosters this kind of thing. His intuitive grasp of what writing can and should be, smothered in the period of conformity that produced "Seeds of Tomorrow," has deserted him, and he now alternates uneasily between broad vulgarities and parodies of the official style. A hard day in the



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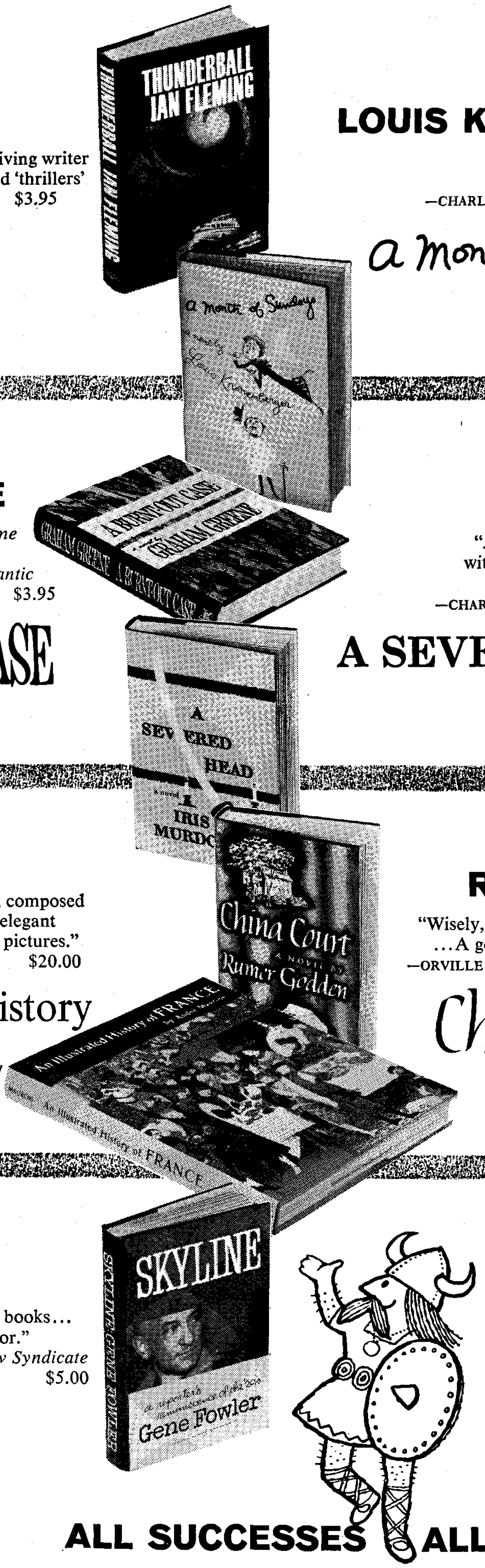
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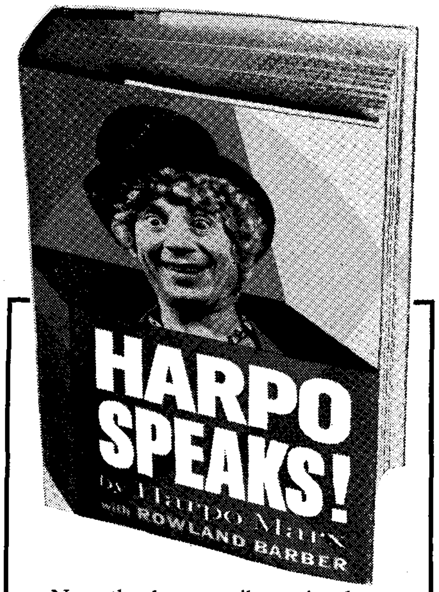

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hayfields is topped off by a scrumptious sunset and a romantic episode:

> The shadows fell across the steppe. The thorn-covered ravine was engulfed in mist. The deep blue, almost black clouds in the west slowly changed color: first their lower fringes were touched with dull purple, then the bloodily red sun-glow shone right through them, rapidly crept upward and embraced the sky in a broad arc. "He doesn't love me," the girl thought sorrowfully.

He does, however, give her his torn and sweat-soaked shirt to mend, and she pops it inside her bodice:

> She felt a strange, disturbing feeling as the dusty blouse touched her bare breast; it was as though all the burning warmth of his strong, masculine body had entered into her. Her lips went dry, little drops of sweat stood out on her narrow white forehead, and even her step grew suddenly cautious and unsure.

To go from this to the official agit-prop style is as simple a matter as changing gear, and the extract immediately above is on the page facing this:

> "Now it's all clear," Davidov said thoughtfully. "It's clear that we in the office and all the rest of us went wrong. We distributed the fodder last winter according to the territorial arrangements, so to speak. That was a mistake! But how the hell are we to blame? We made the mistake, we'll put it right. Going by output, I mean the daily output, you haven't achieved bad figures, and yet . . ."

If it is hard for the non-Party reader to believe in this as writing, it must be even harder for Sholokhov, and the book includes a strange bit of evidence which suggests that his massive epic of orthodoxy has come to bore him to distraction. While the story is jogging along on its predictable course, Sholokhov suddenly throws in information about Davidov that makes it impossible ever again to think of him in the same way. Davidov served on a minesweeper in the Red Fleet during the civil war, and one day when he was off duty he got overpoweringly drunk. When he came to, he found that two of his comrades had tattooed an obscene picture on his stomach. It is an obscenity that is comic rather than ugly, so Davidov is not so much disfigured as transformed into a walking joke. Sholokhov describes his hero's last attempt to use a public bathhouse:

> Covering his belly with both hands, he found a free tub, and was soaping his head thoroughly when he heard a quiet chuckle coming from the lower bench. He splashed his face free of soap and saw an elderly, bald-headed citizen openly examining the picture on his belly and giggling quietly, thoroughly enjoying himself.

Davidov goes on to achieve martyrdom in the cause of collectivization, but

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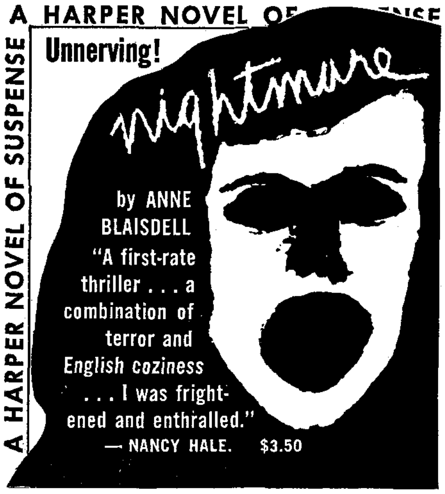
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no amount of solemnity can remove this skillfully applied touch, which makes him unequivocally a character from low comedy and undermines the reader's view of all his activities. It is impossible to believe that a writer as acute and as hard-headed could do this by accident, and absurd though it is, it is as encouraging a sight in the sea of slush and dutiful agitprop as a message in a bottle: "I am still here; I haven't gone under; the old Sholokhov is alive."

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE LIME TWIG, by John Hawkes (New Directions). Mr. Hawkes is a singularly gifted writer who seems to believe that any work he does is good enough for publication. His present short novel is struck through with bright flashes of emotion and imagery, but they do not compensate for the general murkiness of his prose, and they are not well enough balanced in the story to provide it with the proportion and perspective that it very badly needs. The scene is England, the time is the present, and the action centers on the determination of some nightmarish figures to destroy the helpless ones they encounter and, incidentally, to make an illicit killing at a horse race. The nightmarish figures are members of a grotesque gang, and among the helpless ones are a fat man who has been totally lost since his mother's death, and a pathetic young married couple.

THE VIOLENT SEASON, by Robert Goulet (Braziller). This noisy and joyless novel about a small, ingrown town, La Buche, in the Quebec timberlands, concerns the establishment in the town of a brothel that will attract the patronage of lumberjacks passing through or near the town or returning after their long months away at camp. The brothel, which is disguised as a rosary-bead factory, does not remain a male secret for very long, and the women of La Buche rise up in rage and embark on an orgy of killing and burning. Mr. Goulet introduces a great many characters to his readers, but the pace of his story is so furious and its colors are so garish that no individual has a chance to emerge completely, let alone work out a destiny, or even a problem. The writing is awkward, but it has power.

THE PROVERB AND OTHER STORIES, by Marcel Aymé, translated from the French by Norman Denny (Athe-

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neum). A collection of smartly presented stories, most of them depending on trick situations. The tricks are not very good. The title story tells what happens when a frightened but egotistical man, a domestic tyrant, decides to write his son's school essay for him. Of the other stories, one describes the result of a chance meeting between two murderers, a second shows the effect of a state decree that life will be rationed to so many days a month for each citizen, and a third lists the adventures of six young men who decide to start a magazine that will illustrate their defiance of their parents. The setting in every story is French. The translation is mediocre.

A MONTH OF SUNDAYS, by Louis Kronenberger (Viking). A fairly amusing book about an elegant country home—a sort of hotel—where very rich eccentrics whose foibles make them an embarrassment to their relatives may live and play under the supervision of psychiatrists.

NOTE: "Some People, Places, & Things That Will Not Appear in My Next Novel," a collection of short stories by John Cheever, has been published by Harper. Of the nine stories in the book, six appeared originally in this magazine.

GENERAL

THE LEGACY OF THE CIVIL WAR, by Robert Penn Warren (Random House). A ruminative essay on our various attitudes toward the Civil War, which the author sees as the greatest single event in American history. The war, he says, dramatized our humanity and our human failings as has no other historical action in our past, for it "holds in suspension" the great unresolved issues of our society—justice, tolerance, true brotherhood, understanding, and charity. The Civil War, of course, put the United States on the road to world power and world prestige, but it also left us a heritage of delusions by which both the Northern mind and the Southern mind, each in its own way, have been able to evade reality and find excuses for avoiding self-criticism. Mr. Warren's surgical examination of these two attitudes—the Southern he calls "the Great Alibi" and the Northern "the Treasury of Virtue"—is a brilliant piece of work, quick and sharp with insight, yet compassionate. A stimulating book.

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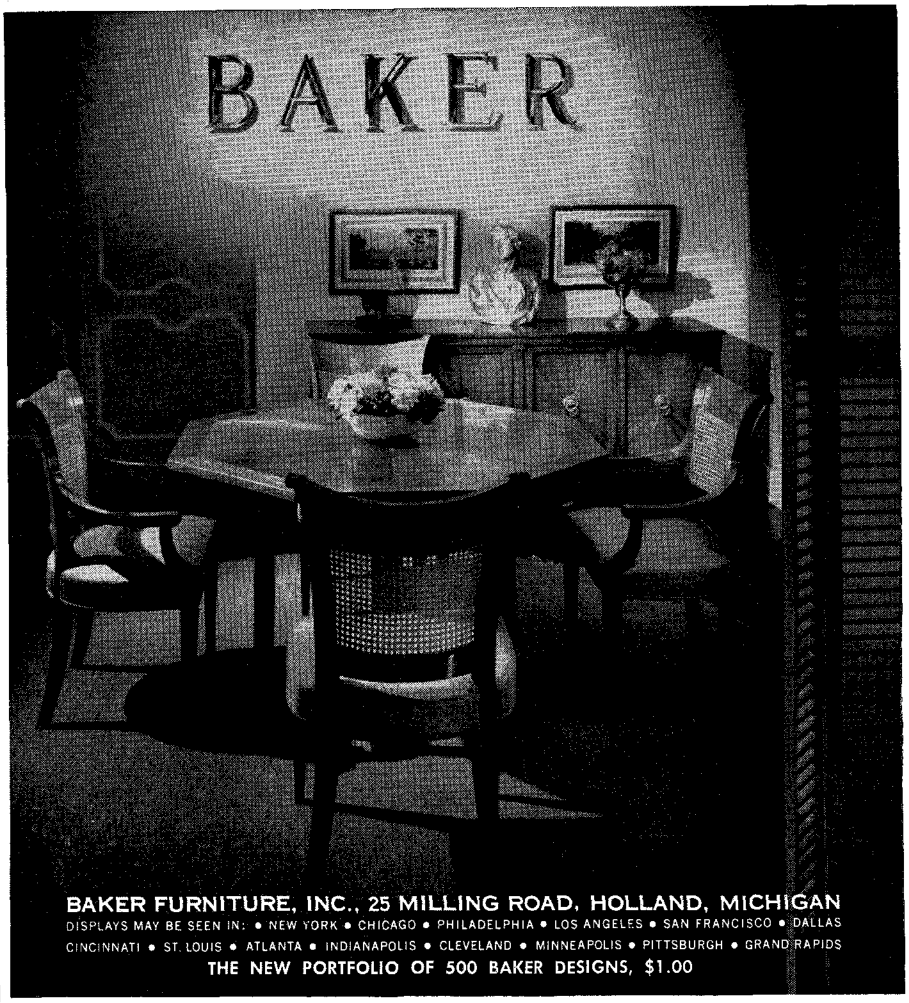
Maxwell (Dutton). Mr. Maxwell, who recently led us so instructively through the slums of Sicily and across the steaming marshes of southern Iraq, here takes us to his home, a bleak house near a black burn on the wild west coast of Scotland, and introduces us to a menagerie of curious creatures that at various times have enlivened his intervals of retirement there. These include a flock of homing graylag geese, a ring-tailed lemur, a feral cat, and—most beguiling—an Iraqi otter and an otter from the Niger Delta region of West Africa. Mr. Maxwell writes about his pets—particularly his otters—with an affectionate understanding that renders them (at least at a distance) completely irresistible. Illustrated with many photographs, and drawings by Peter Scott, Michael Ayrton, Robin McEwen, and the author.

A VICTORIAN IN ORBIT: THE IRREVERENT MEMOIRS OF SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE, as told to James Brough (Doubleday). A nearly perfect autobiography, combining just-right proportions of what has happened to its eminent actor-author and of what has happened to the theatre, here and in England, since the turn of the century. Sir Cedric is a first-class raconteur, and his book is jammed with apposite funny stories in which he appears as a most attractive person—an actor who takes his work, but not himself, seriously.

SUMMERHILL: A RADICAL APPROACH TO CHILD REARING, by A. S. Neill (Hart). This is a book on the education of the young that many readers will approach with skepticism, only to find, when they have finished it, that its author has convinced them on a good many points. Mr. Neill, headmaster of an experimental educational institution in England, differs from most educators in his belief that the majority of children are inherently good and that education is not a means to power but a means to happiness. He runs his school like a democracy, consulting his pupils about the curriculum and about everything pertaining to their social behavior. He does not think that they should be made to study unless they feel like it, which most of them wind up doing. He never forces them. "I have seen quite a few bright children who could recite Milton at four blossom forth as drunkards and loafers at twenty-four," he remarks. "I have a hunch that the boy who knows at seven just what he wants to be may be an in-



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YOUR SHARE

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America needs more capital to keep its economy healthy. According to the U. S. Department of Labor, it costs close to $20,000 to provide a job in industry—$20,000 in capital outlay to employ just one man. Is it any wonder that our economy needs constant transfusions of the capital that is its lifeblood? Economists predict that industry will need some $500 billion in new capital during the next decade.

Where will it all come from? There was a time when America's capital came largely from hundreds of people with millions of dollars. But in recent years, more and more investment capital has come from millions of investors with hundreds of dollars—and the trend will undoubtedly continue.

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ferior who will have a conservative attitude to life later on." He does not believe in moral instruction. He encourages self-regulation, the development of individual responsibility, the elimination of fear, freedom in sex play, and the substitution of love and understanding for the birch rod. Apparently, his system works. At least, the graduates of his school, many of whom started as problem children, have become successful human beings, and a few have become successful professionals and scholars. One may not agree with him in everything (he is a fiery crusader who attributes most of the ills of the world to miseducation in conventional schools), but there is no doubt about his deep understanding of children or about the benign influence he has had on those entrusted to his care.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE CHINESE HAMMER, by Simon Harvester (Walker). The first transatlantic appearance of an English annalist of secret agentry who stands near the top of his class. Mr. Harvester's affinities are with Eric Ambler rather than with Ian Fleming. Like the former, he moves quietly, plausibly, and with a genuine appreciation of contemporary geopolitics. The scene into which he here thrusts his protagonist—an efficient but recognizably human British Foreign Office workhorse—is Nepal and Chinese-occupied Tibet, and it is a scene whose look, culture, and current history he apparently knows like the back of his hand. It might be added—and there is no rarer accomplishment in this genre—that he is capable of bringing a thriller not merely to an end but to a thoroughly satisfactory conclusion.

•

The rabbit's back and Chagrin Valley Little Theater is reviving "Harvey," story of the fabulous bunny. . . . Shown here are two from the cast, Ellen E. Welsh and Rollin De Vere. Bill Barrett of the *Press* editorial staff plays Harvey.—*Photograph caption in the Cleveland Press.*

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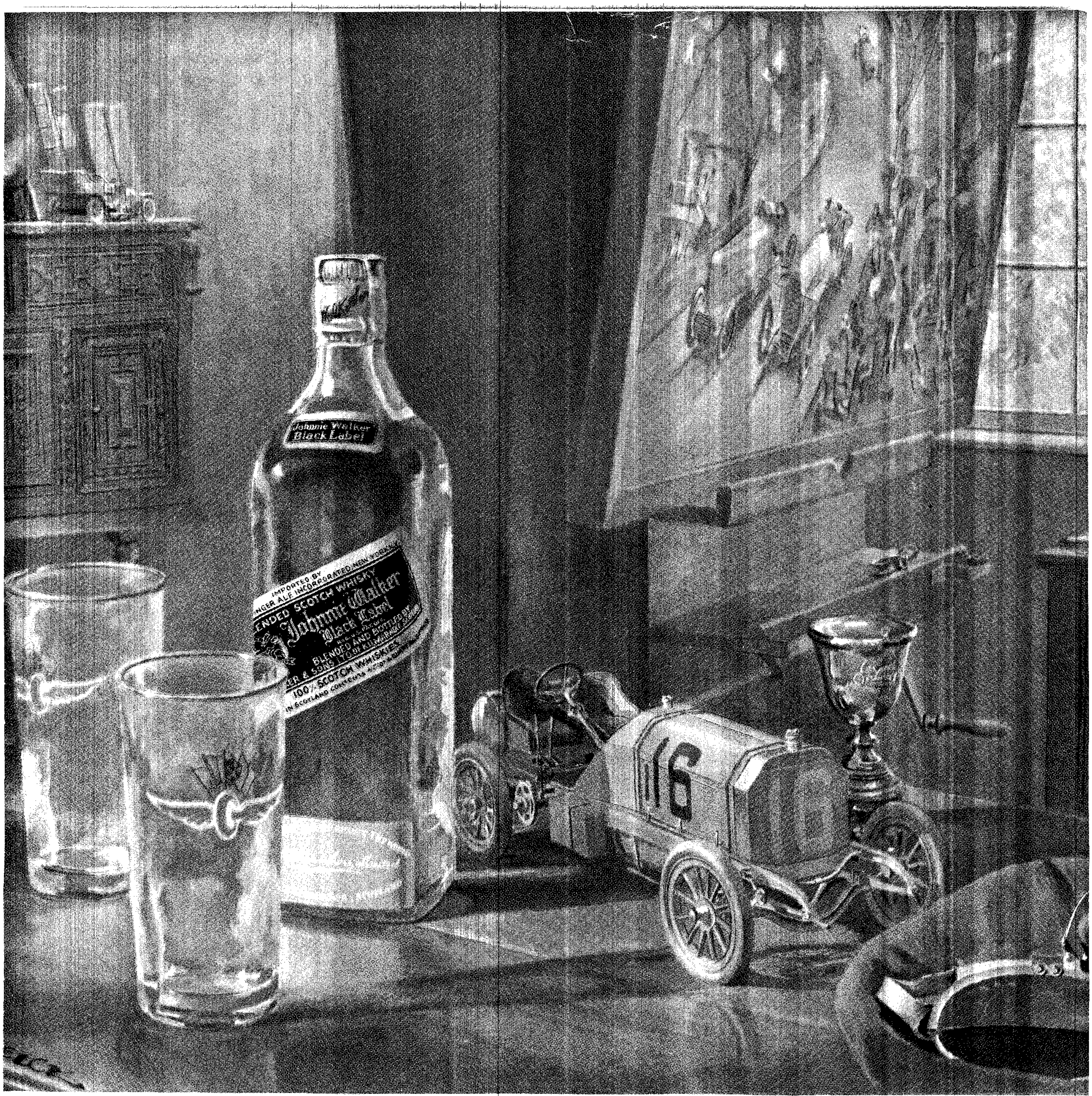

FROM THE JOHNNIE WALKER COLLECTION

"Champion" by PETER HELCK

The Artist at the Wheel

Peter Helck has put a lot of nostalgia into this painting. There's the model of his beloved "Old 16." Peter owns the actual car—the huge Locomobile racer that won the 1908 Vanderbilt Cup. That's a replica of the Cup next to the car. Highball glasses hail from Indianapolis Speedway.

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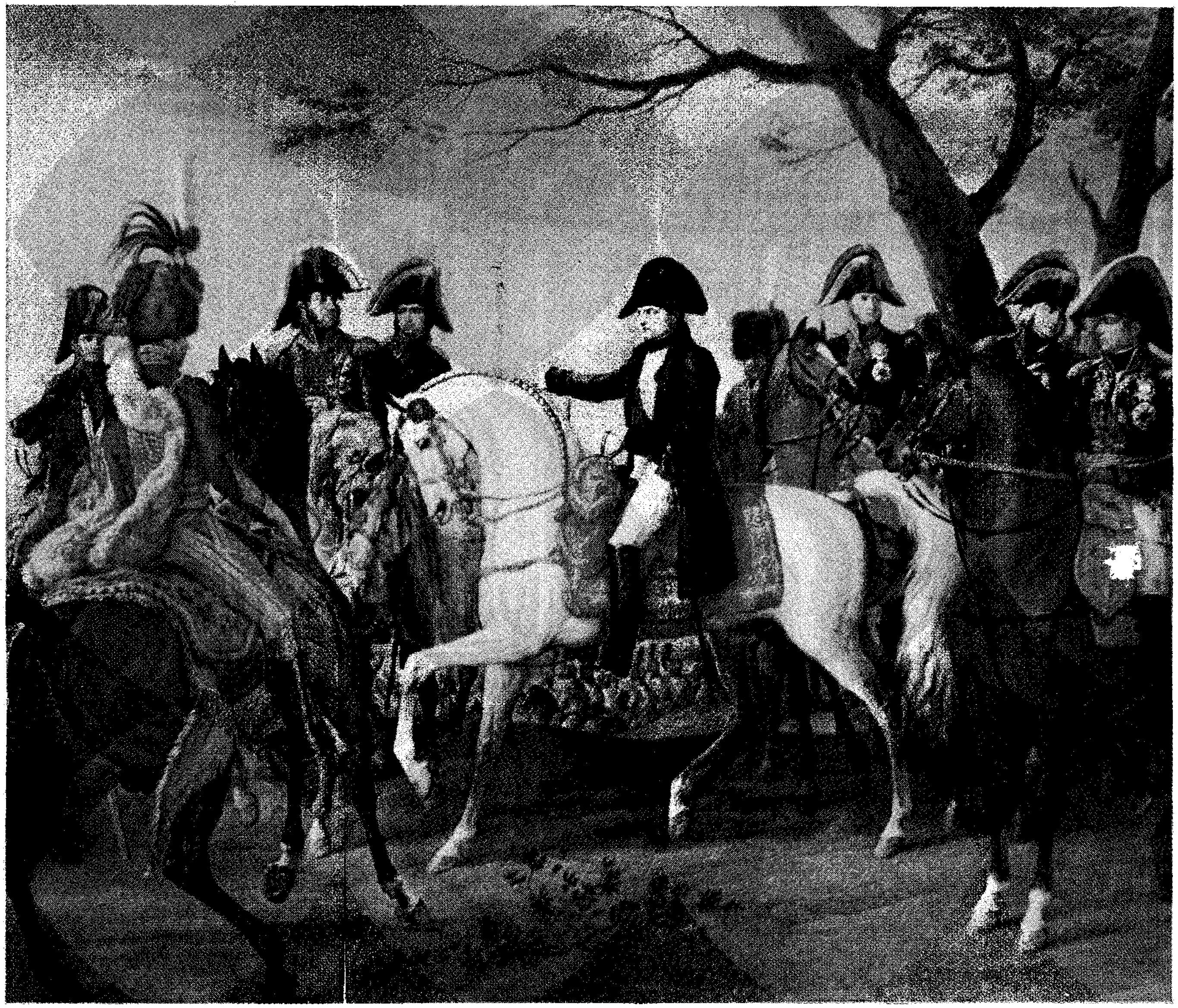

Napoléon donnant l'ordre avant la Bataille d'Austerlitz. Peinture par Antoine Charles Vernet. (Musée de Versailles.)

Napoleon giving his orders before the battle of Austerlitz, December 2, 1805. Defeating the combined Russian and Austrian armies, Napoleon described the battle as "the finest of all I have fought."

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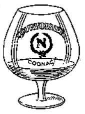

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